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WOMAN AND HER ERA.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM.

Every book of knowledge known to Oosana or Vreehaspatee is by nature implanted in the understandings of Women.—VISHNU SARMA

I pray you, O gracious Captain, save and protect these good women, for had we been deprived of their excellent wisdom, and the manly purpose they do inspire us withal, God only knoweth in what sea of greed, lust and brutish appetite, we had long ago been swamped.—MEDIEVAL HERO.

Women are both clearer in intellect and more generous in affection than men. They love Truth more because they know her better, and trust Humanity in a diviner spirit, because they find more that is divine in it.—MODERN CIVILIZATION.

In Two Volumes.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE FEW BELOVED FRIENDS,

WOMEN,

ON BOTH SHORES OF THE CONTINENT, WHOSE FIRESIDES HAVE AFFORDED ME THE REST AND PEACE OF HOME, FOR THE EXECUTION OF THIS WORK; WHOSE APPRECIATIVE SYMPATHY HAS GIVEN ME BOTH LIGHT AND COURAGE FOR ITS DIFFICULTIES: AND TO

WOMAN,

WHOSE GIFTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES IT SEEKS TO SET FORTH; WHOSE EARNESTNESS IT AIMS TO KINDLE INTO DIVINE, UNITARY CO-WORKING FOR THE BLESSING OF HUMANITY; WHOSE CONSCIOUSNESS IT ASPIRES TO INFORM OF TRUTHS HERETOFORE HIDDEN,

THIS BOOK IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

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Her shape arises!

She, less guarded than ever, yet more guarded than ever,

The gross and soiled she moves among do not make her gross and soiled,

She knows the thoughts as she passes—nothing is concealed from her,

She is none the less considerate or friendly therefore;

She is the best beloved—it is without exception—she has no reason to fear and she does not fear,

Oaths, quarrels, hiccupped songs, proposals, ribald expressions, are idle to her as she passes,

She is silent—she is possessed of herself—they do not offend her,

She receives them as the laws of nature receives them—she is strong,

She too is a law of nature—there is no law stronger than she is.

WOMAN AND HER ERA.

PART THIRD.

The Actual Qualities of Woman's Nature, and her Consequent Experiences.

INTRODUCTORY.

I enter upon this branch of my subject with less assurance than upon either of the preceding ones. Not because I feel any poverty or weakness in it. On the contrary the argument is nowhere so affluent in resource, nowhere so firmly grounded, as in the imperishable Truths of Woman's Nature. If it were poor here, it must necessarily fail everywhere else. For here is where we must find the CAUSES, of which all that we have seen as phenomena, in Sentiment, Religion, Art, and History, are but effects—the realities these, of which those are the symbols and signs. If there be not in the feminine nature these realities, then the signs are but shams; perishable counterfeits of something that exists not, but is only imagined; and they must disappear as soon as their want of root in the Actual is shown.

But whatever the wealth of the subject—and I feel rich and strong in considering it—I confess here my conscious inability to do it justice. For this inquiry alone should fill volumes; and it will at no distant day, when some Woman, able in spiritual analysis, shall take it up. If, then, the hints here set down may be found helpful to fuller, clearer, braver statement of my sex, I shall at least count my part not ill done.

Truth is easy or difficult to present, in proportion as it has already obtained acknowledgment in some manner, either in the felt or uttered sentiment of mankind; in social, intellectual, esthetic, or spiritual systems, or in the perceptions we have of beings and their relations. Now many truths of Woman's nature, as we have already seen, have passed by general acknowledgment, and become incorporated into social institutes. Their force and relations may be dim or clear, balanced or incongruous, harmonious or paradoxical, but they are seen and felt in some manner. They may perhaps be acknowledged in one connection and denied in another; they are sometimes *felt*, but not clearly *perceived;* again they are perceived, but are not rationally joined to each other and to other truths; they become the expressed sentiment of mankind, but are perhaps scouted in its intellectual systems. Or they pass more or less into these, yet remain in the dimmest twilight, mere shadows upon the outskirts of the more artificial, complex, arbitrary, social and civil systems in which society clothes itself. And thus the variety of position in which we find them is sufficiently contradictory and confused to make the attempt to array and present them, with the force which is their due, a rather formidable one; in which I would bespeak the candid reader's sympathy rather than his

most astute criticism. For criticism is as often the enemy of Truth as its defender; and Truth being the one essential object of this inquiry, let each rather endeavor, in the divine, artistic spirit of her lover, to supply lineaments that may be lacking to her perfect aspect here, than to criticise the proportions of those which are developed.

The first and broadest Truth that fronts us at the very entrance to this field, is that expressed in the current words, "Woman is a Mystery." They are man's words, and they express the actual relation of the feminine to the masculine life. The former is necessarily a mystery to the latter; as in that which exceeds, there must be somewhat of mystery to that which is exceeded.

Woman is a mystery to man by transcending both his consciousness and his capacity for experiences. Beyond the line of identical function and faculty, all that belongs to *him*, belongs equally to her, by correspondents in her life. But that which is added to *her*, beyond the common line of endowment, is impossible, and therefore mysterious, to him. Please observe that there is, first, a department of *identical* capacities; second, a department of *common* capacities; and third, a department of feminine capacities. All the masculine powers lie within the lines of the first and second departments, and Woman shares each one, while in the third she is exclusive.

Woman produces and includes man.

As his creator, under the laws of the Universal Creator, she knows his nature as he can never know it: as including him by her larger circuit of capacities, she knows what is in him. It is not by study of him, but by *being* all and more than he is. She will therefore

remain ever mysterious to him, as the angelic beings to mortals, and God to both.

The whole does not more certainly exceed the parts in physics, than in metaphysics; nor does the greater any more certainly include the less, than it is exclusive in the power to comprehend the less. The over-life of capacity, sensational, functional and spiritual, which makes Woman instead of Man, cannot be essentially comprehended by him any more than it can enter into him.

And in this everlasting barrier against his ascent to her level, is found an everlasting evidence of her natural sovereignty over him. He confesses, in acknowledging mystery in her, to a usurpation over her, in their existing relations, which no logic can do away with. He in effect says, "Here is a nature too great for me. I cannot fathom its deeps nor scale its hights. I see that it exceeds me, and I know not what may be in the over quantity. It is a mystery." And it is proved so, the more his solution of other mysteries with which he grapples, makes the insolvability of this one apparent. To the lowest savage perhaps Woman is no recognized mystery: certain it is that she was never so great a one to civilized man, as in this, his most enlightened day. He now first has light enough to discover that she is a study, and perceive that the radiance which his grand intellect sheds all around her, does not penetrate her being. She is not to be wholly understood by the intellect. Only an equal Consciousness can fully fathom any being. Hence the supreme isolation of the Unfathomable Being.

As the separating capacities of the feminine begin to appear before the studious eye of man, advancing out of the darkness wherein they have lain shrouded

through the ages, he begins to see that they are really proofs of a larger, instead of the lesser nature he has been wont to contemplate in self-gratulation.

In denying that the masculine is a mystery to the feminine, I would be understood as speaking only in general terms, and of their enduring relative positions. For while the latter has been a study in all the ages to the former, the former has never been a study to the latter. The intellect of Man has been employed to understand Woman, but never the intellect of Woman to understand Man. She has not written, nor has she studied the books of his writing, in exposition of his own nature. By use, it has been Man's business to know more or less of everything about him, Woman included—by non-use, it has been almost equally Woman's business, or lot, to know nothing about her. The intellect is the chief instrument of knowledge, and Man's has been employed and developed, while Woman's has lain bound and helpless. Yet in practical life, if any man is ever a mystery to any woman at his social level, it is in his downward possibilities—which sometimes do astonish her profoundly—fortunate when they only astonish, without harming her. Idealist as Woman is, trusting and full of faith, brooding ever, in her soul, the noblest possibilities, because of the good she sees, with that sleepless inner eye, which is the light of her spiritual womanhood, she foreknows man's best, while she forgets his worst; sees his possible good, and in beholding that, forgets his possible evil, till she is herself suddenly swamped in its miry tides. Before experience proves him to her, she believes that her Ideal of him is, or will soon become, his actual; and thus her ignorance is of his perversions rather than his

nature and its destiny, which lies the way she sees, not that he takes when he disappoints her.

Again, from the character of their respective intellects, Man judges from externals to externals; Woman from internals to internals. The logical faculty which is his pride and efficient power, delights chiefly in traveling between external premises and the conclusions to which they lead. These are the opposite termini of his beaten road. Lay down facts of matter and sense before his brain, and in a twinkling the nimble locomotive takes the road. Facts are track, engine, fuel, and freight to him. Give him enough of them, and he will run half a century, sixty, seventy years, if he lives so long, without a stop; scarcely slackening speed in all that time. And I do not deny that his labor has great value.

But if you ask him to deal with the internal, the super-sensual; with forces instead of these tangible results; laws as the interpreters of phenomena, instead of phenomena as the interpreters of law, you cruelly request that he will plunge himself into mist and darkness, and name them sunshine. The history of metaphysics and religious beliefs, abundantly illustrates this inability of the masculine intellect to penetrate, *à priori*, the interior life, to see or feel its actual qualities. For every religious and metaphysical system yet developed, has primarily received its elements and proportions from the reasoning intellect of man, rather than from an intuitive perception of what actually exists in the human spirit, claiming recognition and development. And most of them have ultimately proved themselves so at variance with the truths of the spirit; they have so affronted the general consciousness, the clear sentiment, the most divine affections, and the

intuitive judgment, that the glory would have been rather to their destroyers than their builders, except that to be destroyed, they must first be built up. Such systems as men have offered to their fellow-men, and forced upon them where offering was not enough, could never have originated or existed in any day of Woman's coequality with man, not to speak of an ascendency as clear and undisputed as his has been. The external study, blundering, and groping, have had their value—far be it from me to deny this; but the acknowledgment is infinitely sweetened to the soul by the consciousness that they and their period are passing away, and that a new and brighter Era is even now at the opening portals.

Men understand Womanhood best on its material side; Women Manhood on its spiritual. Men judge Women from their own demands upon them; Women Men, from their aspirations for them. This shows the relative position of each to each. Even the average Woman's judgment of a man, broadly, is of his capacity for growth into Godlikeness, rather than worldlikeness; his fitness for relations above the material, and their sufficiency for him; his latent susceptibilities to the good with which she hopes to move him; his refinement, tenderness, spirituality and love; his capability to rise above the common external, intellectual, speculative atmosphere, to which men trust for expansion, and breathe the finer and purer airs of the interior world where Truth dwells, whose sacred presence she is ever seeking for him as well as for herself.

CHAPTER I.

AFFECTIONAL QUALITIES OF THE MASCULINE AND FEMININE COMPARED.

The affections of the human being give the leading direction to the life-manifestation; and this, whether we speak of humanity in mass, or of any division of it, as a sex, or a variety—whether we speak of a cycle, an age, or a generation. There are occasionally found individuals, and even small populations have existed on the earth, in whom, for a period, the intellect seems to have assumed a position very near to that of leader among the mental powers; but the post of absolute sovereignty is never accorded it, I believe, in any life, beyond the term of a few days, months, or at most years. Whatever rule it acquires over the individual, is, from the character of our wants and relations, transient: and nature, so wronged, speedily recovers herself, and lashes, when she cannot win, her child into the truer mold of an affectional being. She makes him suffer and cry out for the help which intellect cannot give, but of which he feels such sore and pressing need, that he is soon taught to subordinate this cold, exacting tyrant, and give it the position of an instrument instead of a ruler.

Affection is the primal and final motive. Our rela-

tions to surrounding life spring from and end in it: doubtless to all that is inanimate also, did we know ourselves and it better. For very few objects become known to us, however simple and poor—a way-side weed, the stunted grass, a common stone—but their existence is remembered with some sort of emotion, so long as it is remembered at all. Intellectual interest in any object or series is sooner satisfied than any other which relates us to them, so that if intellect were the sovereign capacity in us, the finite, visible creation would come, in time, to have no further appeal to us.

It must be plain to every average mind, how the relations between the ME and the NOT ME, in their first crude development in Savagism, are in their lowest form and smallest number, because only the most selfish affections are then active; and how they become exalted and multiply as life advances in development, affection employing intellect along the whole line of march, as *trier*, to ascertain the qualities of beings and things which it desires or is averse to, until in the highest attained condition the divinest satisfaction comes not from *knowing* the creation—the intellectual office—but from *loving* because we know it, the affectional office—enlightened, broadened, purified, perfected through the intellect, but existing before and after it; always the sovereign, but now the sovereign armed, panoplied and crowned by the service of its efficient, faithful subject.

Thus Affection dominates Life—employs it as the means of self-expression. God is Love—not Intellect. He is Wisdom also, but first Love, of which Wisdom is an element. Love is a motive to Wisdom. A great, noble love is wise, and seeks to grow ever wiser. The more affection, provided it be of the nobler character—wise, pure, delicate, generous—the higher and warmer will be the influence and action of the nature, both upon

the Subjective and Objective. And *vice versa*, the less affection, the lower and colder will be both the life and its power. I employ the word low here, not so much to express moral depravity, in the character of motives, as poverty in their amount, and consequently in their action and results.

There may be little Motive; that is the nature that is low from *lack* of love. It is cold—a spring frozen at its source, rejoicing and enriching no being or thing. There may be much Motive, but its character such that, as Motive, it depraves and turns the life into foul channels. It is a spring fluent, moving, but carrying foulness instead of purity in its currents. This is the nature that is low *through* its love.

Now our special inquiry here is to learn the comparative power and character of the masculine and feminine affectional-nature. Affection is of many phases, but only of two types; we shall see it clearly enough for the purposes of our present examination in these: first, SELF-LOVE; second, LOVE. Their objects will be ME, and NOT ME. The former, in its very narrowest sense only, is personal; it may broaden to include family, friends, community, countrymen. The latter is fluent to the Universe—is a motive to the widest relations. Both are transitive, but the transition in the one case is bounded by a stateable circumference, and its objects, within that, must bear a certain character and relations—in the other the transition is bounded by what exists, neither character nor relations being ground for exclusion. The first means, directly or indirectly, good to the lover; the last, good to the loved.

It is plain, then, how the dominant affections of any era, characterize its action, becoming so, the founda-

tion of its Jurisprudence, its Political Economy, Statesmanship, and Commerce; its Organized Industry, its Social Order; and thus the sources of its History.

Now, because of the sovereignty man has held, not only over Woman, but over all the great interests of life and its activities, we see that it is, thus far in our career, his affections, not hers, which life most broadly illustrates. Woman has contributed *Influences* to human development; Man has determined its minor directions, its character and magnitude, from age to age, by the institutes, canons, and orders, laws and systems in which he has embodied it. The influences have been felt as a restraining agency, as the minority in politics, by the active expression of its opinions, modifies the otherwise extreme action of the ruling majority. So man has named Woman the Moral Conservator of what is good in the development he has achieved. But let us look this development frankly in the face, see what its features are, and trace it to the sources whence it sprang.

We will look first at man's theory of his own nature; because, next to the ruling affections, the entertained theories of Self and of Life, are potent in giving to life its passing character. Our theories are, for their time, the mold in which we are cast.

The grand affirmation of the masculine era has been that *evil is present in overruling force in man's heart, and hence in all his work.* I say *has been*, rather in deference to the dawning light of our age, by which we are beginning to discern the worthiness of human nature, than to any general state of facts warranting the use of the past tense. For this capital error is as yet only attacked, not dissolved. Man yet points to his religious, civil, and social systems, as proving it; to the

experience of the ages, the struggles, defeats, successes of his race; to the lives of the millions and of individuals; to the wars, robberies, violences, oppressions, wrongs in every sort, which testify its undeniable presence in and with him, in whatever he attempts or achieves. Shall one dare deny it, or question his own solution of it? He affirms that it is there by his supreme love of it; that, as between good and evil, his nature is opposed to the one and desires the other. This affirmation is one of the oldest that he makes of himself, and it is reiterated in nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of all the religious teachings of this present year, all over the intelligent portions of the earth.

And, not to impeach the intellect too gravely, one must admit that there is ground for the assertion, and that proof as near to demonstration as is often found in moral questions, is furnished in abundance, by the cotemporaries of Pharaoh, Pythagoras, St. Peter, John Howard, and Pius the Ninth. We are warned that any better opinion of man's nature is a dangerous heresy; a sin against the God who made him in His own image and likeness, and pronounced him good. The theory, with its proof on one hand, and its results on the other, makes a tri-sected circle, of which the parts are so firmly joined as to seem, to the common eye, one whole; the permanent orbit of human action. You cannot reject the theory, but facts confound and silence you: you cannot deny the facts; they are too patent. You are therefore obliged to take your stand by the root, the nature, and prove that up—a slow process always, requiring insight and patience on the one side, faith and candor on the other. Let us bring these elements, always so excellent in discussion, to the

present task. I have the greater happiness in it, because it is a vindication of man, (against himself), of whom it has not hitherto been my privilege, from the nature of the argument, to say too many kind and courteous things.

There are two witnesses at our call: Human Reason and Human Sentiment. I shall summon but one. The former has been so often and ably examined, that I could but reiterate, with less power, the testimony which the great Rationalists have borne from their high communings. And I shall only question the latter far enough to learn what *is* the quality of the masculine nature, which has been misnamed "Original Sin," and which, being hitherto dominant, has gone far, very far, to justify its god-fathers of the early Christian centuries, in giving it that odious name.

But we shall more justly appreciate the testimony, if we first acquaint ourselves with the character of the witness.

Sentiment may be defined as the pure, simple reflection of the Truth which the Consciousness entertains. The one springs from the other, and, so far as I am able to judge, they bear a fixed proportion to each other in magnitude, as the image to its object. The deep Consciousness flowers out in broad and strong Sentiment. Both are so interior that they deal with Truths only, and are quite unaffected by the outlying kingdom of fact, where Reason is much occupied. These are feminine qualities—that is masculine. By this distinction I do not mean to deny man's Consciousness and Sentiment, or Woman's Reason: I mean simply to designate the methods of each in dealing with their subjects. Woman *feels* what human nature is by her more expanded Consciousness, while man *resolves*

it by his Reason. Consciousness is a fountain; Sentiment the stream of Truth from it. By Truth here, let me be understood to mean only that which is elemental in the human Constitution. Truths of the external are not lodged in the Consciousness. Of such, the discovery and custody are left to the Intellect. No soul is Conscious of the Truths of Botany or Geology; the Intellect learns and knows them, but the Consciousness is no wise *directly* affected by their presence in the mind. Judgment of human nature from Consciousness has been the fog-land of metaphysics. Confusion has been heaped on confusion here—Ossa upon Pelion—because the metaphysicians were not intellectually informed that the Active Consciousness of each was as much his own as his knowledge of Metallurgy or Astronomy; and that, therefore, while it is a uniform element, it cannot be a uniform witness to its coordinate elements, till every human being is subject, from the primary origin, to the same influences, receives from them the same help, and arrives at the same stage of development. It is no misfortune to be judged by the highest Consciousness. The most exalted soul is the soul we should like to have declare our standard. We are not interiorly confused by the most perfect ideal which the Consciousness of Plato could set forth, but Hobbes, with his "no Conscience," confounds the lowest moral nature that is intelligent enough to perceive the character and scope of his denial.

Consciousness is the primal faculty, and Reason goes between it and the external. It draws light from both; achieves truth and error as results; but with all its power, energy and persistence, never succeeds in

graving one false line on that inmost tablet sacred to pure Truth.

Consciousness receives and holds Truth: Sentiment returns it for diffusion—use. The value of the one is in its capacity, (think of Newton and Madame Roland, beside a man and woman of Fegee); that of the other in its activity, (compare a dreaming, inert philosopher, with a developed Woman, whose every grain of conscious Truth, her Sentiment pushes out for active use in the society around her). Truth is with Consciousness before it reaches the Reason. Is this what the Poet means, who says dogmatically:

"Only what proves itself to every man and woman, is so"?

We know that Truth may slumber here for ages, before it takes its position before the Intellect. Acknowledged when appealed to, confessed when stated, it rouses itself but a moment at the call, and returns to fold itself to sleep again, when the voice has passed by. And thus it is, that Sentiment is often weak and inert when the Intellect is active, and the strong passions are creating facts on which it will to-day base a judgment that is to crumble to-morrow. For Intellect judges most readily from Facts and the activities which are their most manifest source as to the human life; and, unaided by Sentiment, its judgment is often a Jonah's gourd.

Now human activities begin, as we all know, in the lower strata of our nature. They follow the universal law, of first lower, next higher; and they slowly ascend to the expression of the noblest human qualities. Hence, in the ages of animal action and dominant selfishness, the Sentiment of mankind can broadly report only so much of human nature as these activities proceed from; and

what is above that in any expression, will come from a few souls in whom a purer, diviner life informs a more expanded Consciousness. And these souls, in every age, affirm a more liberal, honorable judgment of human nature than the intellectual (common) standards allow. For only what the Consciousness—be it broad or narrow, exalted or mean—attests, can the Sentiment affirm; but that it must affirm, if it speak at all, at any cost. Its evidence may therefore be broken, confused, long insufficient to justify conclusions of the Reason, but it is evidence nevertheless, and in some manner will be given whenever it is called for.

I stand in profound and reverential awe before the human soul, finding within it such guests as these. I see their light streaming faintly down the dark and twilight ages of man's career. I touch the spheres of great Truths, whose dim effluence they have reflected, through Eras of superfluitant moral darkness and intellectual confusion; Truths which Sentiment has calmly affirmed and steadily reiterated, in defiance alike of mad skepticism, infuriate bigotry and murderous superstition. I see that what the Consciousness passes to record in it, is ever after the fixed property of the life; that no treasure once intrusted to it, is let slip; that it asks no logic of the Intellect to defend its possessions, for what *is*, is its proof, and it in turn is proof of what *is* (for it), and thus that it reports nature, to be surely corroborated by nature. It returns what is given it, and troubles itself not with consequences—does not care for the rationalness of anything in the creation—looks not to consistency—bridges no chasm that it finds, and levels no peak, however towering or isolated. That they are, is sufficient for it; of their

relations, uses, harmonies or apparent discords, it makes no account.

By this tenacious hold upon, and indifference to, what is true, Consciousness and Sentiment are proved among the least fallible of the human attributes. Thus the Arts appeal to them, and from the very first are liberally received, while a new principle, philosophical or ethical, asking the patronage of the Intellect or the Conscience, would lead its discoverer to the dungeon or the pile. The Poets and Painters are rarely persecuted for what is new in their announcements. It is the people who demand intellectual and moral judgment, whether on moral, religious, political or scientific questions, who are treated to the rack or the scaffold, or, passing the day of these, are proscribed, denounced and shunned.

A Sentiment of God is universal in the human soul, and a Sentiment of relations to Him equally so; but it is left to the Intellect to speculate upon what these are, and to becloud or clear, darken or illume itself, by their imaginary or real discovery. Sentiment holds the fundamental truth of their existence, and never lets it go; but it does nothing toward harmonizing and co-ordinating them. This is the work of the Intellect, after it has discovered the attributes, in God and man, which must be the basis of relations between them. Hence the wide, distracting diversity of religious *Opinions*, while of all religious *Sentiment*, there are, at bottom, certain common elements, the fruit of so much or so many moral Truths as the Consciousness gives up. The primal truth is uniformly that of potency in the God or gods acknowledged, power being the first element and testimony of Life. Next, His or their Self-Love, and its qualifying Goodness, and last,

and highest which our Consciousness has yet reached, Love and the union of all these three in the Omnipotent Love of the One All-worshipful, All-trusted Parent.

But in every period of time, whether dark or clear, and in every movement of the race, whether slow or swift, there are souls whose larger Consciousness and wealth of Sentiment, are the high blooming land of promise to mankind, shining above the darkness and mist wherein it is groping; and occasionally so much of heavenly clear-sightedness gets embodiment in one soul, that it becomes the sun of the far-stretching centuries. The Consciousness and Sentiment of Humanity take great strides toward their ultimate bounds in Ptolemy, Socrates, the Christ, Bacon, Luther, Swedenborg, Newton, Goethe, Wordsworth, because these men bring forth the truths that before were hidden, and lo the internal realms expand to receive the offering!

Now, notwithstanding the universally avowed belief of Christendom, and the alleged divine declarations to that effect, at this late day one may very confidently ask, has Human Sentiment ever recorded, as truths of Human Nature, a love of Evil and a hate of Good? I undertake to answer that it has not. How then explain its origin? Thus:

The tenet originated during that period in its history when the race was awakening to its first clear revelation of the spiritual, eternal destiny awaiting it; when it was beginning to discern, clearly enough to abide by it, a certain highest, far-off, super-earthly good; when its deepest moral sense was, therefore, kindled to a brighter light than it had ever shed, whereby its past and existing actual became more hide-

ous to it than ever before—a really terrible, fearful combination of infinitely various evils. The wounded soul, bearing the new truths in its bosom, cried out in pain, comparing the Ideal state to which they pointed, with the existing, or any actual one that had been. "O miserable man that I am;" "the chief of guilty ones;" "a sinner above all others;" "who shall deliver me?" Such was its natural language. The light within made the darkness without more palpable: the good that now was possible, made the desolation that had been, more desolate. The old law having been set aside in this advent, the moral sense and intellect were each bewildered in the new position. Grace was needful more than obedience, or rather grace as the root of obedience, instead of stringency in the statute; spirit to do the law was required, more than conformity to its letter merely; and whence were they to come? Who exhibited them? From what fountain, before hidden, but now to be unsealed, were they to flow in measure meet for the exigency of human need?

Consciousness dimly realized the legitimate claim of the human to its possible good: Sentiment hesitatingly affirmed it: Faith trusted its existence; the higher affections all desired it. But the Intellect, confounded and amazed at that divine possible, and this appalling actual, that it beheld; at that pure heaven, and this reeking hell of passion wherein itself was often swamped, was driven to some theory for a refuge, and framed this of "Total Depravity." It alone seemed sufficient to account for the apparent madness that could weigh such a destiny against the perishing pleasures of self-indulgence, and find the latter heavier in the scale. The creation of the destiny argued original worthiness of it, and must not that worthiness

have been irrecoverably lost, when the destiny could even be jeopardized, still more, actually forfeited, for any object? Since no other in the Universe could compare with it! And if it had been so lost, there could be but two ways of recovering it—one by the laborious effort of self-restoration to the worthy estate; the other by vicarious merit, miraculously employed. In the first, a pure, saintly life would be necessitated—in the other, sin and salvation could each be enjoyed, in its season. *A priori*, it is easy to judge which of these methods would most commend itself to man's self-love, and be finally adopted. It is so much easier to have a miracle wrought in our favor than to work for the desired end—so much more agreeable to be atoned for than to atone. And hence, among his other struggles, man very naturally gave up this—to his poorly developed spiritual nature, the hardest of all—for another to make for him. In the surrender of it, he tacitly confessed his inability to make it; avowed himself helpless, and passively waited to receive the good he would otherwise have had to win. His theory suited his circumstances; he was willing to be helpless; anxious to be accounted so, before every tribunal where his cause was brought; for so he secured both the sweet alternatives of sin *and* salvation. Hence a heartiness of self-depreciation in expectancy of the latter, and of self-denunciation in enjoyment of the former, that are not a little interesting to the analytical student of human nature, and withal not unamusing. Men have exhibited a wonderful readiness to reject works as their ground of hope—actual purity and goodness in themselves as their title to happiness in the future—and to accept faith in vicarious merit and suffering, which were to secure them all that they could see to desire in

the next life, and at the same time leave them free, in all but the most nominal, formal sense, in this.

The theory originated in minds fit for theologic council, apt in their day for intellectual command and ecclesiastic power; and the masses, then in the purely animal phasis of their own development, and realizing little that was higher in others, save the few who were reckoned supernatural by constitution or inspiration—their own goodness all too latent to be reported by their Consciousness as trustworthy; their intellect too feeble to examine any proposed canon or creed—accepted as a belief what was, unhappily, otherwise too broadly proved in the experiences of life, to be much questioned by them.

A principle dominant in the powerful and privileged, descended upon them, always to their hurt. It oftener compelled them to evil than allowed them to act in the semblance of good. If it were not the love of evil, it was not for them to discover and expose the difference. They accepted as a belief what they saw so generally practiced, and felt so powerfully in their own racked, distorted natures—dark and narrow houses—where never came the calm and purity which alone could have revealed the nobler presence.

Considering this view in the better light of our own day, we are compelled, at first, to wonder that it should ever have had origin or entertainment in the sovereign race of our globe. But we must remember that only the deep Consciousness of a sovereign life, and the clear Sentiment which it underlies, could give birth to a theory of such stringent and bitter self-condemnation. The races inferior to ours, who never conceived of their depravity, because they saw not the good from which it was a departure, have scarcely now left the

footprints in which their progenitors of the pre-Christian Centuries stood. What promise of a future from such, then, or even now, without our leading?

It was given to us—to our more sensitive Consciousness, capable of feeling the meanness of an ignoble life, by its clearer appreciation of the noble; to our living Sentiment, faithfully reflecting this imperishable light, to set distinctly forth the grand prophecy of the spiritual CAREER—to open it, and lead on from brightness to brightness in it. And it is one of the paradoxes, which will arrest the clear-sighted generations of the future, that the only division of the race which looked intelligently forward to an eternal career for mankind, strove for it, conquered the Idea of it, and led others up to enter upon it, was also the exclusive believer in human helplessness—to which, of course, no career could be possible! But this by the way. The belief in "total depravity" could only originate in the intellect of *man*, and, while in his undeveloped state. No feminine mind could ever have shaped it—no feminine Consciousness have furnished the materials for it. Women never accept it as heartily as men do, their deeper and purer nature rejecting the idea of the innate love of evil, and hate of good, as monstrous. And it can continue in man or womankind, only while the life is so gross and low that it stands necessarily condemned before the Consciousness and Sentiment; or while these are so bound by the darkened, dogmatic intellect, that their voices are not heard.

What, then, is it in man, which has been mistaken for this hideous, inconceivable deformity of nature; which has stained his career with such frightful wrong; which even yet, when the theory of total depravity is being slain by the hands of its friends, in the temples

it has builded, makes the expression of his affectional life still so largely evil—still so fruitful in pain and suffering, in discord and strife, in wrong and oppression? Let our witness now answer. We have had her character a long time under examination—not longer, however, than the tribunals sometimes keep a man, whose testimony is all given in a single sentence at last; and sometimes the more doubted, on both sides, for all that has been learned in the delay. But I trust we are somewhat helped by our pains, the more truly to appreciate both the position of our witness and her evidence.

"I affirm," so runs the clear reply, "that it is man's supreme SELF-LOVE." Not that Good, as Good, is hated by him, or Evil, as Evil, loved; but Good only as it restrains his Self-Love, and Evil only as it seems to his Self-Love to be Good. Thus is God exonerated and Man vindicated. And thus we reach the practical view of the characterizing affectional traits of the masculine life and era, and their comparison with those of the feminine. In this *theory* of his depravity we have proof positive of the low character of man's ruling love. Self-Love has its final appeal to fear; its highest offer of good is a salvation which, poor as it is, man disclaims any right to ask or expect on his own merits. Its most interesting feature is the negative one of escape from endless torments, which man believes that he shows his grace in protesting to be his due, and goes near proving, in his behavior, to be what he protests.

But let us do him justice. Man has been the pioneer of his race; and if we would estimate his service to it, we must measure the immense distance between the first naked, unhoused, root-eating savage, before whose material eye the earth, and his own life upon it,

lay, each almost as impenetrable a mystery as are the grass and the clouds to the slow-gazing ox; and the clear-sighted, prying, ardent, keen, resistless, glowing victor whom we now see, clad in the miracles of the loom; eating and sleeping in sumptuous palaces; at home with nature on his own earth, or in the spaces where the shining planets roll; surrounded with beauty of his own creating, and trembling with reverential ecstacy over that with which nature surrounds him.

> "Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
> With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
> Of this wyde universe, and therein reed
> The endlesse kinds of creatures which by name
> *Thou canst not count, much less their nature's aime;*
> *All which are made with wondrous wise respect,*
> *And all with admirable beautie deckt.*"

But to win all this development; to acquire all this knowledge; to achieve all this work of mechanism, edifice and fabric, to evolve out of matter, looking rude, surly and capricious to the dim sensual eye, the light that shows us the "endlesse kinds and their admirable beautie," man required a long sovereignty. And we see how it must needs have fallen upon an era of rough uses; how rude expressions of capacity and power not only were, but were unavoidably the order of his day. A day of dogmatisms, harsh, arbitrary self-assertion, and a most vigilant, stern self-defense. It was his mission to prove the external by his intellect, and our relations to it by his courage, of every sort, chiefly the intellectual and corporeal. But it is only in the atmosphere of *spiritual* courage that the *soul* works fully, letting go of self; forgetting it in that which it undertakes; and this courage is not the characteristic of masculinity. Masculine uses call less

for it than for those lower qualities which have relation to self. Thus man, having to test everything, mineral, vegetable, and animal, by experiment; having to explore, and face all dangers of the lands, the waters and the air, was constrained to make self the center of his desires—the pivot of his movements and uses; and this constraint joined kindly with his nature, to spread broad through the ages a record of him, legibly inscribed with his ruling activities. They bear the following names, which may be read in every field he has occupied:

1. Ambition, Love of Power.
2. Acquisition, Love of Gain.
3. Sensuality, Love of Pleasure.

It will scarcely be denied, I think, that these have been leading motives of the masculine era, and that its prominent features are their fruits: namely, personal vices of the appetites; enormous accumulations of power, leading to civil oppression; and of wealth, leading to social oppression. Yet such as they are, they have been man's means of doing good; self-love the motive—good the incident of its action. Self-love the principle—good the small per-centage paid for its opportunities. For Life is a very usurer in this respect, *that it will entertain no action that does not yield some use.* It will have interest out of the veriest miser—will let him hoard his treasure of whatever sort, with infinite care and toil, to enjoy its glitter at most for a short half century, when it appoints a benevolent or a profligate to scatter it to service in the great world of Uses. Life employed him at small pay, and laughed while he cheated himself of even his paltry wages.

If it is necessary to go beyond the mere assertion of so obvious a Truth as the ruling self-love of man, let

any questioner look at the history of masculine activities—the wars scarcely broken from age to age; the intense love of personal aggrandizement, and the reckless, diabolical schemes by which it has been achieved; the fiendish persecutions for the enforcement—not of truth— but of opinions; the heartless oppression of the masses—the admiration, applause, and emulation, of successful selfishness; the bitter, enduring rivalries of the quietest periods; the outrages upon the feeble and inferior, *because they were feeble and inferior*—the multiplied restraints, which only a lawless self-love could require—the dishonesty and shameless sacrifices of integrity, justice, and humanity, which have been unblushingly made for gain, position, advantage, privilege in some sort; the nameless horrors of corruption into which sensuality has sunk men—and women, through their leading—the depths of degradation to which they have descended in following their appetites, in eating and drinking alone—vices in which Woman has seldom had any appreciable part—the slavery and barbarism to which love of money has led its seekers; the shocking crimes perpetrated to get it; the quiet but persistent sacrifice of all that is noble in the character, that it may be won; the perpetual waste of best capacities, and noblest opportunities, and sweetest affections, and divinest aspirations, to which it prompts; and, in short, the deliberate trampling upon the higher nature to which all these forms of self-love lead, and which they never fail to excuse, in some manner, to him who first thinks of better things. The convert, looking back upon his life from the new stand-point, reading his acts in the new light of a spiritual illumination, verily has need of the comfort and assurance to be drawn from the promise that by Faith he shall be

saved. Surely, in that backward look, there is not much to promise salvation, if that fail him.

It would be superfluous, I am sure, to offer any detailed proofs of the too plain truth, that these passions have been, and yet remain, leading features of man's expressed power; for they are the burthen of complaint against him from the earliest to present time. Some one or other combination of them has led him, in every age, and the highest work of the best souls has always been resisting his Self-Love, either as ambition, greed of gain, or sensuality; preaching it down, practically opposing it by open measures, or by policy, and the release of its victims.

Men of the world and men not of the world agree that it is *the* sin of life, and unite in denouncing it—they praise the poets, preachers, artists and teachers of every kind who scathe it most mercilessly—yet it commands their admiration, and is indisputably the affection whose expression is yet most universally emulated by *man*kind. If there is a paradox here, Nature is responsible for it. The laws of Sentient life include it, and will some way solve it. For it is one of these laws that we defer to, sympathize with, and admire—if not openly, then secretly—the attributes through whose employment we look for our own triumphs and benefits. And by the same law we are bitter, and proscriptive toward these manifestations through which our unequivocal shame and humiliations may come. This is why women exercise a severer judgment than men toward the abandoned and vicious of their own sex. It is they—not men—who are most keenly shamed and hurt by them: and for the same reason, men of sensibility and high feelings of honor, are more pained and mortified by infamous conduct in men than women

are. Each has the natural feeling of responsibility for what is most closely identified with itself. But men, lacking the harmony and nicer sense of adjustment possessed by women, are capable of condemning, in theory, what they approve by all manner of practical sanctions—their Sentiment always testifying the possibility of the better life which their Consciousness prophesies—however dimly—but to which the soul-virtue of them is unequal. Hence the wide distance between their Ideal and their Actual; and hence, too, the necessity, which men feel in all times, much more than women, of sustaining a class, or priesthood, (which they at the same time heed less than women do,) whose function it is to keep the former bright and clearly defined before their spiritual eye, which, in the vast majority of them, may close in long slumber when the appeals to it fail altogether, or lack power, or are wanting in the genuineness which electrifies and moves the soul. Thus, they condemn Self-Love in all their theorizing, religions, ethical, and esthetic, yet no less make it the reigning sovereign of their lives. They are severe and very righteous in their theoretical judgment upon it, and its action in minutia, but they approve it upon the large social scale, and call their conformity to its requirements, yielding to the force of circumstances. They square and adjust their action to the *systems* it establishes, and exonerate *themselves* by pleading the supremacy of these. They define by laws, the territory which Self-Love may enter for its conquests; and if a man can succeed within its limits, or even by overstepping them, provided that he can elude detection or acquire the power to trample on and efface them, they admire and applaud him, and, according to their opportunities, go and do likewise; and he feels himself

honored and approved, if not in his deeds, in the fruits of them.

But not such has been or is yet the experience of the few noble men who were born, or have permanently risen, to the plane of more divine motives. These, the practical men, the successful men, the men of action and achievement in this territory, find always troublesome and unavailable; troublesome and unavailable in direct proportion to the distance of their natural position beyond or above it. For as Self-Love is the tonic element there, he who moves not in it, is certain to jar and disorder many interests which are adjusted to any endeavor to conquer them for himself, but not to his neglecting them for his own and diligently seeking to appropriate them to the general good. Because it is clear that where selfishness reigns, the interwoven, common concerns and claims, cannot take on the higher order that harmonizes with the temper and action of a man who is indifferent to any conquest for himself, but diligent and earnest in behalf of humanity. The masculine world of action, therefore, is always ready to receive a man who enters it to *take care of himself*—the larger the scale on which he does it, the more is he honored, by the law given above—as the incarnation of its spirit and force. Men but pay him the homage due from their Self-Love, which he has exalted in his life.

But the same world has never yet been prepared to receive, except to neglect, shame, torture or death, the man who has entered it to forget self-love in love for others; and always, therefore, feels itself abused, disturbed, or injured in his presence. It has nothing adjusted to the behavior of such a man—no home for him, and it makes him a stranger in the house of his

birth, in the village of his playmates, in all the State or Empire whose future luster he is brightening for countless ages before him. On him the successful contemporary self-lover looks with contempt, or pity, but always with complacency, as from a point of infinite vantage; and while the one is comfortably or sumptuously accommodated, the other cannot be housed, fed and clothed for his work, but is often dismissed, even in its beginning—the cross, the hemlock or flame, being the reward of his endeavors.

True, mankind claims, and with a certain justice, that it vindicates itself in reverential posthumous recognition of the Christs and the sages. Death has rescued them from the passions and intellect, and commended them to the Sentiment. They are honored so who *were* shamed, and tortured; but this tardy good behavior rather proves than refutes the assertion that Self-Love is its dominant love. Nor does it disprove the charge, made of old and often since repeated, that even in their day and presence, its inner eye may wax blind, and its inner ear dull, so that seeing, it may see not, and hearing, it may hear not; but its heart may wax gross, and be filled with unclean desires and hate of those whose pure presence is its rebuke.

We do not make our own position or work right in seeing—never so clearly—the wrong of another; and our case is not made good touching our own seers, prophets and wise souls, by saying—never so loudly—to the men of the past, "go to, ye blind and foolish; your Christs were among you, and you accepted them not, but we will; you had teachers, and heard them not, but we will; wise lovers, and honored them not, but we will. You sang peans to your warriors; clapped hands before the faces of your astute, tricky states-

men; applauded your lying diplomatists, and saw not, beside them, the men who should give us truth, power and greatness; illuminate for us our own and future days; unlock the globe to us, make us masters of the winds and waters, and lay the foundation of wide prosperity and good for the ages."

Is there need that anything be added to these hints in proof of the Supreme Self-Love of man, from the beginning to the present day of his era? It would seem that he who runs may read it in every department of life which masculine power, intellect and activity have organized. I will add but one other suggestion of its dominancy; that, namely, which is found in the existence of the small—extremely small class, known by the name which indicates that they are LOVERS OF MANKIND. The Philanthropists are contra-distinguished by this love, from the body of men, and they prove in their lives of endless labor, exhortation, and self-sacrifice, how universal and potent is the selfishness which they have to overcome, before realizing their divine hopes and purposes for man.

On assuming, recently, the Chancellorship of the University of Edinburgh, Lord Brougham devoted a considerable portion of his address, which was upon Scholarship and its Uses, to setting forth the DUTY OF ALL MEN TO DO GOOD. He said:

"The effect of action and reaction upon the historian and the multitude has been adverted to. As regards the actors in the affairs of the world, it is not to be overlooked, and it may even afford some extenuation of their faults. The multitude are in a measure the accomplices, if not the instigators, of those who, for selfish objects, betray their interests and work their misery or their ruin. *Seduced by the spectacle of triumphant force, stricken with wonder at the mere exercise*

of great faculties with great success, men withdraw their eyes from the means by which the ends are attained, and lose their natural hatred of wickedness, in their admiration of genius and their sense of power. It is truly a disinterested admiration, for they themselves pay the price, and their oppression, with every suffering that misgovernment can inflict, is the result of the cruelty which they did not abhor, the meanness which they did not scorn when dazzled with the false luster shed over detestable or despicable deeds by brilliant capacity crowned with victory. NAPOLEON *knew how safely he might rely on their delusion, and he knew that the people whom he enslaved and ruined, were intoxicated with the glory which he gained and for which they so heavily paid.* In one respect, at least, he was less to blame than they: he faced the danger, if he witnessed the miseries of war; while they, in perfect safety, upheld him in his course, to make their country unprofitably powerful by the slaughter of thousands and the misery of millions. Surely a most sacred duty is imposed upon the teachers of mankind, whether historians who record, or reasoners who comment upon events, to exert all their powers for weaning them from this fatal delusion."

The italics in the above extract, are my own. It is evident that, before a people can be intoxicated, it must partake the spirit which intoxicates. No good man, seeking the real happiness of the French people, could have inspired them as Napoleon did, because he would not have been an incarnation of the spirit which they supremely loved. Lord Brougham adds:

"It is not enough, however, that the instructors of the people, and especially of youth, avoid propagating dangerous errors, and implanting or encouraging in their growth, feelings hostile to the best interests of mankind. Their duty is to inculcate principles and cherish sentiments having the direct tendency to promote human happiness. Now the wisdom of ancient

times, though it dealt largely with the subject of our passions, and generally with the nature of man in the abstract, never stopped to regard as worthy of consideration the rights, the comforts, and the improvements of the community at large. *The people were appealed to when advantage could be taken of their prejudices, or their feelings could be excited for a particular purpose; their advancement in knowledge and refinement was little regarded, and he who devoted himself to render them real service, was viewed as going out of the ordinary path, and seeking glory in a singular and fantastic way.* '*Vide quæso*,' says JULIUS CÆSAR, '*ne tua divina virtus admirationis plus sit habitura quam gloriæ; si quidem gloria est illustris et pervagata multorum et magnorum vel in suos, vel in patriam, vel in omne genus hominum fama meritorum.*' (Pro Marcello, viii.) The space was supposed impassable that separates the vulgar from the philosopher and the statesman; they were not even regarded as much above the brutes which perish. '*Si ut sapientibus placet*,' says TACITUS, '*non cum corpore extinguuntur magnæ animæ.*' A sounder philosophy or a purer religion have in modern times entirely abolished all such distinctions; and to consult the interests and promote the improvement, in every way, of the great body of the people, is not only the object of all rational men's efforts, but the best title to public respect, and the direct road to fame. The instructors of youth have thus devolved upon them the duty of directing the minds of their pupils towards the most important purposes which their acquirements can serve to promote, the diffusion of knowledge among the people, and their general improvement, inculcating the grand lesson of morals as well as of wisdom, that whatever they learn, of whatever accomplishments they become possessed, in a word, all their acquired talents, as much as their natural gifts, are a trust held for the benefit not more of themselves than of their fellow-creatures, and of the use whereof they will one day have to render a strict account. The impressions left on the mind in early years, are so lively, that they last through life; and

even when partially affected by other studies, or by the cares of the world, they still exert some influence, and may often be found, far more than is supposed, to modify the counteracting and neutralizing influences which they cannot resist. This undoubted truth is not the less important for being often admitted, though, there is reason to fear, oftener admitted than acted upon in practice."

1.—Ambition.

When a whole is shown, its parts are necessarily included. I shall therefore only allude to the sub-features of man's grand passion, for the sake of comparing them with the same, or corresponding elements in Woman.

The Love of Power is an infernal passion in man, while he is unregenerated by Woman, (because it is under the domination of his Self-Love), and a divine one in her. It enacts in him the gigantic horrors of the human career—the wars, devastations, torments, oppressions and treacheries, of which masculine history is little else than a wearisome catalogue. For man loves power, as he does other external or material things, for its purely *selfish* uses. Nay, he is even capable, at the same time, of loving it intensely, seeking it eagerly, and using it diabolically. The Neros, Domitians, Vitelliuses, Louis Elevenths, Philip Seconds, and Henry Eighths, have hosts of imitators in private life. All the cruel and mean tyrants have not mounted thrones and been reported to the world. Or man can love power simply for its possession, or for the dominion it gives him—ends of harm or good from it, being wholly indifferent results to him. And men are proud of their Alexander, Xerxes, and Napoleon—more so, if we may judge by the echo of their names through the

ages, than of any single wise or good man who was the cotemporary of each of them.

Now the Love of Power *may* be one of the noblest affections. It may, I think, prove the Godlikeness of a soul more fully than any other single quality. But this will be only when—as in woman, in the angels and in God—it is joined to a paramount love of Uses. For God is less divine by His Almightiness than by His All-Lovingness, which alone, makes His Almightiness Beneficent. If good flows from the action of Ambition in man, it is an incident, (perhaps oftener an accident), not a purpose. Thus Napoleon did mankind a great service in the fatal shock which he gave to the system of Centralization in Europe; but that service was no part of the purpose of his costly career. It flowed indirectly from the immense means he came to possess for gratifying his love of self-aggrandizement, and was dearly paid for in his own day—perhaps may have to be again, in that of his descendants.

Men strive for power, as for external good in other forms, with the keenest rivalries, the bitterest hatreds, the most determined and relentless purpose to sacrifice whosoever or whatsoever stands in the way of their success. They are capable, in pursuit of it, of every conceivable type of injustice, cruelty, oppression and meanness which can serve their ends—nay, of worse than these; for they can coolly witness their perpetration by the ambitious coadjutor, and heartily approve them —if thereby he succeeds.

In this spirit they treat each other, individuals, classes, communities and nations. In this spirit they have always treated Woman, lording it over her; first on the ground of mere physical superiority, and next, as they advanced in mental power and development,

on the double ground of masculine and intellectual advantage. It is true that the *Sentiment* of man always rebukes this position towards Woman, and universally acknowledges, in her physical delicacy and comparative feebleness, a warrant for his protection ;* but men are much more apt to content themselves with announcing their assent to this in brave, poetic, tender speech, or glittering generalities, than in the substantial, practical methods, which would be a fulfillment of Nature's purpose. Accordingly, in the exercise of his self-love and shrewd intellect, the civilized man makes

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* Ancient chivalry was the highest social aspect which this sentiment ever took among men. It was a reaction from the barbaric horrors to which females had been subjected in the endless and ferocious wars of the Middle Ages; and, contrasted with what had preceded and surrounded it, looks like a fine gem set in the rugged, stained face of a rock; like a pure, golden star shining alone out of the wild, black war of a midnight tempest. It is beautiful and satisfactory to look upon, *because* it was the purest expression of man's sentiment toward Woman, which we have ever seen, upon a scale large enough to be visible from beyond the small social or family circle.

But our admiration of it must not blind us to the fact that man was chivalrous almost as much for himself as for woman—and acted in the love of power and of glory, as champion no less than as warrior, the difference being that in one he submitted to be inspired by Woman's gentle, refining, ennobling influence, over him, and in the other was led by his self-love. But he espoused her cause and defended her—not after the divine fashion of Jesus; but after the manlike fashion of putting his thews and sinews, his armor and lance, for her purity and honor. Those stood for these. If he succeeded, she thereby became honorable; but he also had a stake—the glory of championship. He rarely defended her to leave himself in obscurity. And his pain in failure was, we are led to suppose, quite as much humiliation at his own defeat, as grief for any wrong which might thus fall upon her.

the "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" of mere professed, or sham acknowledgment, of Woman's claims upon him, a substitute—in all but the perishing sentimental relations, and those of external politeness—for the solid graces of behavior toward her, which Nature enjoins. These would remove her oppressions; make her a free being, instead of a slave; in all the highest, supra-worldly matters of life, an open, acknowledged, honored leader, instead of a surreptitious or insulted one; and change the lot of millions, from a condition of hardship and life-long endurance, to one of comfort and enjoyment. But in such conduct toward her, man's self-love would find unwelcome metes and bounds set to its indulgence, wherefore he atones for his lack of right doing, in much speech; and silences his Consciousness and Sentiment, when they remonstrate in her behalf, as he does when they shame his usurpations over men of less advantage than himself—by pleading the systems of society; systems which he has himself framed, or accepts and sustains. "When the Caribs were asked why they made such slaves of their women, they gave the simple reason, that they were the weaker—an honest admission, which all men-tyrants are not candid enough to make."* And when a Chinese Mandarin in California was told that the women of America were nearly all taught to read and write, and that a majority of them were able to keep books for their husbands, if they chose to do so, he shook his head thoughtfully, and, with a foreboding sigh, replied, "If he readee, writee, by'n by he lickee all the men." Was that a barbarian sentiment—or rather, perhaps, a pre-sentiment of the higher Sovereignty coming?

* Woman in All Ages.—Nichols.

Thus the masculine Love of Power is Ambition. Perhaps we have seen enough of its character and capabilities for our present purposes. If not, let the reader cast his eye upon the active world around him, anywhere, and the lesson will be legible after these hints. Especially let him regard the Ambitious, prominent men of America now, (1860), and he will see how few are the exceptions to the spirit of these assertions: how few, among the politicians, are not waiting the opportunity to strike the best bargain that will give them power for the principle they represent; that will give them, in exchange for the beautiful and enduring championship of human rights, which they might make theirs, a few years of disgraceful elevation and ignoble sway. Surely, at this time, we, American people, need no theoretical analysis of Ambition to realize its pitiful and pitiless selfishness.

What is its correspondent in the feminine nature? Love of Power for Uses, (Beneficence), and Love of Influence, which, in illustration of the two natures, may be fairly used here as this synonym of Aspiration. The etymology of the words, Ambition and Aspiration, conveys the idea, not merely of a distinction, but of a contra-distinction between the lives of which they express qualities. The one implies a nature facing outward; the other, inward.

Ambit is the *surface* of a body, system, or thing of any sort—the *outermost* of it; and *ambio* is to *go about*—as men naturally do when seeking Power—go about, away from their own center—outside of themselves.

Aspiro is to *breathe*, to *pant* after. That is the Latin. The Greek root unites to this the other central action of the life—to *palpitate*. It comes from the

innermost of the interior. There is nothing deeper to be predicated of the life, than its Aspiration. It is spiritual, earnest, moving, soul-desire—so high, so keen, so strong, that it is likened to the most intense vital actions, panting and palpitation. Prayer is Aspiration, and true Aspiration is prayer.

This is the feminine quality, which balances Ambition in the masculine. Aspiration is unselfish. To aspire, is to desire and seek good, which is limitless in its nature and essence, and which multiplies in being shared with others. When the soul is aspiring, it earnestly desires to diffuse the good it attains to; and, by the law of its master-passion, it must. One who aspires, must get; for to aspire, is to realize—at the worst, in a measure—and to possess, through so divine a love, is to scatter abroad, as necessarily as God's bounty spreads the blessings and happiness which His Loving Wisdom can create.

Woman naturally loves Influence, but not power—in the sense of its world-wide acceptance. Influence corresponds with Aspiration in its etymology. *Influo*, is to flow in. It is influx from above, of something to be aspired after—the incoming of an unseen, invisible power—a spiritual one, whether for good or ill. It does not seek material instruments or forms of expression, as power does; but, like the viewless wind, goeth where it listeth, and we know the movement thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh, nor always whither it goeth. It resides in the vailed interiors of the life. We feel that it is there, and acknowledge it with unspeakable joy, but we cannot say of the intellect, it is herein; or of the affections, this is its lodging-place; or of the knowledge-powers, these do furnish it forth. It *is*. So

much we know and feel in our Consciousness, and farther are not apt to inquire.

It is natural to speak of Woman's Influence, and of her love of Influence; but not so much of her power or love of it. A love of Influence is a love of Use; and this is Woman's grand characteristic. It is the source of any desire for power which moves the unspoiled, unperverted female heart. Man must be regenerated by true and deep religious experiences, (Religion is feminine), or by the love and influence of Woman, before he will love Power for its Uses; but Woman naturally loves it for these, and only ceases to do so when her nature is perverted, or inverted, by conformity to the uses and standards of the masculine life. If we speak of a man's *Influence*, or of one as being an influential man, we do not mean, as of Woman in the same expressions, that he is so by interior qualities, but rather by position, fortune, connections, or something which attaches more to his outer than to his inner life; and if we speak of Woman's *Power*, we oftener mean, in spite of the word, something that belongs to her interior, than her exterior life; something that appeals to the feelings and Consciousness, rather than the senses and perceptions.

Her natural thought and feeling, so far as she has any about it, is, that if she had power, she would not employ it to acquire more, as man naturally does, but to do good according to her measure, whatever it may be—if she had wealth, she would not keep it to multiply idly in her hands, but make it subservient to charitable and helpful uses—if she had knowledge, she would not simply increase it for her own glory, distinction and profit, but scatter it abroad, to bless the ignorant, purify the corrupt, and set free the imprisoned souls.

If there were no other proof of her nearer relation to the divine, this alone would, it seems to me, conclude the argument, to candid minds. It is all the difference between loving the largest means of good, as a means—the angelic, Godlike affection; ennobling to the being who entertains it, and the prophecy of all manner of beneficence to those in relations with her or him, and the same love, narrowed down to the uncleansed channels of one's self-interest; bloating the lower passions into monstrous proportions, and making impossible the divine beauty of harmony and fraternity—as we see that man has done, and yet continues, though less universally, to do. For it has been, we know, one of Woman's offices, in man's career, even when and where she has been little acknowledged and honored in it, to counteract or mitigate the wretchedness which his self-love has created. And that her general influence, notwithstanding its narrowness, and the disadvantages under which, as slave, subject or inferior, she has worked, throughout the masculine Era, has been powerfully conservative of the good which man has developed, he who is clearest-sighted is now most forward to acknowledge.

In herself, Woman could not respect the aims which fill, and, *as aims*, satisfy, the great body of masculine life; though, according as the method of their pursuit is worthy, she honors them in it, and requires to have them won. For only so can the outer world become most serviceable to her, and her own purposes and objects approximate the level of possible realization. Man, standing next to the material world, with corporeal, animal, and intellectual powers to subdue it, represents in his own manifold life, but more in his relation of servitor to Woman, the human need that it

be taken wholly captive—in his grand egoism, the antagonism prophetic of strife that shall end only when he has conquered a peace; in his rugged Will, the capacity for rude, sustained battle; in his fertile, daring intellect, the resources and powers that double, dip, soar, expand, converge, include; that penetrate, undermine, surmount and overcome, his pervading opponent; and in his surpassing corporeal, the ample warrant for the execution of this work—*after* which, must follow the higher expressions and labors which human life now awaits, at the hands of Woman.

Nature has kindly suited the spirit of man to this service, and his body to the tasks of which it is composed. She has given him love for the service, and pride in its performance—attraction to the tasks, and powers to accomplish them. But that the same affections and abilities should be paramount *in Woman, would be unnatural;* and the character in her is offensive and monstrous, according to its degree of development, wherever seen.

Because she is Woman, in the super-organic sense, by virtue of being the opposite of man, in his paramount qualities and powers—made for conquest over the spiritual, as he over the material—over the internal, as he over the external—more reverent than proud—the essential characteristic of the spiritual, as measuring itself more by what is above than below it—more devoted to good than self-loving—more Aspiring than Ambitious, hence caring less for what outward statement her life will bear, than for its intrinsic unfolding and growth toward the spiritual fountain of Life.

And when these are not the characteristics of her nature, and when, whatever her advantages, power or

influence, they are not regarded, primarily, as means to ends of use and helpfulness, it is because she is a spoiled Woman, whose life man's spirit has invaded and lowered to his own level; in whom the exalted, womanly Consciousness and Sentiment slumber, for a time; to whom the tranquil, serene, interior peace of the womanly life, is become impossible, as it is to man, without regeneration. She has degenerated—fallen from her natural state—and is not Woman to Man, in the ennobling, helpful sense. She may, indeed, be his ally, with new stratagems, aggressions and defenses; or his antagonist, with novel and hidden forces to be countervailed; but Woman, the savior and helper, never, while she remains in this masculine phasis of her experience.

Women are not charmed and challenged by a display of external power in the hands of females, as men are by the same in men. They do not admire or envy Women who are ruled by Ambition, and who win, under its stimulus, as men do men, holding them up from age to age for imitation. They love to please and be praised, but not for lies, frauds, robberies, treacheries, oppressions, murders. It is hard for them to endure praises for any of these things, and *literally* true that Women never praise Women, as men applaud men, for such acts. Who of her own sex delights in Cleopatra? Who extols Semiramis? Who has pleasure in the memory of Catharine of Russia, or even in that of Queen Elizabeth? What woman admires and desires to emulate the *diplomatistes*, and female tricksters in politics, of whom there are more or less—attachés to every government and party in Christendom—perhaps outside it as well?

There is a love of Power in Woman not universally

felt, however, consciously as such; which precedes, in most, the love of Uses. It is, in true lives, a passion of immaturity; and holds but a short reign, even when developed to a strong, or sovereign degree, except in a very few natures. But of this power, also the source is in herself, though it may be less interior than that of the attributes already named. It is the power to awaken and command the affection of the other sex. Is there any Woman who has not known the day when the testimony of its possession by her, in whatever degree, was most welcome?

In the common thought of men, and perhaps of Women—though not generally, I think, in the Consciousness of the latter—this power is apt to be attributed, almost exclusively, to two sources; youth and beauty—specially the *beauty of youth.** This has been

* Hence the ardent desire and unscrupulous struggles of thousands of women to retain the semblance of these when the realities are gone. I confess to a certain respect for the arts, tricks, deceits, shams, and falsehoods to which these unhappy females resort, for retaining their hold upon the only scepter which man has acknowledged in their hands. They have a value as signs of protest against utter insignificance. For even the poor, shallow, unwomanly and unmanly love of power which they attest, and for a few short days, months or years, do, perhaps, gratify, though after a precarious, harassing, exacting fashion, is better than the flat, still non-entity into which a Woman has been expected to sink, after her youth and its beauty have departed from her—an emptiness of all experience which has made age not merely a dreariness, but a reproach to her; and its advance like the gray drift of a boundless fog over the well-defined, living landscape. The painful necessity for such measures, arises from our having so fully, almost fatally, accepted man's idea, that there is no career for Woman in which the passions do not play a leading part, and not this, if she have not the material gifts, which appeal first and controllingly to his senses; that hence she is to devote herself to

quite according to man's nature and his idea of love, (from it), as partaking far more of a material than a spiritual character—the senses being paramount in it, and the spiritual subordinated, sneered at, denied, insulted, disbelieved. Man thus confesses that his love is first inspired through his senses, which is doubtless true in general, but he errs in believing that youth, and the beauty of youth, alone, are sufficient thus to inspire him. For, independent of every theory, it is well known, and often to his credit, that there are Women as capable of commanding love at forty, fifty, even sixty, as at eighteen or twenty, or thirty.

Undoubtedly youth is the natural season both for inspiring and experiencing the passion of love: And as man, until he arrives at a higher stage of development, is incapable of a diviner love, he will continue to be captivated through his senses; often despite his reason, conscience and self-respect, by the physical charms of youth in Woman; the full lines, rounded proportions, exquisite coloring, freshness and elasticity of this fleeting season. Beauty is a noble gift. A sweet and gracious privilege it is to any soul, to find itself clothed in this form—the highest expression which the corporeal life can take on. It ought to be the gift of Woman as the highest earthly being, and as such, ought to be the delight and charm of man. But physical beauty ought, and in Woman's day will be more charming to herself and to man, as the outward sign of an inward

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pleasing and interesting him through his senses, and must fail altogether when she is no longer able to do that.

A better day comes to Woman, and also to Man, as she grows more influential over him, and he, by her withdrawal of his sensual standards, more conformed to the spiritual love which her nature yields, and desires in return.

and spiritual beauty, than for what it is, *per se*. Then, though it will gladden the heart both of possessor and beholder, it will, nevertheless, be cheerfully, spontaneously let go, to give place to its divine successor—the spiritual beauty of the ripened, developed life, whose coming can make still more glad and joyful, and rich in the divinest gifts, her who possesses, and those who behold and feel its presence.

Already the signs of such a change are apparent, in the growing tendency to set forth the psychical Woman at least side by side with the corporeal one. The Ideal Woman in our century, is no longer a simply beautiful being, appealing, through the charmed eye, to the passions whereunto it ministers; but she may command our profoundest interest without any special measure of that dear, and ever-to-be valued gift of beauty—nay, more, in spite of absolute plainness of person, and even of years whose number has outrun all the old notions of romance. It is because the day of our escape from the thraldom of mere passion and sense, is drawing near, and a higher sovereignty is descending upon human life.

The old novelists dared not introduce a heroine who had past her teens, nor one who was not, according to masculine standards, extremely beautiful in person. With this indispensable gift, she needed little else—neither mind, intellectual purpose in life, nor the noblest affections. She must be neither actually vicious nor idiotic; but conditions bordering on both, were not incompatible with high pretensions for her.* If she

* It is a pleasing indication that this style has fallen down to the lower levels of romance-writing. Third and fourth rate authors continue to furnish such heroines for their sensation stories, which, however, for the most part, only effect a lodgment among unde-

were destitute of a quick and not over-delicate wit, unable to take a lively part in repartee, which has since her day retired to the tap-room, or even to less eligible places, it next became her to be extremely virtuous and amiable, which meant altogether, that she should be very happy in being, for a year or two, during courtship and until her first child was born, the pleased pet and plaything of the man who honored her by marriage—that she should have no opinions, feelings or thoughts, that were not first his opinions, feelings and thoughts; and that whatever were his, must, *therefore*, become hers, so far as she had any—no affections that were not one with, or a reflection of his—no toleration for any with whom he was at feud, father, mother or child; that she should smile, whatever the state of her own soul, to please him; be silent and submissive when he was unreasonable, tyrannical or brutal; conceal his vices and cruelties, even to the extent of endangering her life, and wholly to the sacrifice of her natural claims to happiness, peace, or the barest comfort, if he chose to make these impossible to her. They were all canceled, indeed, as the claims of a human soul; removed from their original basis of right, to one of sufferance, permission, indulgence, when she accepted the marriage which he had laid her under enduring obligations by offering. In most, her great beauty, which alone justified her *being* at all, or claiming any attention, was *for him*—it was her advantage only, or chiefly, as it engaged and could hold him—and whatever purity, sweetness, tenderness, nobleness, capacity of any sort there might be in her nature, were for him

veloped readers, and have but a precarious hold even there, each impression being chased away by its successor, as shadows fly across the landscape on a cloudy day.

also—to be nurtured or extinguished as he should please—her paramount virtue was submission in either case. It was her glory and excellence to sink, through marriage, into extinction; to surrender all there was of herself, in person or soul, property, capacity, skill, affections, purposes—if perchance she had any—to her husband—*for any use or treatment that he thought fit to bring them to.*

This was the model Woman, and her beauty having brought her so much—that one experience of a fleeting power—that one passage of interest in a life otherwise filled to weariness with monotony, she was reckoned to have received her due. The *career* of a Woman, as it was seen by these writers, and their cotemporaries who were not writers, closed when she had become a wife. All interest in her ended then—or it might possibly be prolonged till she had borne one child TO HER HUSBAND—not to her own soul, but to him—to inherit his rank, his power, his pride, his possessions. Upon the dreary hum-drum life which followed this experience at latest, the curtain could not too soon be let fall.

Even the Women Novelists of the last century scarcely dared introduce a heroine who was over eighteen; and they could not let her lack a single beauty of form, feature, or color attributable to Woman, though, speaking from the feminine Consciousness, they generally dealt more liberally by them in respect of mental endowments than their male cotemporaries were apt to. Nowhere, however, was the sensuous theory of love, as originating in corporeal rather than spiritual qualities, attacked, till the thoughtful, self-conscious Women of the nineteenth century took the

position of leaders in the world of fiction; a position taken so for their sex in all coming time.

It is natural that the undeveloped Woman should cultivate the sources of this power, and love *it*, above any beneficent *uses* for man's help or regeneration, for which she may employ it. Because it is the only one on which her pretensions to empire over him have ever yet rested—or can rest, till he enters upon a super-sensual stage of his development. And moreover, it is continually appealed to by him, and stimulated by the social cautery which he applies to her as his inferior and dependent. His adoration of physical beauty, independent of mental or moral qualities, makes its possession, or the simulation of it, seem to her an indispensable means of commanding him as the providence of material nature. She cannot reclaim the wilderness, uproot the forests, till the earth, contend with the winds and seas, or become an artificer; yet all these services must be performed *for her*—that she may more perfectly discharge the grand artistic function to which all others are subservient—maternity. This sets her apart, to be served by man, cared for, provided, conditioned for its performance, with love, health, happiness, cheerfulness, content—plenty. Then too, her spiritual nature demands his love, as her physical life, his care and support. She is incomplete without it; and, according to the affluence of her own nature, and her capacities for happiness, and growth in a full-sphered life, she suffers without it. God made her to desire it, to yearn for it, to prize it as riches and blessings, comparable to nothing else in life, save that more exalted blessing, to which it only can worthily introduce her—Motherhood.

We have no right, therefore, considering what this

power is to Woman, independent of the unselfish or beneficent uses of it, to wonder that they love it; nor that a female who is not originally noble in soul, and who has never been helped by development, to clear and just views of life, finding how sweet its exercise may be to her self-love, should lose the womanly balance of her nature, and, receiving every day, in society, the food on which it is nourished, should, before she realizes her state—perhaps before she dreams it—find in herself a despot's insatiable hunger for conquest, and stand before herself and her little world, that always dreaded or despised being, a coquette. Dreaded because her interior purity and healthfulness are not fully trusted—despised because she is felt to be, in the high sense, unwomanly—governed, that is, by a love of power for itself or herself, and not for its beneficent uses.

In Woman's Love of Influence and of Power for Uses, lie wrapped the nearest, brightest, divinest hopes of humanity. Their presence in the sex is the surest prophecy of the noble future of our race. For if Influence, which, legitimately, is the most interior power of the higher, descending upon and elevating the lower, be the one thing always worth striving for and possessing, the one charm by which the everlasting movement upward is maintained—it is because this grand Use lies in it. We see how mankind estimates it, first by the respect which is paid to its inferior, Power as represented in the men who conquer the world for themselves; and next in the calmer, purer, and more religious honoring of the few exceptional persons, who, by their Influence, conquer evil in any form, and inflow their power for good into lives and conditions below their own.

Use lies alike, but unequally, in both Power and Influence. Thus God's Power is proved in the Creative Uses which have employed it. Form and Phenomena, resulting from its action, enrich the spaces and chambers of the Universe and of the Earth within it—Vital Forms and Vital Phenomena; over which it is the function of His Influence to hold an unceasing attraction toward Himself. And of this Influence, the unseen tides, as we know and feel, are forever sweeping the shores of the great, never-pausing sea of life, and maintaining, in its myriad habitants, a march never ending, perhaps never flagging, though it seems to us at times to do so; a march of approach toward the Source whence the Influence descends upon it. And which is the higher exercise of Power; that which creates a Universe, or that which, after its creation, sustains the eternal plan of those Influences, by which alone it can be adorned, embellished, enriched, harmonized, and fitted for everlasting salvation and ever-increasing happiness?

Woman is the great center of attraction on the mortal plane. All things converge to her—all service at last is for her—all inspiration to noble work in the earth-life, is from or through her; and neither the Individual, the Church nor the State, can do or produce anything but reaches its ultimation, in her grand office of Maternity. ALL is for that, since where the most perfect humanity is produced, there the noblest earthly end of human effort is attained. Dr. Redfield says truly:

"In Woman and in her productions, the ideal is more actualized than in man and in his productions; indeed, Woman has not only the molding and forming of herself, but she has more the molding and forming

of man, from the most incipient stage of his being to the most mature, than he has of himself. All power lies in the spirit, and the greatest power exerts itself in a soft and gentle *influence*, in an inspiration like that of the most genial and balmy atmosphere, commanding to the exercise of freedom, and awakening the all-powerful motive of free-will and the pleasure that is synonymous with it. This is Woman's power, and all that man does, that is beautiful and noble, is by her inspiration, and ultimately for her sake.

"My opinion is that Woman has the inspiriting and molding of man all his life, so far as he turns out anything good. Woman sways a magic wand, whether by looks, words or actions, more potent than the staff of office or the scepter and crosier, because her sway is through the spiritual sphere which governs the material, whereas man's is in the material chiefly, and if not subservient to hers, is undirected or misdirected brute force."

And while I am writing these pages, there comes to my hand, from a quite unexpected source, another corroborative utterance, which I place in full here, no more pleased that the sentiment which it conveys, is at one with my own, than that it is, at the same time, so clear, practical, manly and earnest. One would little expect that a speech pregnant with so much of the most advanced thought of our day, so full of clear and brave significance of and for Woman, would be heard at a dinner-table spread in the deep and remote cañons of the gold mountains of California. And I am sure that every noble Woman who reads it, will feel as I do, that she would like to take the speaker by the hand, or any other man who has the courage and real manliness to say such things of her sex, and mingle them with no word of the unmeaning, sickening compliment and flattery, with which men are apt at such

times, to affront the common sense and appreciative sympathy of thoughtful, good Women.

The occasion which called forth this speech, was the opening of a mining railway on the estate of Gen. Fremont, in Mariposa County, California. I extract from an admirably spirited report of the proceedings, in the columns of the *Alta California*, a San Francisco paper, of July, 1860:

"The seventh toast was, 'Woman—her smiles cheer the labors of man. Without her encouragement and endearments, man would be like a steam engine without a boiler, or a railroad in Mariposa without a mine.'

"To this, Mr. L. F. Jones replied:

"Mr. Chairman—The sentiment you announce, is not only literally true, but it is true in a double sense. Woman is a motive power in modern civilization, both giving motion by direct influence to material and social enterprise, to ameliorations of laws and customs, and to improvement in morals; and also as furnishing, in her own person and relations to man, a motive or incentive to all that is honorable in purpose and useful in achievement. From one or all of these sources of power, has been drawn the inspiration of most of the worthy deeds and lives which illustrate the history of civilized nations. I believe, sir, that our legal friends here hold that, in certain cases, it is important to be able to assign an adequate motive for the offense charged. In like manner, when we are told that certain men, in spite of the natural love of ease and comfort, have chosen to accept the toil, discomfort, privations and anxieties, which must be the price of such an undertaking as that of which we celebrate one feature to-day, it is fair to require an adequate motive as an explanation of conduct so unnatural. We should not expect to see men whose wants and purposes center and end in themselves, so engaged; their narrow needs could be more cheaply satisfied. No, sir, we must look to Woman for the motive-power. These deep excavations—these extensive and admirable mills, and this iron road, are

only tributes laid at the feet of Woman. They are the poor material result of manly labor, enterprise and skill, which, with their weekly product scattered over the country, Woman's blessed alchemy transmutes into the living influences and adjuncts of family and homes—the foundations of society and of the State. It is, therefore, gratifying to see here, at the seat of these large and prosperous operations, their meaning interpreted and their purpose ratified by such an assemblage of beauty, and womanly excellence. Our reproach is taken away. The imputation of sordidness, so often leveled at mining pursuits, receives its refutation at the hands of proper judges. This goodly array of women is as novel as it is gratifying. Less than ten years since no human testimony would have been sufficient to establish the credibility of such a vision at this place. Then we were wandering Tartars; but Woman came to save us from barbarism, and both the social condition and the aspect of California were transformed as if by enchantment. The ingots extracted from the oosom of Las Mariposas, in Woman's hands bloomed out into a thousand appliances and proofs of civilization; the miserable cabins gave way to neat cottages, and the dismal prospect of ash-heaps and rubbish to smiling gardens; and now, in the family and the school-room she is marshaling the forces that are to rule and regulate the State. Never, probably, in the history of the world, was there exhibited so striking an illustration of the civilizing power of Woman. Why, sir, was she able to work such wonders in so brief a time? Because, added to her powers was opportunity. Because Woman holds the high place of honor and trust in the American heart, and we may draw happy auguries from the fact that as Woman's civil status is a just measure of the civilization of a people, so her social position and moral influence best indicate our prospects of a greater progress and happiness. Admirable in all relations—as mother, sister, wife, daughter and lover—love, loyalty and honor to Woman forever."

2.—Acquisition.

Very little, I apprehend, need be said by way of placing Woman in contrast with man, as touching the passion for acquiring and possessing. Life contrasts them almost as broadly and openly in this respect as it does in masculinity and femininity; so that few of its numerous examples need be enforced at length, to furnish any mind the grounds of a just conclusion here.

Masculine action seems to be pretty nearly divided in these later ages between the love of Power and the love of Gain. The numerical force is doubtless on the side of the latter; while the moral or quantitative power is with the former. We are all familiar with the love of Gain, and the innumerable forms and consequences of its unbalanced action—which is so far its most common action—on the conduct of life. What passion getting the ascendency, more degrades and withers the nature of man! Who so mean, abject, and poor in spirit as the miser! What passion can number in its service, the crimes that have been committed for this monster? Neither the rage of maddened love, nor jealousy, nor vengeance, nor the rivalry of ambition, wide and rancorous though it has been, nor the love of dominion, cruel and relentless as it has made men; not all these united in one, exhibit so long a catalogue of degrading and violent *crimes* against property and life, as this single despot which now rules ninety hundredths of the masculine souls of the civilized world. Putting aside the wars, which the world never counts as *crimes* of ambition, and always honors in some sort, however they arise, there is no human motive beside religious zeal, which exhibits a record comparable for relentless, unyielding cruelty, with this. In all the past ages it has been swelling and swelling

with murders, wholesale and individual; treacheries, frauds, betrayals, robberies, thefts, overreachings, falsehoods, oppressions, at the bare memory of which, a just heart trembles, and a tender one throbs with anguish and sympathy for the myriad agonized victims.

It has aggravated the horrors and cruelties of war immeasurably. The sickening deeds were done, not in the comparatively generous rage of the battle-field, or in the necessary defense of the cause, but where lust of gain sought booty; trampled manly pride and manly courage and manly self-control under its feet, and gave rein to its beastly brother, lust of appetite. It has organized the most appalling slaveries and laughed at their inseparable atrocities. It has seized and molded to its mean proportions and ends, whole tides of rugged action, which might have been healthy without it, but of which the history darkens many a page of man's annals. Pirates, Buccaneers, Banditti, are among its representatives. Our modern Filibusters owe their character and work much to it. Its infernal lashings drive its victims to the crowning disgrace of our nineteenth-century-manhood—the African slave-trade. It exploiters Lands, Nations, Communities, Classes, Individuals. It oppresses, starves and prostitutes women. It organizes systems of labor and trade which crush the hearts and bones of men, women and children, as remorselessly as the anaconda his prey. It ignores brotherhood; the wolf's hunger scarce does it more completely. It binds in one ungodly compact the meanest passions whose co-operation it can enlist, thus laying the foundation of a spurious caste, which excludes worth, merit, genius, nobleness, refinement, aspiration, suffering purity, human tenderness—making no more account of them than the botanist of colors in classify-

ing his flowers, the geologist of atomic structure in making up his cabinet, or the astronomer of the quality of stellar light in reporting the populousness of space. But it accepts all who bring the certificate of possessions; no matter what, that is high or noble, beautiful or pure, may be intrinsically lacking.

It is autocrat of the Present everywhere in Civilization. What will outlive its action and performance, (and all that is best, noblest and most helpful in every age outlives it), is neglected, derided or scorned in presence of its bloated success to-day. It is the eager, hurrying, busy, grasping, blind, insatiate despot over man, at whose bidding how much health, peace, content, self-respect, purity of body and soul, happiness and growth are sacrificed. It is the unblushing, persistent liar, who, though he says "bring me so much, and I will give you rest and freedom," does not hesitate, when the ransom is paid down, to double, treble or quadruple his demand. And when the fair years which ought to have brought bloom and fruit for immortality, have been given up to him, and the fourfold ransom is paid for the enslaved soul, he still reiterates with Satanic coolness, "More—I must have more—ten, fifteen, twenty years' more service, and I will emancipate you, with blanched hair, wrinkled cheek and trembling limbs—for your grave."

The Love of Gain has its primary action in relation to external things, things of sense—material possessions, and belongs by this nature of it, to man as a characteristic, rather than to Woman. It must be evident, from the most superficial observation of the two beings, that this is so; for man, both by his physical and mental constitution, is a conquering, and earning creature. He is here to conquer and remove external

hindrances and opposition; to develop material and *all* objective resources; and discipline the elements to furnish the substantial support of his race. By the parallel estimate, Woman is neither of these. She is not a conqueror in the external. Her organic and functional life alike forbid her the highest, or even equal success with him there. Nor, as an earner, can she, in general, be otherwise than subservient in some degree to the lord of the material—at best secondary to him. What she *is* here for has been partly seen, and will more particularly appear by-and-by. In this connection, it will suffice us to see that neither by nature or use is she a property-getter.

Now man has expressed his nature in his uses, through all time, by spontaneously earning and accumulating property; and Woman, though wanting his freedom of action, has, nevertheless, expressed hers scarcely less decisively, by never earning or accumulating, except in slavery to man, or *for uses*. The miser's character is never illustrated by a female, though the novelists include it as an essential figure in their pictures of life.

If need presses, women, as we know, can successfully bring down their nature to the acquisition of property, accepting more or less fully as means thereto, the selfish competitive systems of man, only modifying, according to their individual womanliness, the less scrupulous details which spring from and gratify his more intense passion for gain. Hence, when they accumulate or earn at all, without being driven by the severe exactions of poverty, or urged by the debasing tyranny of an inverted spirit which loves the gain for its own sake, they do it with less moral injury than men suffer in like efforts; first from a nobler manner of

performance—a less selfish one—and second, from having before them a nobler end, that of Use. They labor or trade, or plan for means to sustain dependents, to educate children, to help the needy, to start or maintain some good work; to protect themselves from exposure in some period of foreseen or dreaded helplessness, or more frequently in our country, that they may command for themselves, or for a younger sister, brother, or a child, the advantage of an education—culture or development, in some sort, of the interior and higher life. The natural thought of the Woman-soul, on finding property or wealth at its control, is, not to delight in its mere possession, not to hoard it for doubling or quadrupling, but, "I shall be able now to do this which I have wished so much to do; I can carry out the plan which I have cherished so long, but scarcely hoped for the power to execute." She does not count its increase, feeling as it rolls up into fortune, that her essential gain is in that, and losing sight of personal growth, in growth of interests and profits. The perfect individual human, is above this absorption—as commonly seen in all women, save a very few, who are little honored by either sex—and exceptionally seen in but few men, who, (without fortune), are little honored by their own.

Thus both nature and the experience of the ages acquit Woman here.

Now I well know how the deformed daughter of man's civilization, abuses this power—how she avenges the injuries which the masculine system does her, by stimulating this primitive capacity of man's lower nature into a passion of the meanest type; how she exacts from it ruinous service, toil and strife, that she may be pampered in ignoble ease; how, having once

taken into her lean soul and useless body the taste of its performance for her, she proceeds, without remorse, or one tender, womanly emotion, to bind it in slavery for her continual delight; multiplies its bonds as its products multiply her wants, and grows henceforth reckless of its methods or sources of supply, so that supply comes.

I know that many men, capable of upright, fair, sweet, genial, growing lives, have surrendered themselves slowly or quickly, to the despotic rule of women who drove them, for money, through shame and self-abasement, as indifferently as the engineer drives his mechanism. I know how selfish our civilized females can be, in the worldly life which banishes the spiritual, womanly one; and that hundreds, perhaps thousands of men might read these pages in a spirit of bitter, contemptuous denial of Nature's truth herein set forth, because they could look back upon the cold, misspent years of a life of apparent devotion to mammon, which they would know had been years of servitude, instead, to the vain or the ambitious, shallow, selfish, external, unspiritual, unloving, unwomanly wife, and her circle of daughters, partaking the nature whence they sprung —proud of their helplessness and delicate dependence upon his overtasked brain, heart and body. And I proffer to the unhappy man, so mated and spurred through the world, my indignant, heart-felt sympathy. But because he has suffered degradation of spirit, and the loss of his noblest opportunities, through the perversion of one or a few women, shall not Nature be heard and vindicated in womanhood, which he, unfortunate soul, has not had experience of?* Friend, who-

* Men like sometimes to indulge themselves (too often, I am ashamed to say, with cause), in the popular complaint, that

ever you are, I pity you; but be of good cheer. The woman at your hearth and board, whose cry is "give—give," is of a large sisterhood it is true, in the world of manners and luxury, where you probably belong. But it is an aberrant group—not the true type, which last is steadily approaching an ascendency that will make such slavery as you have borne these long years, improbable to your sons—impossible, let you and me hope, to your son's sons.

Let me not be misunderstood, in the foregoing pages, as ignorantly or foolishly underrating the power of creating wealth, neither as fanatically denying its

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while Woman allows them the exclusive privilege of earning, she reserves to herself the exclusive one of spending. It is a neat antithetical statement, but essentially true in so few cases, taking society at large, that they prove the reverse rather than the direct assertion. The self-indulger is the money-spender, and that, according to the nature we find in each, is indisputably man. He is rivaled only by the very conventional woman, whose personality consists mainly in what houses, clothes, surrounds and enters into her, rather than in what proceeds out from her; who is not what she is by virtue of individuality, the imperishable, the interior, but rather by what befalls her of fortune, ease, luxury and elegance. But even this female is self-indulgent on a plane somewhat higher than man occupies. She seeks ease, material refinements, comforts, accommodations, luxuries, elegances—dresses expensively, it may be, and requires a costly establishment, but out of her selfishness, brings forth artistic results, which have a profit and pleasure for others, though they may be loss and pain to her family. But it is not she who buys costly wines and liquors, and manufactured tobacco; drives fast horses, supports gaming-houses and houses that are worse than these.

Women are very apt to begin their expenditures as the representatives of the position, credit, or wealth of their husbands or fathers; and the mean, grinding selfishness which sometimes follows the beginning, is often the result of habit, grafted upon a weak nature or a vain, purposeless life. Woman *ought to spend*,

value in the human career. I think I have elsewhere shown that I affect no contempt for it, or for any good it can secure. On the contrary, I see wealth as the exclusive means of so much of our present good, that I instinctively honor every hard hand and every teeming brain that has contributed to it, whether it be a mite or a million. The vast absorbing schemes of man, whose object has been its creation, were as unavoidable a stage of human growth as the carboniferous period, of the formation of the earth. Its possession is a primary condition of development in our race; a fundamental means of its refinement. Without intellect, it is barbaric refinement, such as we see in Asia; with intellect, it is the nobler phenomenon of the civilized continents. But whatever the character, in these respects, of its social and civil products, it can scarcely be over-estimated as a force in the human career. I speak not, therefore, in depreciation of wealth; neither in a contemptuous or bitter spirit of the being or faculty whose office is to create it. My only aim here, is to show that, whatever it is worth, it belongs

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as man *ought to earn*, but neither selfishly—and her spending will no more be her reproach, than his earning will be his—as now they both too often are—when each shall clearly see that to earn for just, true and noble use, sanctifies the action, and is alone honorable, and that to spend for the same, is equally so. And as the highest Use in Life is Woman's—to be seen, acknowledged and cultivated, as we become spiritual enough to appreciate the value of a SOUL, above all that it produces, it follows that the means which conduce to the true development and dignity of life—to its power and perfection, ought to be Woman's by *right;* not by *allowance.* But when that day comes, she will not spend man's earnings, to furnish herself in spiritual or corporeal idleness, or to live in outward pomp and display, while within she is full of spiritual death and uncleanness.

characteristically to man, not to woman; that as a prominent feature of an individual or a people, it attaches to a material stage of their progress; that in the masculine, unbalanced by the harmonious action of the feminine, it tends, of itself, to excess, which the unwomanly influence of women in sophisticated conditions may, and too often does, aggravate to fearful and criminal degrees of intensity: and finally, that its action is legitimate only when taken as a means to higher good. To seek wealth for beneficent uses, is honorable in any man or people; to seek it for the end of possession and its own increase, is dishonorable and degrading to any soul, in proportion to its worth and dignity otherwise. And it is one of the offices and *responsibilities* of Woman, as she enters more fully into her power, to help man see this best office of wealth, that so he may realize a greater dignity and a higher self-respect, in efforts for its accumulation, and humanity more liberal and worthy uses of it.

3.—Sensualism—Love of Pleasure.

The soul gets its acquaintance with Matter chiefly through the senses and perceptions—while Forces and Phenomena address more especially the intellect and reasoning affections. The senses are the primary interpreters of the external to the internal. They are capacities common to brute and human; ruling in the former, nearly all the acts of brute life being performed in obedience to their demands.

The character of the human is to rise above the law of sense to the law of faculty; and life is truly human in direct proportion as it does this, to the extent of completely subordinating the first to the last; using the one actively, healthfully, but solely as means to

the end of development in the other. The divinest love of God is shown in giving us our faculties: His thoughtful, parental kindness in constituting the senses delightful ministers to them. It might have been no pleasure to take food, but simply a duty. Sounds might have been without sweetness, or even discordant; and the various objects of the Material Creation might have lacked their inexpressible beauties, yet have served the simplest ends of Use as well. In other words, the attributes which give us sensual pleasure, are superposed upon those which serve the mere necessities.

The finest pleasure of the senses is in the perfect harmony between them and their objects, and this is only attainable in their strictly natural, legitimate use. The gourmand delights his taste at the cost of all the other senses, which avenge themselves in pains, palsies, and torpors—and to the almost extinction of his supersensual gifts. The debauchee reeks in his low pleasures, and every nobler form of enjoyment becomes impossible to him; fades out as he follows these.

Now all human life follows one or other of these leaders—Faculty or Sense—or it alternates between them. But as our proper individuality lies in the higher, we say that the life is surrendered to the rule of sense; or, "the man is taken captive," or, "the soul is put in bondage," all which popular forms of expression imply a popular perception—a Sentiment—that Sense is a usurper wherever it holds permanent supremacy. Hence, all obedience to it, that exceeds the legitimate measure above indicated, must, according to its extent, degrade and deprave the life.

Is this submission more marked in one sex than the other, and if so, in which? Let every one answer the following questions according to his or her own observation.

Who are the gourmands? Who drink the wines and liquors? For whom are concocted the thousand and one compounds known as bitters, cordials, stimulants to appetite, stomachics, tonics, &c., with which the walls of modern cities are illustrated? Who consumes the tobacco, opium, hemp and other narcotics? Who vitiates, or when that is impossible, violates little girls, young maidens and grown women, disregarding the commonest human decency and its obligations, under the blind dominion of mere sense?

Who organizes material punishments and rewards as bases of human conduct? Who laughs at the idea of efficiency in Moral Influences, as motives, and longest refuses to trust them as regulating forces? Who demands sensible proof of every truth and principle that can be proved to sense, and is proud of believing only when that is furnished? Who will accept nothing which addresses first the spiritual, interior intelligence; no new statement or proposition, however clear and harmonious with known laws, if it be unsupported by tangible, sensible proof? And who is capable of entertaining and even of dying for the grossest error, if ages have made it respectable, if spurious facts can be arrayed in its support, or if real facts, belonging elsewhere, can be well twisted to the same purpose?

Who denied the deduction of planetary motion and shut Galileo in a dungeon for the crimes of discovering and affirming it? Who rejected the prayers and petitions of Columbus, and refused to believe in the new world because it had never been seen? Who scouted the idea of the Circulation of the Blood, and persecuted its discoverer for announcing it? Who located the soul in the ventricles of the brain, then in the stomach, then in the pineal gland, then in the spleen, then in

the muscular heart, then in the frontal sinus; and proved by indisputable facts, that each hypothesis was the true one? Who fiercely rejected Modern Chemistry, till he was knocked down and silenced by its accumulating facts? Who affirmed that Geology, the record of the lasting rocks, and earths, and minerals, with the wondrous catalogue of departed life imprinted on them, was pernicious untruth! Who declared that a lake, burning forever with liquid sulphur, was kept open for all the race of man, except half a score elected from a million? Who sneered at the theory of propulsion by steam, and declared its expounders insane? Who aims at mastery through the external motives; is politic, and commends Honesty, *because* it is the *best policy?* Who finds it difficult, mostly impossible, to trust in the unseen Right? Who believes that he has caught and exhausted Truth in the institutions and organizations which he has created, and is terrified at the thought of breaking through or cutting loose from any of them, certain that all beyond, must be loss and ruin, because he has not seen and proved it otherwise?

Who, in short, is proud of the Senses?—I do not depreciate them—believes in them and in their demands, sneers or is skeptical, when you claim that they should be subordinated to the interior intelligence, the intuitions and aspirations of the soul?

Need I answer? Will not the answer come most clearly to every mind from its own depths?

The half-dozen, dozen or score of individuals to be met in a life-time who do not these things, some or all; who do not act in the spirit here indicated, wholly or partly, will be remembered as spiritual men, or self-controlled men, or men with womanly natures; persons living above the average level of the masculine

life. Such men are found—it is every one's privilege to know a few of them. They are in the common, obscure walks of life, as well as in the more favored ones; possibly a little oftener met with in the former than the latter. Discoverers and Inventors take rank very near, when not in, this small but noble company.

If it be said that Woman has had no moral or intellectual place in the world, and that therefore we do not know how she might have proved herself in the action wherein man has thus demonstrated himself, I reply, that the same qualities and proclivities, in a subordinate position, show themselves when occasion calls them forth—in aggravated, not in modified, and still less in opposite action. In the matters set down above, Woman, has opposed herself to man, wherever she has been permitted expression—not feebly *imitated* him. If she behaves in his spirit, it is from an inversion of her nature through his influence over her, and then she as much excels him in the evils, as, in her true position, she excels him in the goods. Thus, in societies which involve the greatest of human evils, chattel slavery, for instance, men are the active individual doers of its common wrongs, cruelties and terrors; they and their passions and purposes are the immediate, voluntary causes of the great body of daily suffering endured in it—such suffering, I mean, as is not inseparable from the lot—while the women, (with exceptions whose rarity makes the strongest proof of their general character), are the merciful, compassionate, tender power; opposing, restraining, checking, regulating the masculine action by a more human standard than would be acknowledged in their absence.

But in extraordinary circumstances, when the passions are deeply stirred; when the organized as well as

individual interests are implicated, and self-love stations its sentries at every post, because its very basis is threatened with upheaval and destruction, the whole moral life undergoes inversion; the human is laid in the dust for the animal to trample at will, and then women, imperfectly developed by the previous state of society, suffering the deformity consequent on the fearful pressure upon the higher side of their character, may become capable of putting the luke-warmth of their brethren in atrocities, to shame.*

But it is not in the nature of Woman, whatever her development, to base a theory of Divine government

* The truth of these remarks has been unhappily illustrated many times since they were written. The War for Freedom which we have been prosecuting for the last three years, has given our helpless country-women of the Slave States many occasions for proving how far they could excel men in the atrocities possible to such a conflict, and in the expression of the diabolic spirit which originated and sustained it—occasions which have not always been left unimproved. It is true the women of Christendom have had sometimes to blush for the bad and the merciless among these sisters before the War, but these were comparatively rare cases, and there were great fields for the action of the finer womanly qualities, furnished by the slave system—fields which were patiently and bravely held by sweet, gentle, compassionate, motherly women, resisting the cruelty in men that would have tortured; the tyranny that would have murderously oppressed, but for them. God help those that remain such as these through all the horrors of their passing experience, but even more abundantly may those be helped who are of a nature to fail themselves as well as humanity in this sublime crisis! It is one of the terrible evils visited upon the improved social state which dares to found itself upon a wrong like slavery, that it thereby develops the dire forces whose action at last is parricidal. In its greatest need, comes its most utter failure. It has deliberately polluted the inmost fountains; when dreadful exigency unseals them, their currents flow with poison instead of health. (1863).

upon a material, burning Inferno: she would never have strangled the prophets, in any age, for foretelling better days; she would never have persecuted the discoverers for having learned what was before unknown, nor have pronounced the inventors mad for furnishing her with new and better methods. Because she spontaneously believes in the great unseen principles and forces that are ever waiting to serve us; in the exhaustlessness of good, and its perpetual unfolding and outflow to all living. To the Woman-soul, all helps seem not only possible, but the very highest probability, the sure ultimates of life. She naturally believes in the Goodness and Love, not in the Anger and Jealousy of God, because Goodness and Love are the attributes in herself, through which she makes her nearest conscious approach to Him.

If I seem in what has been already said, or in what follows, to speak unkindly or depreciatingly of man or men, I beg here, once for all, to disclaim all intention to do so, and to disavow every feeling that could prompt me, or any rational human being, to such expression. There is only one thing on earth that I honor and love more than real manhood. The thought of it warms my heart, and moves with a swifter and more electric flow the tides of my life. The mother of three sons, one of whom stays to run a man's career on the earth; the daughter and sister of other men; the friend of not a few more, both humble and exalted, whom I am proud to count among the earth's truest and best; the care-taker, according to my ability and opportunities, of some others—the ardent admirer of more, far removed by time, position or space, beyond the territory of personal friendship or affection—who, before me, should be called on to forgive, from the heart, the short-

comings or excesses of the imperfect, and to cherish, with an affectionate pride, the excellences of the noble? Surely none. Nor will I believe myself deficient in the elements necessary to a just and liberal judgment of man, till I am conscious in my soul, of a feeling of injustice, illiberality or bitterness toward his sex, or some class or individual of it, whence as root, could spring an illiberal judgment of him.

I am constrained to an analysis of Man, that I may the more successfully and clearly set forth Woman. I set down nothing against him that he does not actually do, and openly charge himself with. I but sketch his portrait in the colors he gives me. If it wears a more ungracious, unattractive look than he is accustomed to see upon it, it is not so much because it is more or less faithful than that of his own creating, as because of its juxtaposition with *another*, that is growing out of the shadowy dimness beside it, as we advance.

In common life and experience, for one woman who exhibits the depravity of appetite and sense, which neutralize noble powers, lead to crime, destroy health, and finally life, there will be found, in every condition between the barbarous and the most refined, fifty, a hundred, five hundred men. And of this very small per centage of females, a large proportion have become the perverted creatures they are, through man's accidental or artificial power over them—hence, by descent from their natural level to his. I know that his civilization abounds lamentably in such women, and that they are found in castle and cottage, as well as in prison and brothel; the unspiritual, external, sensual, in one or other form, controlling the vain, exacting, imperious, shallow, selfish woman, of mere polite, con-

ventional life, scarcely less than her degraded, outcast sister. But this is because it *is his* Civilization, has sprung from, reflects and serves his nature primarily, and hers but secondarily. His part in its organization, has been that of *power*, moving strongly, consciously toward its aims: hers, that of *influence* in the qualified measure of opposition—the restrainer of harm, rather than the positive creator of good. It must fail her best development, therefore, to the extent that it subordinates her sex's superiority, to its conditions and standards.

The most terrible feature of man's sensualism is, of course, that which results from the perversion of the finest and most ennobling of the relations he is constituted to enjoy. Perhaps it will suffice us to consider this alone—in any case this first, by way of illustrating the point in hand.

Man is the degrader of the Love-relations; Woman their elevator. This aphoristic statement is equally supported by the primary truths of the respective natures, and by the facts through which they have been demonstrated, from the beginning of human history. It is man who seeks the material relation; who plans and compasses it, decently or otherwise; who lays diabolical plots thereto, and executes them without shame or remorse, who demands the presence of that degraded order of females whose very existence convicts him, on this charge. Every one not already enlightened in regard to the masculine and feminine shares in these vices, will see at a glance how contra-distinguished the natures are in these respects. It is the former which *seeks* those loathsome, abhorrent relations which are the opprobrium of Civilization; the latter which *endures* them. In the one, sense is the motive—in the other,

necessity. What is impossible to the feminine, under any circumstances but those of extremest perversion or direst necessity, is habitual indulgence in the other. And the experiences of civilized homes too sadly testify, that even their attractions are not always sufficient to withhold men; thousands of husbands and fathers who mean to maintain character, command respect and exercise a social power, participating freely in these horrors, which they call pleasures, of the sensual circle.

Now vice in any life is to be measured by the moral departure it indicates from the highest standard that is acknowledged as authoritative to it. Thus there are degrees in vice, and the turpitude of the same conduct is different in different beings. An act which is simply sinful in a low nature, is sickening depravity in a higher one. Theft, in a trained pickpocket, may be a comparatively light offense; but in a merchant, statesman, philosopher, a moral teacher, or a developed woman, it is shocking. We reckon the corruption of any nature by these measures. It is an inferior life, in which positively vicious conduct may co-exist with an external decency, conformable to the standard it accepts. And herein the broad continent of human experience offers proof as to the masculine and feminine natures, which no candid mind will attempt to gainsay.

For men can sustain position and character in the world where they claim acceptance, yet go to great depths—revel as they call it in bestial sensuality. (To a woman of far inferior pretensions, the reveling would be unspeakable horror; to their own wives, sisters, daughters, friends, it would be shame, torture, and anguish, both of soul and sense.) If they suffer at all, in view of such conduct, they suffer but temporarily; and are little chagrined or pained at being understood

by their own sex, though they prove a certain decency in the effort to conceal it from Women—the involuntary tribute, this, to the higher nature, which they dread in their shame.

They plead their appetites in extenuation of almost any vicious behavior in themselves, and they allow this plea in each other; but their Sentiment of Woman refuses it validity in her case, whereby they acknowledge themselves sensual, and equally express a faith that she is higher, and must become perverted before she is capable of sharing their baser pleasures. In short, man can be sensual in the line of his individuality, because that is largely compounded of the senses and external powers. It is because of this that he does not violate himself so grossly in following the lead of either, as Woman does. Her individuality, being in the higher, the spiritual, interior, super-sensual capacities, must be violated and profaned, in any surrender to mere sensual sovereignty, in herself or another; and quite overlaid or temporarily extinguished, in a *career* of this low character.* Again, the masculine nature is capable

* But not any more fatally dealt with. I thank God with devout gratitude for the dawn of a clearer and more hopeful light on the lot of "fallen Women." I accept man's language. It is a fall for my sex when it descends to meet his at the level of sense. In love the man rises to meet the woman, because she is sovereign there, and both are enlarged and ennobled by entering her realm. In sensuality she descends to him, where he is sovereign, and both are dwarfed and depraved by entering his realm. But in neither case is the old, cruel fable of ruin, either temporal or eternal, to be any longer believed. A great *injury* certainly befalls a Woman when her *nature* is brought down to the sensual level; and greater the longer she is kept there, whether it be in sanctioned or unsanctioned relations, but *ruin* never. God's path of redemption is as wide and beautiful for her as for another—it

of seeking its most coveted gratifications in the intensest self-love that it is possible for the human being to act from—in disregard of all fitness, the moral, intellectual, and affectional nature, revolted or benumbed by the outrage upon them—every capacity, above the mere sense, saturated with unutterable disgust, consequences in all directions utterly ignored. And even when conditions are more orderly and natural, there is a blind despotism on the inferior side of man's nature, which shames its better parts till they lose the susceptibility to be shamed; all rational thought of consequences set aside, or scorned; pain, poverty, suffering, physical and even mental ruin to the mother, imbecility, inferiority, disease, destitution, depravity in the offspring, made trifles when weighed against the demand of the accursed and the accursing tyrant that controls him. And this is true, not of low or degraded man alone, but of man high in position; nay, of him that is highest, even of cultivated, courteous, learned, polished, nay, religious men—still worse, of teachers of religion, who are required and claim to be, exemplars of human goodness, and possible purity and elevation of life.

In the masculine, the motive to these relations is self, in one or other of its phases. They are, therefore,

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is only the world's that is barred against those forlorn, straying feet.

And I must add here, that man, considering his leading part in this terrible condition of Woman, has sustained himself, in view of the prescribed consequences to his victims, with a coolness more striking than it is admirable. His individual passions, and his passions organized in civilization, cause the abandoned state in women, and his social and religious canons consign them to hell, even while he is employing them, and forever after, as imperturbably as his breakfast tea and toast are consigned to the day's nourishment of his body

sought as end, not as means. So constant is this in man, so rare that exalted, and stronger love which raises him to the parental, as motive, that his own sex disbelieves its existence in individuals, justifying itself by the universality of its evil behavior, and treating the nobler standard as a dream of Woman, rather than a possible reality of man.*

Moreover, average men refuse to respect other men who are freed from the control of sense in these relations. They do not believe in the love which *lives* in the spirit, and only *expresses* itself through the senses, in accord with the most exalted affections, in harmony with the purest human emotions and purposes. To them, sensuality in some degree, is synonymous with manhood, and they are amused or contemptuous, at the idea of its lack, in any individual of their sex, to that degree which admits always of control by the higher faculties. No matter that he is strong, humane, affectionate, faithful, candid, honest, unselfish, constant; they praise him with bated breath, notwithstanding all these excellences, if this demand of the animal nature is not strong enough to overrule, in some moments of temptation, reason, conscience, honor or humanity, one or all; and they will show more sympathy with him who sets them aside in an adroit, not criminal way,

* The vulgar indifference of men to the grand consequence of these relations, is too notorious to need illustration; but I suggest that this is abundantly found in the common feeling that a man is good and patient, or loving above the average of his sex, who does not complain when his family reaches the seventh, tenth, or perhaps fourteenth child. Even Miss Bremer celebrates a little, one of her heroes, I forget which, because he did not grumble when his large family received its annual or biennial additions!!! Innocent, amiable man! What a rare stretch of forgiveness was there!

than with him whose noble life and pure conduct steadily acknowledge their sovereignty.

We all recognize the value of every natural attribute. Believing in the divine constitution of human nature, I undervalue nothing that belongs to it—sense no more than intellect—intellect no more than affection. But the Woman-nature, subordinating the first to pure, spiritual and maternal love, harmonizes that with this; sees its true place, power and action; knows that there it is worthy, ennobling, inspiring—degradation no more possible to or from it, than to or from the religious faculty, and so honors and approves it wholly. Then seeing what it is in usurpation, what suffering, what horrors, what wrongs, degradations, pollutions, proceed thence, the noble conscience and purity in her soul require its conformity to their higher laws. And until she is perverted, no matter whether her place be in the outcast classes or that opposite extreme of society, where perversion not less fatal, but more decent, is to be found, she never silences this demand. She never feels, as armies of men do, away down in their secret hearts, though they may withhold expression of it by the tongue, that seduction is an achievement rather than a shame—that a man is entitled to feel a little pride in it, even though he be censured by those who do not see the glory.

It cannot be questioned that such, in different degrees, is the feeling of the great body of *man*kind, when the fame of the few distinguished men who have not fallen into this vile current of self-indulgence is handed down, well-preserved and bright in history, from ages back. We all remember the delight we felt in our youthful enthusiasm over Bayard, "the Knight without fear and without reproach," though it was the

bravery chiefly, and the feeling of faithfulness generally in him, which were the sources of our pleasure; no pure young girl being able to conceive, for a moment, what later years teach the Woman, that the grand distinction of the man was, not his bravery or his faithfulness, so much as his superiority to the current sensuality of his day. The title was the honor which society, even in that day, paid the exceptional man who could conduct his wars and bear the flush of victory, the pride of conquest, the applause of friends and foes, with no supervening of that infernal lust, which controlled his comrades and soldiers in such hours, more arbitrarily than he in the field of battle.

We all have gloried in those Orders of the Men of Old, who bound themselves by vows to protect the honor and chastity of Women—both the vow, and the honor attached to its taking and fulfillment, proclaiming the sensuality of his sex who made it; for against whom but men were women to be protected and defended?

The strength of this quality in Man, its undeniable expression in the myriad forms of individual and social, moral, intellectual, and sanitary evil; his respect for it in his own sex, and his abhorrence of its very appearance in the other; make a broad and firm basis of argument in behalf of the higher nature which I claim for Woman. But observe, that while man freely admits his loathing toward the sensual woman, pronounces her an unsexed monster, and proscribes her, by the spirit of his social and civil machinery, so fearfully that few or none of her own sex dare recognize her, lest the taint which curses her attach to them also, this true feeling in him of Woman's higher nature, does not often reach deeper than his *Sentiment* toward her. Apart from

that, he *judges* her to be little, if at all, less sensual than himself; and is most apt to impute intellectually, her less manifestation—which he cannot deny—to weakness, timidity, fear of him and his censure, to any cause rather than the true one, of a nobler, purer, super-sensual life. To give this as cause, would be to acknowledge intelligently its existence and claims to a certain degree of control, in moral matters at least, which the inferior should not only never ask or have accorded to it, but which man, in view of his appetites, could ill-afford to concede to Woman. It would not only circumscribe his pleasures, but wound his self-love and self-complacency sorely, were man to admit *intellectually* of Woman an actual exaltation above himself, in any respect; but the Sentiment of it is very pretty, and does no harm to his pretensions as the sovereign and lord of their relations, while it makes her more interesting as an object of protection. The ability to protect a noble, exalted being, is always more honorable and satisfying to our self-love, than that which would enable us to act the same part toward an inferior. So man exalts himself by his Sentimental acknowledgment of Woman's better nature—which, notwithstanding, is subordinate to him—cared for sufficiently by him. But he retracts the acknowledgment the moment its *logical* consequence is required of him. For he would rather *protect* than *free* this superior being; and the moment freedom is claimed, as a right of the superior nature which his Sentiment confesses, his intellect denies and even jeers the confession. The giving and receiving protection create a feeling of power on the one hand, and of submission on the other—of right to control, and duty to be controlled, which accord admirably with man's feelings. He

realizes, at once power and flattery, in a theory of relations so sweet and conformable to his desires. "Woman," says his Sentiment, "is the purest and noblest being on the earth: yet," says his Self-Love, "I am her protector and governor; it is a brilliant position for me." And absurd as it seems now, the position has a foundation in the nature of the two. For in the rude times that have been, when moral force was too feeble to resist or guide the inferior elements of the human career, Woman, soft, delicate, tender, attractive, yet comparatively feeble—of very secondary value for all the external leading expressions and uses of that era—was the legitimate object of man's protection; hence, to a certain extent, his legitimate subject. This is the solution of her long subordination, who is now to enter upon a career of sovereignty. It is Nature's doing, and we may trust her wisdom to have been above our own, however it may seem, in some aspects of it, to have fallen short of what we could have suggested. But with the pains and hurts of our subject-state, we are only to charge Nature so far as her beneficent, grand designs have been suffered to be temporarily overruled by the perverted, rampant self-love of her agent, man.

The highest must be freest. No axiom can be simpler than this; but here is another equally simple. The highest is proved by the most exalted Use. And the converse is equally plain. The most exalted Use proves the highest. As the broader dawn of Woman's Era approaches, and the full flush of her Day finally descends upon the earth, that will plainly appear which now is but dimly felt and brokenly perceived; that Woman exercises the higher protection of the soul and its needs, in exchange for that she receives of the body and its wants; that man's sovereignty is limited to the

plane of external, material uses and their era; and that Woman's could only date from the time when the spiritual had attained such development that these were clearly seen not to be the finale or climax of the career of the race on its earth.

But man's false reasoning, from an intellect warped by Self-Love, and dimmed by its indulgence, and by his want of spiritual vision, forbids his assuming the position of the protected, or acknowledging otherwise than in his Sentiment, the service he needs of Woman. It is yet, in his eyes, a greater thing to house and feed the body than to cultivate in the soul the seed whose harvest is purity, goodness and everlasting happiness. He cannot, unaided, emancipate Woman to this work, and she will, therefore, have to prove her position, and take the freedom that belongs to it. For while he *feels* that she is a more good and exalted being than himself, he *theorizes* that much greater freedom than he has given to her, would be the ruin of the social fabric—that costly fruit of his long labors and conflicts with himself and Nature; (both whom he continually distrusts and depreciates); because when he considers the social structure and *his own* nature whence it sprang, he says to his judgment, "surely every one of these restraints and bonds which are here interwoven, is absolutely indispensable. Whither could society go without them, but to ruin?" Feeling how incapable selfishness and grossness make his sex of being a law unto itself, and believing nothing, or next to nothing, from Truth, but all from facts, he cannot accept the Truth which he *feels*, of Woman's nature, that it would be a higher safeguard than his systems, but points to *his* facts, (which, weighed in the scale of a higher life than his own, seem but very indifferent grounds for

the pride he has in them, poor soul), and asks triumphantly for yours. Now of Woman's nature comparatively little has been shown, in facts, as must needs be of any subject-people; but yet enough, were they gathered and duly arrayed, to furnish even the Inductive man with a liberal body of proof for her natural claims to trust.

But I will not lower Woman's cause to the level of Induction. Above it herself, her cause must also forever lie above it. And on that high platform I take my position as her advocate; stating what she is, and hence, deducing what she *will do*, rather than relying upon anything she has done, in her, as yet, but half-budded humanities, mercies, tendernesses and loves, for proof of what she is.

From her own consciousness, Woman as naturally believes in human purity and goodness, as Man, from his, in sensualism and Self-Love. Thus the average young woman enters upon the career of her Womanhood at eighteen, twenty, or twenty-four as ignorant of what experience is to reveal to her, in her relations with the other sex, as a child is of the secrets of Geology. She may be unconscious even of the external-sensual phasis of her own nature, and would surely be utterly incredulous—skeptical—to a true idea of man's, if it could be conveyed to her.

Even the worldly young female, who looks only for the advantages of fortune and position, and who subordinates to them the love which is first and sovereign in the true Woman-soul, does not naturally anticipate the demands that will be made upon her by the nature she is to satisfy. Perverted in many elements of her being, she may be—the voice of love within her bosom may be feebler than that of the world without—self-

respect may be less to her than the respect of the world—fidelity to her own sacred, divine nature may seem to her unimportant, compared with conformity to the regulations of that great, overshadowing, social police in whose custody she suffers herself to be held; but sensual, for all this, she is not, and will seldom become, even under the false and unnatural influences to which she prostrates the best and noblest of herself in the unwomanly career which she accepts.

But while it is true of the hundreds of thousands of young females, who yet contain within themselves all that belongs to perfect Womanhood, that their consciousness is not penetrated and informed by their sense, of its own existence, till relations call it forth, the same is true of no male youth, or if it were found so in any case, it would rather be read as proof of incompleteness in the elements of manhood than as evidence of a nature above the average. Because the feminine nature is primarily spiritual, and *secondarily* sensual; while the masculine is the *reverse* of these relative proportions.

This will scarcely be questioned; but if it be, its proof is abundant wherever the two sexes are found. For even first love in the male, unless it be in extreme youth, is consciously sensuous in its demands, looks to the ultimate relation as its consummation, finds nothing satisfying short of this, anticipates and craves it with the impatience characteristic of sensuous action generally. And in all later periods and experiences, men are, almost without exception, skeptical to the idea of what is universally believed in among women, a supersensuous love. I think it is Zimmerman who celebrates one male lover—the only one, perhaps, whom the literature of the world introduces to us, as more spiritual

than sensuous, who would not, for a whole year, so much possess himself of the woman whom he loved, as to kiss her hand.

It is in the nature of sense to hasten to gratification; to desire instant satisfaction in the possession and enjoyment of its object. It is the grand stimulus to possession. It believes and trusts only in material realization, and hence demands all promptly—at once. But every woman knows how different is the feeling with which she entered upon the love-relations. In first love the millions of young girls are, as I have said, unconscious, by experience, of the existence of the sensual nature in themselves, and they would be horrified at the thought of its presence and solicitations in their lovers. Hence, good, or even decent men, are naturally prompted to make their first approaches on other and more elevated grounds. (For sense is only elevated, or feminine, when it is the expression of the greatest and most unreserved *love* of which the *spirit* is capable). They appeal to the love of the beautiful, in the woman who attracts them, by gifts, by showing her beautiful objects or scenes; by bringing her abroad when nature is in the warm glory of a sunset, or when the earth is decked in her most exquisite attire.

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the Robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton Lapwing gets himself another crest;
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Or he leads her out under a starlit night, or away to some picture which God has fashioned of the green earth, the brown rocks, the flowing water and the waving woods. And thus, through her aroused imagination, he approaches her spiritual affection, her

generosity, her divinest love of power (*i. e.*, of spiritual, love-power,) over himself.

According to his own exaltation and delicacy, he will carry forward his suit far away from the sensual in her, but touch, so far as his power will enable him to, every noble, super-sensual element of her life, before he discloses any claim upon that. And thus also he confesses her true nature, and seeks entrance to its depths by those avenues which testify unequivocally how pure and exalted his sentiment holds it to be. Whatever footing a man first gains in the affections of a good woman, he gains in these ways, and only when this is gained, be the time of its accomplishment longer or shorter, will he venture to expose to her the almost ever-present master of his own nature, and let its requirements be even dimly perceived. And then she will be slow to understand the real meaning of the partial, startling revelations, but will be far more likely to mistake them for evidences of love like her own, only more ardent. She will shrink instinctively from the manifestation, and wonder, in her disquieted heart, if it can indeed be that she loves less than he. But whatever the manner of his approaches to this phasis of their love, and whatever her reception of them, *they are always his.* It is forever the Man, who first acts *from* sense and appeals *to* it in Woman. And further, that men do acknowledge it as a leading element in themselves, is proved by what has been already hinted, their respect for it in their own sex; and that they equally acknowledge that its presence in Woman, beyond a certain very well balanced amount, degrades her nature, is no less proved by their treatment and criticism of the few in whom it so appears. Nothing indeed more clearly exhibits the moral distance between

Man and Woman, and his consciousness of it, than the different estimates he places upon sensual passion in each, and his acceptance, with pride, of the position of leader in those relations in which she can lead only through perversion so fearful and deep, that upon its exhibition, society, uninformed by the divinest love, and the clear insight which alone could penetrate the inviolate depths of that profound nature, extrudes her as an outcast.

But the divine Nazarene beheld the truths of both the masculine and feminine, and gave each its position. He addressed his *rebukes* to men, his *sympathy* and *charity* were for women. How they are entitled to term themselves his followers, who receive the roué, rake, and debauchee, while they despise, insult, and persecute their victims, does not, I confess, clearly appear to me. His was the true moral estimate, which judges the *leader*, and forgives the *led*. Theirs is the worldly, shrewd, calculating one, which accepts power and the success it wins, but scorns those at whose expense the success is gained.

Again, while men are apt, as has been said, to regard this element of their nature, indirectly, if not directly, as a measure of manhood; (it is perhaps of masculinity, the more common character, it may be, in these times); they, not more than we, would revolt at its being advanced on the other side, as a corresponding proof of Womanhood. Women would feel degraded and outraged, and decent men alarmed at the bare suggestion.

When a Woman loves, if she is inexperienced in the most intimate relations, and circumstances do not rudely destroy her illusion, she believes long and long, that the same expressions of love which satisfy her—

the language of the beaming, tender eye, the innocent, clinging lips, the clasped hands, and the deep, tremulous tones whose originating impulse is in the deepest depths of her life—must satisfy her lover also. And if she finds an encroaching ardor in him, she is blind to its real character, if it spring, as it often does, from this root. For while she can readily understand all in him that is above it—nobler and of nearer kindred to her life—she is least of all prepared by her own consciousness, to receive this for what it actually is; and if she is driven to shrink from him, it is rather with an instinctive feeling of reserve, than from any defined idea of his impulse and whereunto it would move her.*

* "A betrothed damsel is content with loving and being loved; the union of hearts is wedlock to her, so that she thinks nothing of the wedding ceremony and the initiation to the marriage-bed, and wonders at her lover's importunity to have their affection consummated, thinking that it is only to have their hands joined by a priest. It is because she is living in her internal, and has not yet descended into her external; her love is in her soul, and has not yet descended into her body. Not so her lover, for he lives naturally in the external; his love is there, and however chastened and refined by the love which he loves, and which is shed upon him, still, it is inseparable from the body, and cannot find its satisfaction except in ultimates. After marriage, a new passion and a new knowledge is awakened in the Woman; for the husband brings her into the external, where he is. But she does not remain in it. Left to herself, she immediately returns into her internal, and is only kept in the external by the constant presence and solicitation of her husband—who is there all the time—so far as he regards himself as superior to his wife, and his passions as the gauge and criterion of hers, to which hers are to be squared and adjusted. Permitted to dwell in her internal, it grows and expands, and the pure spirit that she is, and the temple she inhabits, grow and expand together, and when she comes into the external, it is to purify and refine, bless and sanctify it and all that comes within the sphere of its influence. But if

By the education of ages she regards him as her superior. She is legislated for by him—ruled by him everywhere and at all times, save in the perishable sentimental relations between them; his will, intelligence and purposes, in the drawing-room, no less than in Camp and Senate, molding the institutions and opinions which, outside of Sentiment, govern their relations to each other; and she believes that he is her natural, as well as her acknowledged master, here also. Hence, if no fears possess her mind, she finds the purest and most unselfish delight in giving him the fullest evidence of her love that life permits her to offer. But, alas for her, if love, however divine and triumphant and sufficient a bond on her side, be the sole one on his! He convicts himself of more sense than spirituality in providing other external ones. But in creating them, and the consequences which are to flow from them, he has taken care that the burthen of their disadvantage shall be thrown upon the party to whom they are least needful—to subject her, in short, to a mastery, that may be made so exacting, complete and far-reaching, that language cannot describe it—that only experience can convey to those who become victims to it, any just idea of what may be its unseen, nicely

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the fair Psyche be made the slave of man, be taught to believe that she is the body that is to obey, and he the head that is to govern, to regard herself, and *to be* the minister to his base passions, and the instrument for the gratification of his fleshly lusts, she is turned into a Venus; she becomes all external and gross, her interior shrivels up and contracts, and her individuality, her spiritual self, dies out, so that she can no longer benefit man, but can only be a curse to him, and instead of elevating him, can only be the most effectual means by which he may degrade himself."—LETTER FROM DR. REDFIELD.

adjusted, polite, elegant, refined, penetrating, or cruel, coarse and brutal tyranny.

When this mastery is established, and ownership of her becomes a fixed fact, she who was worshiped, vowed to as an idol, deferred to as a mistress, required to conform herself to nothing except the very pleasant requirement that she should take her own way in everything; to come and go, to accept or reject, to do or not, at her own supreme pleasure—this being may find herself awaking in a state of subjection which deprives her of the most sacred right to her own person—makes her the slave of an exacting demand that ignores the conditions, emotions, susceptibilities, pains and pleasures of her life, as tyrannically and systematically as if she were indeed an insensate chattel.

I know there are men who are not described upon this page, (God and their mothers be thanked for every one of them), but they are few, and are what they are, because they transcend their sex and its institutions. And there may be happy women whose nature and experience forbid their realizing the condition of their sex here described, but they also are few. Let them not be skeptical or indifferent to a state whose pains and penalties are so grievous and humiliating, and also so commonly the lot of their sex, that every other form of protest sinks into insignificance before this growing army of Protestant Women who are filling the civilized lands. Let man look to them and consider.

During all the ages of its existence, human society has entertained, but never yet solved the problem of the unblamed man and the condemned Woman—ruined, we are apt to say, thus making ourselves the arbiters of her moral destiny. And it seems to me that the very elements of solution are beyond us, until we

recognize the greater spirituality and elevation of Woman and her consequent greater fall, in descending to the level of man's nature. Failing this light, our theory of the sexes includes the enormous and cruel paradox, of demanding from the inferior, the higher and purer conduct, and punishing her fearfully for falling short of that demand. Thus, we do not reproach man for acting from sense in himself, and addressing Woman through hers. But we have scorned, despised, and driven her to despair, for being moved by such address, beyond the point of perfect, prudent, well-calculated self-control; pronouncing him, the acknowledged leader, blameless in the same act which stamps upon her, before the world's tribunal, the most irretrievable disgrace she can incur.

There is a terribly logical coherence in Human Sentiment. It will hold to the truths it feels through everything—at the cost of every manner of cruelty, absurdity, and manifest wrong, in its expression of them, when it is too dark and ignorant to see the true methods. But its roots always, meanwhile, strike down to a deep eternal truth, to which it is magnetic, and which it will by-and-by infallibly bring to the surface. Thus no reasoning mind could ever, in any age, be satisfied with the disposition which society made of this question; nor could any tender, or enlightened conscience fail to be outraged, by individual cases, illustrating this extremest cruelty that society has ever persisted in.* Yet it has been adhered to in all condi-

* We have biographies and catalogues of the martyrs, but what martyrdom on scaffold, pile or rack, ever equaled those which millions of my sex have endured, through the years of a life-time of disgrace, to which the first step was prompted by affection that angels witnessed and approved? Many a woman's heart has

tions. Let us then inquire for the hidden truth on which it must be based.

Why did men judge themselves so leniently and Woman so severely?

The leading elements to the answer to this question have already been stated in these pages. Broadly they are the materiality of the Masculine and the spirituality of the Feminine—the grossness of man and the purity of Woman—the selfishness of man and the goodness of Woman. But only in proportion to its devel-

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rebelled in bitterness against this judgment, from which there was no appeal this side of Death, when she has seen it pronounced and enforced upon some sister, whom she felt to have been, the day before, every inch as good as herself, to be then in her heart, not a shade less pure and worthy of love and truth, but doomed to become so, with every advancing hour of the reproach, contumely and scorn, which she must thenceforth encounter. But because there was no theory of her sex save that one which disarmed it of all power, courage, self-trust, and self-respect, she could not confute its judges; and feeling but imperfectly the law of its nature in her own bosom, which the clamor of the world contradicted, she was powerless for the help of its victim. And hence, stung by the disgrace of identity with her, shamed by the coarseness of men toward her, and exasperated by the helplessness which left them both nothing but outward submission, she too, perhaps, came to feel wronged and unforgiving toward the proscribed, and so silenced her inward protest, while she saw the accumulating consequences roll up to a fearful magnitude, and their sufferer daily separated by them, farther from her sex's presence and sympathy.

Thank God a better day has arisen—a day of clearer insight and juster judgment. Thank God women will henceforth judge their own sex. They will not take the dicta of men, who clear themselves, and decree moral and social death to the partner. But while we rejoice in its coming, it will help us to realize its justice and humanity, if we can find the root of truth there was in the cruel spirit and action which it is to put away from among us.

opment can society accept the ruling activity of the feminine qualities. In all its ruder stages it requires the ascendency of the masculine traits, and enjoys it. And the earth does not yet afford an example of a social condition progressed enough for the unquestioned and free sovereignty of Womanhood. But in all stages of progress there is *need* of the feminine, both as inspiration and restraint, to man, and in the relation of the sexes, out of marriage, it must *rule*, from the beginning, or dire disorder will follow its failure. The purity of Woman is the everlasting barrier against which the tides of man's sensual nature surge—to be steadily beaten back, or human welfare decays in her failure. Even in his purity, he leans, by constitution, toward the sensual and material rather than the spiritual, and comes to be almost universally ruled by them in some form or degree. But there is no usurpation of sense so base and baleful as that under discussion here—none that so surely dooms to ignoble torpor, or temporary death, all that is sweet, grand, inspiring and heavenward in the nature. And this for two chief reasons: first, because it is a usurpation of the most external and perishable over the interior and enduring, in man himself; and second, because it is the only vice, whose wide spread must necessarily involve both sexes. Other lusts of appetite, or of character, are more exclusively masculine, and, like ambition, or the greed of gain, or drunkenness, may prevail very considerably in one sex, without immediately destroying or directly affecting, the purity and integrity of the other.

The intellect of man contemplates restraint, repression, denial, as social necessities, in view of his appetites, but his self-love, especially this tyrannical feature of it, forbids his looking to self-denial as the

safe-guard that is needed. He does not contemplate *self*-restraint as a remedy for the evils and excesses to which the appetite in question tends. Its nature is first to indulge, then in some fashion, however lame, to extenuate, justify or even approve itself. He sees intellectually, speculatively, that bounds must be set somewhere—*but they are not to be at his cost.* On the contrary, he affirms that his appetites *are to be satisfied* —that they are, *in him*, respectable enough to be provided for, at any cost, not fatal to the *whole* of society. A portion of it he does not shrink from sacrificing thus, but testifies at the same time his high faith in and instinctive respect for the unpolluted, by decreeing the widest and most fatal separation between the two divisions. He must be cruel, even terrible to Woman, that he may be indulgent to himself. And thus he is at once true to his sentiment of her exalted nature and to his love of self—after a sorely irrational fashion, truly, but better that than utter apostacy to nature, and the degradation of Woman in his sentiment, as well as in his intellectual theories and practical adjustment of relations in life.

There is even a diabolical courage exhibited in this judgment of Woman, and exoneration of himself, which, in a better cause, could scarcely fail to command our admiration. The infinite coolness of it surpasses my power of statement. Yet when I turn to the other aspect of the question, and find beneath all the infernal assurance, a genuine recognition, however absurd and imperfect, of the real nature of Woman—an actual, living faith in her super-masculine purity—a vital conviction that her moral preservation is infinitely more important than his—a tacit confession that her *sex* could not come down to the level of his, without im-

periling all in human existence, that reason and moral intelligence hold dear and sacred, I find a certain slow forgiveness in my heart toward this irrational judge, and a far more comforting assurance that it will be well with us in the future, because of even this incongruous, absurd, shameful, and cruel acknowledgment of us. And at some future stage of our journey, we shall find those who have been sacrificed in order to maintain it, and shall vindicate our human nature by making them the divinest reparation we can offer. Then, many a woman who has passed by on the other side—soul as well as garments carefully withdrawn from the fearful touch, will delight to take in the arms of her compassion and pitying tenderness, the unhappy ones whose martyrdom was the price her sex paid that she and her daughters might be held, by distinction, honorable and pure.

I need not return to the more painful side of this case, or suggest another one of its yet unnamed features. They have been, and must continue in all progressive conditions where masculine sovereignty stands undisputed, because this is the sovereignty not of Love, but of Self-Love, and it will continue to base its protective measures not upon *man's* cost, but upon ours. What usurper ever ruled at his own?

But farther, according to his material nature man sees chastity only as a physical quality, a purely external fact, and virtually declares that its existence depends exclusively upon the outward relations ; or if at all, in a very subordinate degree upon the state of the mind and the affections. Thus, according to his standards, a woman is chaste, whatever the internal grossness and uncleanness of her thoughts and emotions, if she has never come to a certain outward experience;

and she is equally so if she has had that, with his sanction, though every fiber and susceptibility of her nature may have recoiled with loathing and abhorrence from it.* But, observe, that according to the same standards, there is scarcely such a being on our earth as a virtuous man; almost literally none who is not looked down upon for being such, or sneered at for pretending to be. They are believed in, if at all, and respected, if

* Men will deny this plain statement of their sex's idea of purity in Woman, but the world—society which they have organized and swear by, will confound the deniers any day that its facts are taken in evidence touching them. I need only suggest the mercenary connections daily formed and honored by man and his civilization—by Woman therefore in proportion as she enters into its low spirit—the diamond weddings, shameless advertisements of the sale of a woman. Yet who questions the "purity" and "honor" so traded in, while the commercial and legal contracts are kept, and the purchaser gets the *body* he bargains for? And those other connections, begun in love and purity, but grown unutterably repugnant, and even dreadful to a woman, through the degeneracy, profligacy, and perhaps brutish coarseness of the man who has at last killed love, destroyed hope, and left her nothing to be faithful to but his foul, loathsome person! What matchless irony in the praises the world bestows on such faithfulness, as evidence of the sexual chastity it asks of her! Faithful to herself, in the inferior, external sense; to her children and to her feeling of social obligation, this woman, so living, may be, and for these I respect her as much as another can; but over the finest bloom of her Womanhood, every hour of that damning relation is spreading defilement, blight and mildew, which no praise of world or friends can cleanse away. Every hour that she maintains it, after loathing has taken the place of love, she is destroying the delicate elements of essential chastity—the fine sensibilities, the living self-respect, the exquisite susceptibility without which, interior, womanly chastity cannot be. Every hour she is becoming less capable of demonstrating in its completeness, that glorious thing, Womanhood, which is perfect only when it is the embodiment of spiritual as well as material chastity.

at all, among their own sex, only by the very few most exalted and spiritual-minded men, and by the very feeble; the extremes which reach above and fall below the average development of masculine character. By this self-estimate man holds himself free, while he enslaves Woman; for in the last analysis of virtue in her, according to his authority, it turns out to be the most quiet and humble sating of his self-love in the methods which comport with his convenience, pleasure and pride; the prostration of her own individuality and its most interior, sacred rights, before the demands of his appetites and the exactions of his self-esteem; these requiring her conformity for their own sake, the other for that of the world, that its laugh may be averted and he be recognized and honored as the master.

But, according to her divine nature, a true woman sees chastity as a spiritual quality primarily, and secondarily as the result of outward facts. She feels that chastity is of the soul first, and may be there, pure and strong, when the body has suffered the most revolting violation—that love makes pure to her inmost consciousness that which the sensual world calls impure; and *vice versa*, that no array of outward sanctions can make wholly and divinely chaste to her, relations which are loathsome. By her larger spiritual life and purer capacities, she is able to rise from the false conditions which would lead to confessed degradation in the more material nature, and so to bear herself, through years, perhaps through a life-time, not so terribly defiled in the gross relation which hurts, but cannot corrupt her. Into her goodness may flow, comparatively without harm, the evils of the lower life, which is nominally joined to hers, (but because they face in opposite directions, when man will not look up with her, they

are only nominally joined), while her real, spiritual capacities of union, slumber within her, awaiting the day when their object shall appear, either in this or the future world. She absorbs and so removes them almost unhurt, making small account of what man calls her "virtue," in doing so, because she is conscious of the movements of a higher and more heavenly spirit within her than that he praises, or often recognizes. And when she becomes conscious that it is so—that her nature does indeed transcend and include man's, exceeding it both for good and evil, she can no longer actually accept his standards. No matter what her personal or social position—no matter what the acknowledged or the urged claims upon her; the old conventional responsibilities, the false moral ones, the misinterpreted natural ones, drop beneath her feet, and there descends upon her a new and brighter tissue of obligations. She may seem to *wear* the old, but she *lives* in the new; she may seem to be shackled, and may, at times, chafe at the fetters she constrains herself, for reasons, to bear, but a glorious, unseen freedom is hers—freedom of vision, of thought and of action, such as the goodness, which is one in character with God's goodness, alone can give. The day when such self-understanding and illumination comes to Woman, is the day of her emancipation, and no other can be. She may be enlarged in new thoughts, may grow in the strength of advancing purposes, may knit more firmly the tissue of resolute intentions to Be and to Do, but all is piece-meal growth, held by tenure more or less precarious, calling for acute, often belligerent defense, till this day, when her self-consciousness fronting her, says, "you are the divinest, and must be enslaved no more; trust yourself, not simply as *virtu-*

ous by conflict—the masculine excellence, but as Good by natural endowment—the higher, feminine state of being. See yourself, therefore, as the leader of life, not on man's plane of achievement and self-assertion, but on a higher one—accept your appointment, and lead on to the victories that wait your advent, and will grace no career but yours."

When this language has had clear utterance in the soul of a Woman, there is never another day of slavery possible to her. And the shackles fall no less *around* her than *from* her. For, with her fine insight and acknowledged capacities for spiritual leadership, she but touches with the fire from the altar of her own soul, the soul of her sister who is yet in bondage, and there is henceforth understanding, companionship, sympathy and co-operation between them. They have a common cause and work together, in Love—not Self-Love. They have not to conquer themselves first, in order to be virtuous, but, already armed and panoplied in the natural goodness which is of their diviner constitution, their conquest begins for Good, not for self, which has been thus far almost the only conquest we have seen on this planet.

I cannot do the reader a better service than by offering here the following extract, from a letter of the correspondent before referred to, Dr. Redfield:

"*Vir*-tue, as the word signifies, is more appropriate to man than to Woman. The expression, 'a virtuous woman,' is equivalent to a manly woman, a hero, a champion, a victor. Conquest over evil passions and temptations, is what is meant by virtue. The virtuous man is the master of himself, or simply *the man*. In him the higher self masters the lower self, and holds it in subjection, against continual struggles for the mastery. The vicious man is *a* man, but the virtuous man is *the* man. The like cannot be said of Woman, unless

she has been perverted. The individuality of Woman lies in the higher nature, and in the acquiescence and concert of the lower nature with it. Man's first self-hood is the animal or lower nature. Woman's first self-hood is the angelic or higher nature. By regeneration through Woman's Influence, man acquires a second self-hood, that of the virtuous or true man: by perversion through man's influence, Woman acquires a second self-hood, which is not herself—that of a syren, an infernal. Man is naturally under law, and Woman is naturally under grace. The correspondent in Woman, of virtue in man, is *goodness*, and goodness is higher and more excellent than virtue. That is not without its merit and reward any more than this is. The difference between them in this respect, is that one is *capable* of evil, and watches against it in humble dependence upon a higher Power; and the other falls into evil by an innate love of it, and is obliged to struggle and fight against it to gain the mastery.* The person who does goodness from a love of it, is esteemed better than the one who does good from a sense of duty, and who calls doing his duty, 'taking up his cross.' The rule, *ceteris paribus*, is always necessary to a just comparison.

"There is not and cannot be any ardent appreciation and love of goodness, without a realizing sense of the opposite, and this cannot be without a capability of evil. If, therefore, Woman is good, and man is vir-

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* Has not Bryant well expressed it in these lines on the Future Life, addressed to a Woman?

"A happier lot than mine, and larger light
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

"For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul."

tuous, it is because there is a greater capacity for evil as well as for good in her than in him. The difference is, that the good predominates in Woman over the evil, the higher nature over the lower, making the lower conformatory to it, so that the animal nature is blended and merged in the human, and is indistinguishable, whereas the good and evil in man, are equals and antagonists. 'There is a law in his members [sense] warring against the law of his mind, and bringing him into subjection unto the law of sin and death,' and ever and anon being brought into subjection to the law of his mind, and constituting him virtuous. Supposing the animal nature to be equally strong in both cases, and the angelic stronger in her than in him, the *capacity* for selfishness, brutality, cruelty, sensuality and all manner of evil, is greater in the better person, because *the higher the spiritual and moral nature, the greater the capability of perversion*, which is what immorality and crime consist in. * * Without this capability, there could be no free-agency—there could be no merit, nothing deserving the name of *goodness*. 'Virtue' and 'the higher nature' are convertible terms in man, and 'goodness' and 'the higher nature' are so in Woman. Without the counteracting influence of the lower nature, there could be no virtue for the higher, and no goodness for the highest—in fact no higher or highest, either virtuous or good. For there are no higher and highest but by comparison with lower and lowest; and what makes the higher nature what it is, is its conquest and supremacy over the lower, and what makes the highest what it is, is its parental care and tenderness for the lowest, a regard for all the animal instincts and propensities as for dependent children and servants, a consultation of their highest happiness and gratification in directing their spontaneous activities into legitimate channels and to the most exalted end, linking them with its own high destiny. You say truly that 'virtue cannot be predicated of the Divine nor of the angels in Heaven,' but goodness can be, and as this is the proper attribute of Woman in her maternal or true character, as virtue, in its etymological and true

sense, is the proper characteristic of the man who *is* a man, we see how much superiority pertains to Woman and how much more of the Divine likeness she possesses."

Materiality, self-seeking, pride and love of power in man, lead him in relations with Woman, to desire possession of her, as he does of property, position, honors, or whatever he would appropriate beside. The controlling motive to these relations in the masculine, is self-gratification. Man is indifferent to results; and Nature does not intrust him with them, because these, being in her design, the paramount end, must go to her nearest representative, embodiment and likeness for the completeness she aims at—must go therefore to Woman, whose characteristic in the relations is maternity, not sensualism. Thus she, not he, is appointed to co-operate with Nature in the more advanced stages of her designs. His co-operation is momentary and subordinate to self-gratification; and his spontaneous action often fails to be co-operation, and turns out the very reverse, viz: violation of Nature's purposes. For having regard first to self, he thus makes what are principals with Nature, subordinates to him; exalts to the character of ends what she designs as means. Hence, his desire for the possession of Woman, is primarily for his own sake, and secondly for the carrying out of her (Nature's) designs, in supporting, defending and protecting her representative, the maternal, which is the Creative, the highest, the end, and the means to a still higher end, united in the being whom he adopts into his care.

This support, defense and protection, needed by Woman, in all times and conditions, but most of all in those where the masculine life is most clearly domi-

nant, are the enduring and less selfish means given to man, whereby he may co-operate with Nature. They are external, remote, inferior; as the house is to the work which the artist performs in it, as the mechanism is to the grand universal law under which it is produced. But even in these humbler capacities of use and co-operation with Nature, the masculine will only act efficiently when moved by Self-Love. Man will protect, support and defend the Woman whom he owns—*because she is his*—not because she is one of the same great family—a Woman—a Mother, a carrier-out and executor of Nature's designs, an aspirant toward her high ends, and a means of reaching them. For beyond her, or those to whom his ownership extends, his protection is not spontaneous, is only charity in the cold, external sense, and is in practical life so sparingly given, that if Nature depended on it, she would inevitably fail.

That man fails to understand Nature, and identify himself with her, is also conclusively proved in his usurped rule over her representative, the maternal, in those relations which give it its practical office on the earth. For Woman, during her maternity, requires not only the support, defense and protection which man, by his more material nature, can give her, but she requires also, to the perfect execution of Nature's designs, exemption from the passional invasion of her interior life, to which he is always more or less moved by the sensual in his own. I am not now stating a law of Woman's physiology, but of her psychical nature—a law of spiritual attractions and movements in herself, not of constrained, coerced or artificial response to attractions voluntarily employed by him. But this exemption man will only secure to the woman

who belongs to him, as against others—not against himself. For Self-Love makes its own possessor the center of its action, of which only incidental benefits can accrue to another, however near. Thus man defends himself in defending the woman or women of his household, because, in the possession of her which he has established, she is so identified with him, that the hurting of her fame wounds his; but the same fact cuts like a double-edged sword, in the opposite direction as keenly; for the possession and identification, are his warrant for doing, with untarnished credit, deeds that would be his shame and reproach in any other relation. He will protect her against affronts or injuries from abroad, while, if his nature so incline him, he may use the power with which he has clothed himself, to oppress, affront and injure her in fearful ways and degrees, in their private and family relations, and, except in liberal and enlightened, or chaotic social conditions, she has no redress but through disgrace; for, is not this man her fortress and defense, and must it not be a shame to her to seek refuge or help against him?

Thus the identification of husband and wife, of which the essentially good and righteous spirit originally was service to Woman, and aid in executing the intentions of Nature as to the race, tends, through man's controlling Self-Love, to become a means of her oppression and defeat, instead; the only escape from these results thus far, being through the power of Woman's diviner personality and offices; her more spiritual self-consciousness, and that unfolding of her interior life which enables her to feel and see more clearly, her more complete unity with Nature, whereby she must inevitably rise to a self-assertion in some measure adequate to the demands upon her. In its fullness, this

self-assertion would be utterly incompatible with every form, type and shadow of slavery, personal or social—the self-assertion, in short, of a leader.

For in the spiritual self-seeing which shall reveal the maternal to itself, as the representative of Nature, and Woman to herself, as the individual artist to whom is intrusted the execution of her designs, surrender of the divine freedom which is the birthright of such a being, to the mere sensual gratification of a lower one, will be impossible. When Woman is thus recognized, neither she nor man will feel the present relation of mastery and submission to be natural, or anything but monstrous, an inversion, of which the fruits are bitterness of heart, poverty of spirit, and infirmity of body—abundant proofs these, (abounding in our American and many European societies), of the profane prostitution of the sacred, artistic, maternal capacity of the feminine, to the demands of sense which man's rule has crowned, and openly or tacitly honors in its mean exactions.

The spontaneous attractions of the feminine on the side of sense, are in connection with its maternal office. There is little beside in the noblest and ripest Womanhood—even love, the most lavish and beautiful in Woman, looks *through* feeling and emotion, to maternity as its ultimatum. The matured young female who has never known it, thinks of *it* as the summit and crown of her love—not as man does, of the *relations* which introduce her to it. What is an end, ardently desired by him, is only a means to her, and quite overlooked in view of the end. Sense is consummation to him—but only maternity is consummation to her.

And as we have already seen, Nature further testifies the higher sacredness of the maternal, in placing

its latent elements only at the disposal of orderly function,* while that of the masculine is responsive alike to the basest appeal as to the purest attraction. It waits as a servant, a menial, to appear at any bidding—its part so unimportant that Nature interposes no hindrance to its performance at any time, while the powers are near to their normal gauge. All these facts are reversed in the maternal. Preparation is made for each several employment of it. And that preparation is not merely physical, but it moves the whole affectional and emotional life of a true, natural Woman, to joyful and more or less exalted readiness for this noblest office of the human career. Without this readiness, maternity is an outrage upon both mother and offspring; because in it exclusively are lodged the *high elements of human birthright.* Without it, procreation is unlawful, and its fruits illegitimate in a worse sense than statute-makers and jurists ever dreamed of. The child is robbed indeed, who is not born of the highest selfhood of its mother, her affectional nature, but only of the selfhood of its father, the sensual—when she has been brought down to yield to that. For man is not in the parental, till he is brought up thither by the inspiration and affection of Woman.

Woman is the incarnation of Nature, and the essential feminine is no more sensual than Nature is; her intentions are pure, wise and comprehensive as Nature's are—they transcend nation, state, class, clan, party and family, as hers do. They are like hers, fostering and tender to *all* life, and all things not endowed with what we call life—they are regardful both of means and ends. Her perceptions, like Nature's, discrimi-

* See Organic Argument.

nate between intrinsic rather than extrinsic properties, and her hope is next of kin to Nature's all-wisdom, since it abandons nothing, but in the amplitude of its own resources, finds always some affluence whence the desired good may be expected to flow. As Nature fetches springs to the surface of the desert, and from the crevices, narrow and cold though they be, of waste places where rocks and barrenness abound, brings forth beauty in the mineral, and life and sweetness in the plant, and grace in the animal, so the tender, maternal love of Woman leans to all existence, however low or barren of what she immediately craves; diffuses itself with a cherishing faith and active tenderness, which at last warms the coldest and brightens the dreariest aspects, by persistently calling forth whatever its object contains that can work toward self-redemption.

It is characteristic of the maternal, that it works from within outward—deductively, from forces to their results, as the Divine in His plans. But it is equally characteristic of the masculine that its method is the opposite of this; commences according to the domination of the senses and perceptions, without, in the material and manifest, and often stays long in them—superficial, visible, tangible results of its employment, being the most acceptable and valid proofs thereof. Thus in the practical good doing of life, men found their hopes (such as they have) of improvement, upon outward forms and organizations; plans to be defined and made visible in institutions, or associated bodies of people. But women, uncontrolled by the masculine spirit and external intellect, feeling and working spontaneously, prefer to keep aloof from these, and by their trust and affection to make their way to the individual

heart, the fountain whence the streams of motive flow. Hence, men, in their estimates of help to their fellows, are apt to speak of "making them"—a phrase which implies that they have placed fortune, position or advantage within their reach, but not that they have regenerated the heart and life, by appeals to the interior good, whereby they would have helped the man to make himself, in a sense far above all outward making. But women, as moral helpers, feel that their care and aid are such as they give to children; that they only educe from the nature, as from that of the child, what is already there, waiting but the fostering tenderness which can come only from the maternal, in man or woman, to call it forth into self-helpful, harmonious expression.

I have preferred to show, so far, the nature of the feminine, by comparison and contrast with the masculine, for this, among other reasons, that we all do, consciously or unconsciously, accept the latter, in a great many respects, as our standard. It is a point of departure for the judgment, which can, therefore, be more correctly informed thus, than by absolute statements.

With a few thoughts on another aspect of this relation, which seem to me to go far toward a settlement of the respective pretensions we are considering, we can dismiss it in this connection.

From what we have seen of the greater spirituality of Woman, we are prepared to see her exhibit not only a greater feeling for, and trust in God and His goodness, than man exhibits, but also in the more occult forces and laws upon which visible phenomena rest —the unseen part of the Supreme Will. The Mother-Nature demanding the divinest helps, feels, in the exist-

ence of the demand, the assurance of supply. So women are not disputants on the Divine Attributes, or on the soul and its destiny, because that which is of God, is so much of themselves also, that their inner consciousness testifies, without dispute, much that the masculine intellect attempts to prove or disprove, from a comparatively remote, speculative or purely intellectual point of view. And all that is noblest in the possibilities of the soul, seem, according to the true pure womanliness there is in any female, so ready and near, that they are the simplest and most natural results of its creation. Hence, women have to argue against their own nature in accepting the dogma of eternal punishment; for the mother-love is so broad and inclusive, that it recognizes happiness as a *consequence of existence*—ultimate when not immediate happiness.

Every woman whose *soul* has risen to its motherphasis of development, whether the natural office has been hers or not, and whether that be at twenty-five or fifty, both FEELS and KNOWS that the mother is the highest form of Love—that it is the creating, the inspiring, the acting, the imparting, and not the receiving form of it. And it requires but a little further knowing and feeling in the same direction, to bring us to a conclusion which uproots the very basis of that edifice of man's self-complacency which is grounded upon woman's passive, receptive part in love, as distinguished from his active, imparting character.

Passivity is an inferior condition to activity. It is the receptive side of every life, wherever placed, in the circuit between God and the lowest extreme of the scale; and as life receives its inspiration from above, and mounts by the influx of what comes down to it, this face of it in any being, must needs be that which

looks upward to the better and more exalted. Thus the human is passive to Deity and all superhuman creatures; individuals to the race; the inferior animals to it and to individuals; the lower tribes to the higher in the brute creation; the Vegetable kingdom to the Animal; and the Mineral to the Vegetable. And by *ascent* on the same scale, we find the active side of life always presented to what is beneath it; whereby the lower is lifted upward—aspires toward its attractive neighbor. In the Sentient kingdom this aspiration is realized by actual approaches, as those brute animals which are most associated with man become developed, from the condition of *ferœ naturæ* to an almost human affection and sagacity, and exhibit, from generation to generation, positive proofs of progress.

Now the highest consequences of relations anywhere in the scale of life, must be to the active or superior party in that relation. This is the order of Nature. If it were ever otherwise, it would be her disorder. In this sense the words are true which have seemed so paradoxical, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." A positively higher blessing flows to the imparting than the receiving life. Forces are cumulative upward—not downward; and results must follow the same law. The primary outflowing force or attraction, is from the Highest Central Life, through all intermediate forms, till it returns again through a series of *results*, the active relatively to every other, being through out, that one who is nearest the Central Being, and source of all activity.

The Maternal is the highest form, and human Maternity the highest result, of the employment of the Divine Forces anywhere in our visible creation. By virtue of her capacity for this, Woman is endowed with

an attractive power second only to the Heavenly Divine. No soul escapes the latter, and might it not be truly said that neither does any escape the former?

Woman is the attracting (the active) force, and man the being acted upon; the passive instrument of Nature's designs, aspiring by the completeness and intensity with which he follows this attraction, (humanly, not brutally), to oneness or union with her who is its source.

Action is in cause. Passivity in effects. Attraction must precede aspiration. God must Be, that we may aspire toward Him—higher forms of Life, that lower may aspire toward them. And the lower takes its passive relation in the scale, when a higher appears and becomes an attraction and channel of influx to it. (It is only propulsion, an accidental, artificial, perishable motor which moves us from behind or beneath our position.) Hence, as the Divine Forces are first manifested in the lowest forms, and return through an ascending circuit of higher and still higher ones, the scale of attractions is lengthened and filled, and each living being becomes a co-worker with the Great Central attraction, drawing Life and Matter toward Him. Thus it is a law, not merely a promise, that the last shall be first. And thus there is as little ground of doubt to the Rationalist as to the Dogmatist, that Woman was the last being in the scheme of creation. Men acknowledge her as the supreme attraction of this earth; and in concord with that Sentiment of her, they love to throw upon her the moral responsibility of a controller, (even while, in obedience to the self-love of their undeveloped natures, they are quite capable of trampling her and all her claims of power into the dust beneath their feet.) But Nature provides only for the honora-

ble, open, self-respecting exercise of powers which she confers—only for honorable and open results therefore, and will crown no other. It is man, who, in neglect of Nature, acquires and exercises powers surreptitiously, and in the perversion which he thus reaches, loses the capacity to discriminate between the tasteless or bitter fruits thereof, and the flavored sweetness which she produces, of honor and loyalty to her.

In Woman is indeed, as man conjectures, the ruling force, because the ruling attraction of the world. To her all visible forms of life, including man, must therefore be passive; and he acknowledges this relative position whenever he declares her superior power to attract him. But in the rude animal phasis of his development, which he has not yet left behind in his career, his free-agency has often proved itself in resisting to certain degrees, this attraction, as well as that Higher one toward which it leads him. They each and both warred upon his Self-Love, which denied them that it might be gratified. But as they are alike of the compact Truth of the Universe, his denial is to his own hurt chiefly. In the main, he never escapes (or wishes to escape) the one more than the other: but he likes to throw the results of the failures which his resistance to either causes, upon the one resisted. And he is only a more lenient accuser of Woman than of Deity because he is *first her lover, and His through her.* Thus he readily charges the consequences of his own delinquences or blindness, to God, the Unseen, whom his Sense is not cognizant of, while the natural grace there is in him—the grace which is of loving and being loved, as a sentient being, according to his nature, makes him a little ashamed of pressing accusations too closely against Woman. On the other hand he will constantly

admit himself as fault-worthy, saying, "if I had but hearkened to her," (been more passive), "if I had been as faithful to my higher self, and kept myself as stainless as my mother, sister, wife, or beloved woman-friend desired me to, (aspired to more perfect oneness with her), I had been so much better and happier now."

The passive part in the love relations, then, is not Woman's, however it may superficially appear to be so, but man's; because she is the attracting and he the attracted—she the acting and he the acted upon. But this is practically true only of natural relations, or those in which Woman is spontaneous. Then each sex has its natural part, according to the leading of the higher, instead of the lower. And in view of this, we see more clearly than by the light of any other truth of the sexes, the enormity of that wrong which overrules her (the true, spiritual, sovereign,) nature, and drags her down into subjection to so base a usurpation as that of sense. Then *Woman is not essentially in the relation.** It

* "Activity commences with the spirit and ends with matter. In the relation of the Holy Spirit or Universal Life to ourselves, we are the passive recipients of the life inspired into us—of that higher life of the soul which we acknowledge as *given*, by calling it Inspiration. And it is this inspiration in us we know, which makes us aspire, which *moves* us, and makes *us* appear to be the actors, and the *Ideal* which inspires us to be passive to our work of embodying it. Just so is it in the relation of man to Woman, who is the medium to him of the Holy Spirit in the life of his body and the inspiration of his soul. He aspires toward the being who bore him, toward the mysterious world wherein he was conceived and molded, and from which he was brought forth; and his movement is not from a propulsive, but an attractive power—not a power in himself, but in her—if he be a true artist, and not a mechanist; a lover of Woman, and not a lover of himself; a lover of Nature, and not a lover of monstrosity; a lover of Maternity, and not a lover of sensual gratification. * * * * Man is

lacks her diviner presence and power, and we need not wonder that man calls her fallen in it. He at least sees truly then, when he declares her state a fallen one. If only his dim, spiritual eye could discern also, that no outward sanctions of his can make the relation divine, without her full, spiritual attraction in it, he would

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inspired by Woman, and is an enthusiastic aspirant toward the source of his inspiration in the love relations as well as in all other inspired movements. And his inspiration is secondary to hers, is through hers, and is primarily from the same source—Maternity—in the action which wakens Maternity and creates it, in the introduction of the Maternal relation—and being secondary to hers, it is secondary in artistic enthusiasm and devotion, and secondary in the work which is produced. The assertion that man is second to Woman in the enthusiasm and devotion of the artist, in the action which aims at the embodiment of the inspiring Ideal, may seem to need proof. Artistic action is graceful, unpretentious, modest, retiring, unobservable by external eyes; so much so that the instrument seems to move of itself, to be the active agent, and the actor, if observed at all, seems to be passive in relation to it. What triumphs are achieved by the chisel and the brush in the world's language, because it is only the external instrument, not the hand that seems to move; and what works are said to be wrought by the hand of man, because the action of the spirit which moves it, is unperceived; and what deeds are attributed to human genius and power, because the Holy Spirit that inspires the soul, is not recognized—is invisible! It is because Woman is spiritual, modest, retiring, consecrated and set apart, the medium of the Holy Spirit, that she seems to be a passive recipient, when in reality she is the prime mover of man's movements, and is the agent of subtile activities in herself, which far transcend, in power and effectiveness, the ambitious efforts of man to second her intentions, and to co-work with her and be a copartner in the result. Absorption is a far more vital function than excretion, which is in fact a function of Death, and partakes something of the passive subjectiveness of dead matter, which is formed only to be wrought upon."—Dr. Redfield—Private Letter, 1860.

soon discover the humiliating fact, that there are thousands of women, reckoned honorable before his tribunals, who are fallen before Nature's—victims to his rule, to whom the only redemption possible, will be the self-redemption which will flow from a true self-understanding.

A brief resumé will perhaps help somewhat to clear the points we have made, or attempted to make, upon this question, so vital to our subject, yet so difficult to treat in pages designed for popular reading.

I. Man in his nature is a spiritual-material being, and hence, he regards the corporeal relation as the grand fact, and the spiritual as subordinate. If he is inclined to deny this, let him remember the millions of his sex who seek it without a thought of spiritual union, and even in grossest defiance of it.

II. Being thus sensualistic, and hence regarding self-gratification as a legitimate motive in his own sex, he virtually, in imputing the shame he does to Woman, acknowledges a higher and more spiritual nature in her: and this is further and more clearly shown in that the pride he has in himself as touching this element of his constitution—a pride which makes him willing that his manhood shall be measured by it—naturally becomes disgust and horror in her case.

III. He is external, and therefore feels a more powerful attraction toward the external and physical signs of fitness than toward the richest interior, spiritual capacity for love which is accompanied by them in a less degree. Hence, youth and the physical beauty of youth, are the strongest attraction to the vast majority of his sex.

IV. But Woman, in her nature, is a material-spiritual being, and hence, regards the spiritual, or

super-sensual love-union, as the grand fact; taking little or no thought of the material, till she is brought to it by her lover. She realizes her idea of union daily after her love is acknowledged, in such personal approaches as it permits, and in the interflowing tenderness; and hence, does not feel the postponement of which he complains.

V. She is self-reverencing toward her own interior, and hence delicate; in or out of the relation she shrinks from making it common; recoils at the idea of its profanation; experiences disgust and even horror in frequency, which, nevertheless, her love makes her desire to forgive, while her own spirituality gives her a trust in her ability to advance man to its higher plane in some time that is soon to come to them.

VI. She is Maternal, and hence does not spontaneously hold relations without thought or feeling of results, except in the child-phasis of her development, or in the state of perversion to which man, when circumstances favor him, may reduce her. And in the former case even, while the Maternal is yet latent in her nature, she is not characteristically sensuous as man is, but affectional; and will subordinate sense in herself to love, allowing it as a vehicle, but not as principal—submitting to, but not leading in that expression of it—taking the part of one who accepts what cannot be avoided—subjects herself, in short, to his overruling, materialistic life for reasons, not by attraction.*

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* Let no one suppose that I rest my plea for Woman on any puritanical feeling that she is bound to be in these relations superhuman. On the contrary, I believe she is the distinctly human being, in whom alone, *because the spiritual rules the material*, is seen the clear type of the higher angelic creature. I rest no hope of success in her cause upon any pleading that ignores or shames

In taking leave of this branch of the subject, I must be permitted to express the hope, at least, that I have avoided offense to any class of readers. I have earnestly desired to do so; but even more earnestly have I desired to speak the Truth, so far as I am able to see it. If, in doing that, offense has come, upon Truth herself, not on me, be the responsibility.

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one quality in her life, but upon the full development of all, and their harmonization. I make no plea for suppression, except that suppression which the higher decrees to the lower, when it would usurp a rule. The feminine has every element that enters into the masculine, beside its own separating attributes. The senses belong to it also. And I believe in and respect them, as much as another, in man or Woman—not a whit less in her than in him, but in neither as sovereigns.

CHAPTER II.

AFFECTIONAL QUALITIES OF THE FEMININE, MORE SPECIALLY CONSIDERED.

Of a being predominantly spiritual as Woman is, Love, in its broadest human sense, is predicable in the largest human measure. For love is of the spirit, the highest in humanity; not of intellect, morality, will or appetite; neither of the flesh. In the first and last two of which, it will harm us nothing to admit, according to man's standards, his larger endowment.

Women are affectionate, and love the proximity of each other's persons, while men either dislike or are repellant toward their own sex. They kiss on meeting or parting, which men never do. They delight to interchange all acts of personal kindness, from the largest, such as men sometimes perform, to the most trifling, which they despise. They share their comforts, clothing, ornaments; each heartily glad of the occasion that enables one to offer and justifies the other in accepting what is offered. They are made happier by each other's presence, not only in time of suffering, anxiety and sadness, but in the ordinary seasons of life, feeling in each other a warm, genuine pleasure, which men so rarely know toward their own sex, that when such a friendship as is common among women, grows up between two of them, it is committed to fame in his-

tory, drama or verse—the most intense statement that can be made of it, being that it will bear measure by the universal standard, "the Love of Women."*

If it be said, as I admit that it may be, with a good deal of truth, that much of the apparent affection among women is only apparent—a mere form, or an hypocrisy; an affectation, or deceit, I reply that if we seem, we seem what we are expected to be, not the opposite. Our vices and meannesses take their hue from our dominants, no less than do our virtues. The frugal does not affect the prodigal character—the brave

* Men sing and celebrate with their most intense feeling and powerful expression, Love as the divinest quality of life, and Woman universally as its living type and earthly embodiment. Yet because external Power is so much dearer to their natures than Love or its fruits, pure good and happiness, they Deify it in their Masculine God—in whose synthetic character Love is uniformly subordinated to such Power and to Justice; of Whom Awfulness is a more commonly recognized attribute than Love; and Terror more frequently than Happiness, the feeling inspired by approaching Him. But Theology must look to its logic as well as its laurels. For if Humanity is made in the Image of God, if "God is Love," and Woman the highest living type and exemplification of it which that Image affords, then how shall we call God exclusively Masculine—unless indeed it be admitted that into His Being is absorbed the love of that side, while its complement on the other is left to do its work on earth in Woman.

It is significant of growing clearness of vision in the direction of these inquiries, that some foremost men, within a few years, have begun to acknowledge a feminine element in Deity. The Shakers have it as a "fundamental" of their faith; and the departed hero of the nineteenth century, Theodore Parker, was long accustomed to the idea of the Father and Mother God. In the absence of such a sentiment, men are apt to identify *themselves* specially with God—feel that the important work of this Universe is His—and theirs; and that Women's part, at most, is to make an interested, pleased, and approving audience to their performance.

the cowardly one—nor the loving the hating one. And the shallow, cold or ambitious Woman, who counterfeits the evidences of affection that become her sex, testifies of its nature no less than she who expresses a true feminine heart, instead of shamming one.

Women demand and need each other's presence—by their over-life of sensation, emotion, consciousness, and sympathy, (to which man cannot respond), in a degree that it is impossible for him to understand. Hence, pioneer conditions have a severity for females—especially for those who have passed from the elastic, external, incomplete womanliness of average youth, to the deeper, more sympathetic, interior phasis which follows it—that is unknown and generally undreamed of by their male companions. I suppose that every woman can imagine the circumstances and interior condition, in which the presence of one of her own sex, were she even of the degraded and defaced, in body and spirit, might be joy and strength to her. Let her conceive herself cut off from womankind, journeying or living exclusively among men for one, three, five, or ten years. I care not that she should be treated with the utmost deference and tenderness due to her nature; that she should never have doubted her own position or entertained a single fear for herself. Yet, that in her which lifts her above these companions—the separating attributes, both corporeal and spiritual, of her Woman-life, would come, in time, so to hunger for the answering tones and capacities of another equal body and soul, that she is but a small measure of her sex, who cannot imagine herself counting, with thrills of irrepressible delight, on the anticipated meeting with a woman simply for her sex, if there were nothing above its poorest condition to enhance her satisfaction; and

rejoicing in her actual presence as one enriched by a great treasure.

Women prevail by affection where men rule by authority. They use the tones and gestures of Love, where men exhibit those of Will or Passion. They crave peace and harmony, and feel themselves free in their better life, only where these prevail. Men are capable of feeling their highest freedom, and reaching their most powerful expression, in the opposites. Women, acting spontaneously, will gain the same points by affectionate and peaceful means, which men will only think of carrying by force or winning by strife.

Self-sacrifice is one of the strong, distinguishing characteristics of Woman's love, for any object. It is the one perhaps which most pleases good men, and flatters selfish or base ones, when shown in her love for them. Men are very apt to assume her natural subordination to them from it, and reckon their pure sovereignty by its greatness and constancy in her. They forget that in human relations the higher sacrifices to the lower—that it requires a loftier and less selfish soul to sacrifice than to receive. The very consummation of Christ's career on earth, was its final act—and we enforce his divinity, his nobleness, his love (according to our view of his nature) more from the inestimable grandeur of self-sacrifice in his death, than from all other acts and teachings of his life. The martyrs are glorified for their sacrifice of themselves to principles which they feel as truths. If a man should die for his friend, we should reckon him far nobler than he who permitted the act, even though every outward reason that we could estimate would seem to justify him in doing so. He might be right, but the other, whether right or wrong, would be above right; and our judg-

ment would be exercised toward him in a higher and finer atmosphere than that of Justice. In short, we measure the nobleness of all natures, very much by their capacity to forget self, and live or die for another or others. This is undeniably the basis of our estimates in all relations save those between the sexes; and here, in his intellectual, physical, and worldly superiority, man takes the divinest sacrifice which Woman can make—that of herself—of the being whom, in his clear and true sentiment, he acknowledges to be better than he is, fit to lead him up whither his own aspiration would not mount—man, I say, interprets this as evidence of his exaltation over her, thus curiously enough reversing all estimates and judgments springing from other and inferior relations.*

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* And men delight in, and felicitate themselves upon the display of this capacity of devotion and self-sacrifice in Woman, with an amusing complacency, considering that its extreme is generally proved in their worthlessness or recreancy. Men are proud of the sentiment toward themselves which the song expresses:

> "I know not. I ask not if guilt's in thy heart,
> I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art,"

forgetting that it proves the divinity of the loving, not of the loved. A very charming thing it is, doubtless, before we see a nobler and diviner use for Woman's life and powers than being trodden under the feet of selfish, depraved and tainted men, to see her freely lay them there. Until she should have a *higher* means of doing them good—since they are in constant need of it, and she endowed to afford it them—better such than none. Hence, devoted Woman is always admired and praised in man's sentimental expression toward her; though he is capable, in his intense self-love and love of self-indulgence, of very brutal practical rejection of what he delights to sing as her crowning excellence and his glory. Thus a reveler who would curse and spurn

In the greatness of her love, Woman does this, for her own joy as well as that of the lover, the husband, the son, the father, brother or friend; because her affluent nature is better satisfied to give than to withhold. And sometimes all proof that human conduct will permit her to offer, seems inadequate to her feeling, so that she wishes she could transcend the laws of the mortal, and become indeed an angel, with super-human powers to do him good and give him happiness.

Now there is no more clearly defined or universally acknowledged truth in Woman's nature, than this one of her constant, *ever-trusted* readiness to self-sacrifice for man. As long as a man possesses a Woman's love; as long as a mother lives, or a daughter or sister is free from paramount ties, the man who is dependent on Woman in either of these relations, knows well that only the hundredth or five-hundreth one, will refuse to make any sacrifice for him *that she can believe will be for his good* or his happiness. If her mind is divided, it is not for her own share in what is proposed, but for

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a woman for waiting his late return at night to his home, would boast of it among his companions the next night, and sing—

> "Thou hast called me thine angel, in moments of bliss,
> Still thine angel I'll be, thro' the horrors of this;
> *Through the furnace unshrinking thy steps I'll pursue,*
> *And shield thee and save thee, or perish there too,*"

without so much as once feeling or thinking that the fact he boasted, went to the proof of the sentiment he sang, and that both showed the higher nature no less clearly than his need of it, for his salvation.

During their long slavery and darkness, Women have learned to accept suffering, in these ways, as their birthright, never asking that it be counted to them as proof of anything but that they are Women—which, indeed, is sufficient when it is understood *what* is proved in it.

others who divide her love also. For that partakes the character of the true Divine, in being neither exclusively nor even primarily indulged for herself. The spirit of the Maternal is to bring forth—to produce, by the divinest methods, all manner of good in and for its object—to cherish happiness and find its own in that, in giving rather than receiving. It works to divine ends, by *divine methods*—not by forceful disciplinary ones: it wins, but does not coerce, as the masculine does. It works at its own cost, not that of the being it would form, and mold, and fashion to the high uses and enjoyments which it sees as the true objects of existence. There is no quality in Woman's nature which more unequivocally sustains her claims, than this high one, and as we might *à priori* suppose, under the rule of a being contradistinguished from her in this and its kindred qualities, there is none through which she is so often and so painfully injured. When the self-sacrifice is directed or demanded by man's Self-Love, subordinating her Love, and making it the instrument to compliance with sensuality, ambition, covetousness, pride or mean tyranny, it would require no prophet to foresee that the results would be according to these, not to that.*

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* I must add one word more on this exacting topic. The sentiment of Civilized Society is nowhere so self-contradictory and self-stultifying as it is here, in regard to Woman. It imputes her fall to man's level in the sensual relations, to both weakness and wickedness; insults her with mocking, mere word-expressions of pity for the former, and wrongs her beyond the power of language to describe, by punishment for the latter. If, in the greatness of her love, and her desire to make the man she loves happy, Woman trusts him, without the prescribed pledge that would bind him, (as he could trust her, with greater security than all the mere artificial marriage-ties of Christendom, united in one huge

According to her greater spirituality, Woman has a larger and more living faith in humanity than man has. She feels, dimly, if not clearly, that good and grand possibilities are before it; and works for their realization, with an unquestioning, generous faith, which he is apt to think weakness, want of shrewdness and worldly wisdom. And he is often fain to discourage her heart and cool her zeal, by reminding her of the improbabilities of success. When she expresses her faith and hope, he replies that he shall believe *when* he sees—that she is foolish not to be warned by experience—the world is laughing at her—that she is throwing her time and efforts away, and will reap only disappointment and mortification for her pains. It is according to the nature of each. The Woman's faith is her own, and so also are her standards of success. She knows in her heart that no failure is possible to

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bond, would give him,) and if so trusted, he choose to betray her faith, society not only will allow him to go unscathed for the baseness of the love which prayed her into compliance, but also for the unspeakable added baseness of the betrayal, and utter desertion to anguish, proscription, perhaps to destitution and unavoidable shame and self-destruction for the remainder of her life. And it will punish her for all these as if hers were the sole guilt. If any clearer evidence of the meanness, moral cowardice, selfishness and tyranny of masculine society could be demanded, I know not what human possibilities of wrong-doing would enable this master to furnish such. An able writer in the July number of the Westminster Review for 1850, Art. VII., says, "A vast proportion of women who ultimately come upon the town, fall, in the first instance, from a mere exaggeration and perversion of one of the best qualities of a woman's heart. They yield to desires in which they do not share, from a weak generosity, which cannot refuse anything to the passionate entreaties of the man they love. There is in the warm, fond heart of Woman, a strange and sublime unselfishness, which men too commonly discover only to profit by

her from such efforts. Good is their proceed "at last, far off; at last to all," as surely as it is a proceed of God's doing. Her success may not prove itself outwardly, to the senses, and win the respect of men, but it is proved nevertheless, and she feels and knows it, and has her measure of satisfaction in it; if not the full one, still something wherewith her soul is fed.

It is just this decided faith, this unconsidered or coldly criticised struggle, of which my sex sustains so much—this devotion of the lives of innumerable women all over the civilized lands—a devotion outlasting all abuse, and surviving years, it may be a life-time of hindrances, oppressions, and discouragements, which prevents the turning of thousands of homes into dens of revelry, debauchery or brute violence. It is the

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—a positive love of self-sacrifice—an active, so to speak, an *aggressive* desire to show their affection, by giving up to those who have won it, something they hold very dear. It is an unreasoning, dangerous yearning of the spirit, precisely analogous to that which prompts the surrender and self-tortures of the religious devotee. Both seek to prove their devotion to the idol they have enshrined, by casting down before his altar their richest and most cherished treasures. This is no romantic or over-colored picture; those who deem it so, have not known the better portion of the sex, or do not deserve to have known them. We refer confidently to all whose memory unhappily may furnish an answer to the question, whether an appeal to this perverted generosity is not almost always the final resistless argument to which female virtue succumbs. When we consider these things, and remember also, as we must now proceed to show, how many thousands trace their ruin to actual want—*the want of those dependent on them*—we believe, upon our honor, that nine out of ten originally modest women, who fall from virtue, fall from motives or feelings in which sensuality and self have no share; nay, under circumstances in which selfishness, had they not been of too generous a nature to listen to its dictates, would have saved them."

presence and influence of these and kindred qualities and acts in women, which prevents regiments of wavering, partially demoralized men from plunging over the brink of self-abandonment, and being borne away on some one of the foul currents of dissipation or vicious indulgence, which *tempt* them, while they *repel* the women at their side.

And when the plunge has been made, and they rise to view, defiled, steeped, enervated—their worth gone in the vile contact, selfhood wasted and withered, powers neutralized, shame and humiliation supplanting self-respect, how sublimely a loving, faithful Woman will withstand and conceal the shock of that return. She is wounded, but to put forth greener branches of hope and moral vigor; she is hurt, but the hurt gives her added strength; she is grieved, but the grief assumes the hues and lines of the joy hidden within it, at his coming; at his surrender to her; at her own swelling tides of power to lay hold upon and cleanse him of the blight and foulness, and set him up again, bright and stainless before himself, and the world he shrinks from. It is an undying faith, a divine hope which moves, and warms, and sustains her. They keep the dew sparkling on her path, that would be dry and desolate without them. They preserve flowers blooming beside her way, where but for them would be only rank weeds and thorns. They hang the boscage around her with fair fruits, where would be the bitter apples of unbelief and despair, turning to ashes in her mouth. They distill her experience, and extract from its acrid waters the sweets which are always there, for natures high, trusting, penetrating, and interior enough to find them.

O many a field like this is being won around us as the years go by! There is no sound of sustaining mu-

sic heard there by the outward ear; no roar of arms bracing the weary nerves; no clear, trusted, inspiring eye of a leader meeting the questioning one of the striver, and settling the doubt of Doing or not doing; no echo of praise and glory floating over, to swell in the soul and fill it with strength for life, or death, or victory. But in these unnoted fields, the strains which lead on to struggle are heard only in the still depths of the laboring heart; the weapons are its affections, hopes and arts; the munitions, that deathless faith and trust in the final triumph of good, and that courage for it which have their natural home on our earth in the true feminine soul.

Trusting instinctively this persistent affection, faith, courage, hope and self-sacrifice in Woman, Man feels, as we have seen, in all his sentimental relations with her, that she must do him good; and his actual benefits from her are in proportion to the capacity for pure sentiment to which he has risen.* For man's sentiment toward Woman being founded, as we have seen, not on his intellectual or selfish speculations concerning her, but on the truths of her nature, as his consciousness perceives and reflects them, he is, during its existence, and to the extent that it enters into the bond uniting them, implicitly amenable to the influence of her spirit,

* The savage Australian who captures his female with a war-club—the barbarian of Africa or Tartary—the semi-barbarian of China, Japan, the United States, Great Britain or Germany, receive comparatively small benefit from the presence and influence of Women, because they are as yet too low down in the scale of consciousness to feel her as a spiritual power—as anything but a corporeal being, inferior in physical and executive capacity to themselves. Sentiment, otherwise than as a transient mist, which steals, for a day or a month into their lives, to bewilder them and vanish, is impossible to such men.

and can, in some measure, receive of the best good she is able to show him. For sentiment being one of the results of the clearest perception its possessor *can* have, of the occult and high truths of the being toward whom it exists, at once puts its possessor *en rapport* with whatever is best, purest, most exalted in that being. All noblest service can then be thankfully received, because its source and end are felt and seen—no good but seems possible as the fruit of such a divine relation —no sacrifice can show a painful side, because the "chord of self," smitten by that purifying touch, has

"——— passed in music out of sight."

It is only with self in view on one side, that we can *see* a sacrifice on the other.

And it is because Woman has a larger spiritual life, hence a deeper insight, and clearer perception of the occult, divine truths of man than he has of her, as well as because she is more loving, that her pure sentiment for him is stronger and more enduring than his for her.

Acting from it, she does not count her sacrifice, but continues it, perhaps unconsciously, and is ready to do him good long after his willingness to receive it (especially if it be good which his Self-Love rejects) is dead and entombed in that capacious mausoleum of noble susceptibilities and intentions.*

* There is a by-path here, which it is difficult to resist the temptation to enter, and into which many millions of both happy and suffering women, would gladly follow any one who should be able to show them the root of their Sentimental relation to man, and how its first divine brightness, delicacy, tenderness, and sufficiency may be perpetuated. To know this belongs to Woman, and in her Era will be a feature, as what has appeared in its stead has been in man's.

But further; as touching the practical, executive powers of life, love comes to Man and Woman with quite opposite results. He is newly awakened to a consciousness of these powers, as channels for the augmented power that has come in the experience; and to their importance as means to the success which he craves, with broader and nobler desires and resolutions than ever before. She instinctively shrinks from them in proportion as her nature is deeply moved by her affection. Cares, labors and responsibilities which before were not disagreeable, perhaps even very interesting, or enjoyable, become burthensome. Her nature craves freedom for its most interior play, which alone is fair treatment of love in the Woman soul; and outward cares, tasks, or even too frequent pleasures, interfere with this heavenly state. For it is true that while

> "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis Woman's whole existence;"

though not quite, perhaps, in the sense which the author attached to the words. Man's purposes of outward achievement grow stronger through it. He labors, works, speculates, calculates, schemes, thinks, with an exalted power. A clearer brain and a stronger, braver heart serve him now. He will succeed, and it shall be by methods such as she will approve. She is thus material and moral stimulus to him—his perfecter, supplying what he lacked before, of developed, practical power and manliness. He possesses himself more fully through her, and will come to the fullness of his power by the summons she gives him to Do whatever becomes a man of his gifts, in the world of action.

But love summons Woman to the deepest depths

of her nature, and she would fain turn from the active world to the ideal—ignore the external and retire to the inner sanctuary. Her consciousness is unfolding, through the experience, to wider dimensions. Her calm resolve to Be as noble as he thinks her, and she feels she ought to become, gives her silent work within. Hence, affairs distract her; she is said to dream, when, according to her genuine womanliness, she is breathing the breath of the keenest aspiration after the higher ideal state to which the love and worship that are paid her have opened her eyes. Each gains a larger self-hood through the passion, if it be genuine, but man's gain is more in the direction of self-consciousness which relates him to the external; Woman's in that of consciousness—the internal growth.

The world smiles at the omnipotence of love in new lovers. It is apt to satirize gently the readiness of each to give up self for the other. But this eternally repeated experience of human hearts, is the eternally repeated proof and prophecy of somewhat divine in them, and of the capacity to see and follow it. It is the *self*-loyalty of the spirit, which alas, that of the material is likely soon enough to quench. But the record has been made in the *experience*, and though dimmed it may and will be, it can never be quite effaced. One possesses, at the very worst, ever after, a memory that is sweet and inspiring to the soul. And if we are yet waiting for light from stars older than our planet, to announce their existence, we may patiently endure for this little light to expand and brighten in our interior life; calm, meanwhile, in the faith, nay, in the consciousness, that such self-development only is necessary, to make the relation in which Sentiment

rules, the only one that Woman and man will accept as worthy their best life, and helpful to it.

In this, as I have already said, man is amenable to Woman's Influence, and looks for high help from her. In this alone does she occupy her true position of an intermediate between him and the Holy Spirit, and minister to him of the things which pertain to her own exalted interior being. Every man has enjoyed at the least, some hours of such a relation; a few, years—fewer still, a life-time. In it Woman is the giver, and man the receiver. He accepts her as riches, bounty—perfection to him, and will freely affirm that she is, if her being the last, especially, is questioned. But the most loving Woman makes no such affirmation of man. If matured and established in womanhood, she generally enters upon her relation feeling that he is not altogether as she would have him, but full of faith that she shall be able to work in him, to will and to do, after her purer pleasure. *Believing* in herself, she *hopes* in him. And it is that future man, her Ideal, whom this faulty man is to become, rather than the present selfhood of him, that she loves. He accepts the selfhood, content with it as he finds it, because he naturally looks upward to it. But she accepts *him* as a being to be clothed with a higher selfhood, which she shall summon from the latent spiritual in him; and therein expresses her discontent with that in which she finds him, which she naturally looks downward upon.

Very rarely does a man marry with the idea of reforming or morally improving the woman whom he marries, and still more rarely does he consider her deepest, interior, spiritual improvement—her regeneration—as a thing which he is to effect. And when he does undertake the most outward of these offices, it is

more in dependence on means which he can command; instruction, social influences, position, which will appeal to her external pride, than upon himself and his personal influence over her. And when it is deep spiritual change, not merely education and social refinement, that are required to give her life its natural womanly balance, the chances—always overwhelmingly against him—are favorable, more in proportion to the adjuncts he can array on his side, and the judgment with which he chooses and works, than to personal efforts of his own, exclusive of these. He feels his success endangered when they fail him.

But women very often love and marry, seeing the incompleteness, the faults and even the vices of the man whom they love, but hoping and believing that they shall be able to put them away; and for this *depending on themselves*—not on others, or on secondary helps. A woman so pledged to the regeneration of the man she loves, (its need may be apparent only to themselves—for there are mountains of spiritual short-comings of which *his* world will take no note, and of self-loving which it sanctions and even honors), relies on herself, and intuitively reckons her chances favorable in direct proportion to the power and means she has of *separating the object of her efforts from others, and bringing him into intimate, spiritual relation and dependence on herself alone.* Her maternal, cherishing love and care, would embrace, surround, and inspire him, and to this, for a long period, all else is secondary. The danger to her undertaking lies not, as in the other case, in the loss of a school, a circle, or a friend's influence, but rather in the failure of her own influence—in her inability to separate him from these and take him wholly to herself for a season.

In permanent love-relations, Woman looks for good no less than man; but in the opposite direction. She joins herself to the material in them, and he himself to the spiritual. He is to command the lower external, to which he belongs, for her physical sustenance, comfort and service, and those of the race through her, its mother. His career is in it; his glory in mastering it, by his corporeal powers, his intellect, his wit, his invention, his daring. The material home is of his creation and furnishing; the fields, of his redemption and tillage; the fabrics, of his weaving; the state and the church, of his designing and administering; the social structure laid out, planned, defined, and so far as power is required, sustained by him. By him external nature is laid upon the library-table, or thrust into the crucible, and her designs in systems, suns, planets, elements, soils, strata, seas, deserts, mountains, valleys; material fertility and barrenness, attractions and repulsions, exposed to the intellect of his kind—and we know not to what other intelligences, higher or lower, who are pupils of this daring questioner and able teacher. Needful, important and noble services these—the paramount ones of all time, until they are accomplished, or carried far toward accomplishment. These and their fruits are the offering of Man to Woman. They supply her body and address her intellect. They harmonize her relations with matter and its phenomena. They bring her to a higher and broader union with Nature through these her externals. Through them casual enemies become her settled, helpful friends; destroyers become for her, creators; subtile forces that were discord in ignorance, become her allies, and co-work with her through man's knowledge of and

devotion to them, in the grand results which she is appointed to embody.

Thus Nature surges upward through matter to animals, through animals to man, through man to Woman. And thus he proudly lays at her maternal feet all that he has conquered for her help. What is it that he expects in return for this high service? We have seen that it is even a higher one—that he does not ask to be fed as he feeds, with bread and meat only. If he brings material-nature, (providence), up to her, she is to bring spiritual-nature, (Woman), down to him. They are to make a common dwelling of the two wherein they were before separate—matter and spirit. She is to unfold the latter, as he the former—lay open its hidden motives, forces, capacities; its endless growth, eternal movement Godward, show him his inalienable birthright in it, and its *sufficiency to content and fill him*—a truth which, in his materiality, he does not see, or seeing intellectually, does not spontaneously believe —the most needful, important and noble services these—the paramount ones of all future time, till they are accomplished.

"Woman," says Redfield, "is more nearly an embodiment of the highest ideal, or the highest spiritual, than man is. In her, and in her productions, the ideal is more actualized than in man and in his productions; indeed, Woman has not only the molding and forming of herself, but she has more the molding and forming of man, from the most incipient stage of his being to the most mature, than he has of himself. All power lies in the spirit, and the greatest power exerts itself in a soft and gentle influence, in an inspiration like that of the most genial and balmy atmosphere, commanding to the exercise of freedom, and awakening the all-powerful motive of free-will and the *pleasure* that is synonymous with it. This is Woman's power, and all

that man does that is beautiful and noble, is by her inspiration and ultimately for her sake. Woman's love of the beautiful is greater than that of man. She cannot be happy out of Paradise, and would fain make the earth one—would convert the spot she inhabits into a garden of Eden. And all that man does toward creating beauty and Paridisiacal scenery around him is from sympathy with Woman's love, from inspiration of her spirit into his, and more for her sake than for his own. Woman sways a magic wand, whether by looks, words or actions, more potent than the staff of office or than scepter and crosier, because her sway is through the spiritual sphere, which governs the material, whereas man's is in the material chiefly, and if not subservient to hers, is undirected or misdirected brute force. * * *

"No man who is not a fool, marries a woman to reform her, but women often marry men for that purpose, if they see them to be of the right elements and material for the production of what they desire. Nature's intentions are Woman's intentions, and when Woman carries out Nature's designs, she fulfills her own, which are to make man the medium of the embodiment of the highest Natural in the most ultimate form of the material creation, lifting the lowest and grossest things up to the plane of the spiritual and refined. Woman's influence is a softening, molding and refining influence. She finds man's love impulsive, impetuous, demanding, overbearing, selfish, sensual, impure and gross, and she puts checks upon it; moderates it, guides it, subjects it to her own; chastens and purifies it, and makes it generous and self-denying as hers is. She inspires him with love of children, which is a love male animals do not possess, except those that are so like their females as to be scarcely distinguished. She finds man's intellect harsh, rough, severe, domineering, cold and proud; and she softens, smooths, modifies, humbles, warms and animates it, and infuses into it feeling and sensibility; directs it to ends of use, and makes it sensible and practical. Thus it is my opinion that Woman has the inspiriting and molding

of man all his life, so far as he turns out anything good, and that her love for him is for what seems to her good materials to work upon—something in the rough which she can alter to please her, or can reform; or if good, as far as it goes, can chasten, refine and finish."

[PRIVATE LETTER, 1859.

Again; the moral attributes of Man and Woman which regulate their broader and commoner relations in life, are as widely distinguished as those we have seen in these more special relations. This would appear to any mind, that is capable of the deductions to which the premises of Self-Love in Man, and Love in Woman will lead; but all readers are not accustomed to follow Truth to its ultimates in action, and therefore I shall present here, some illustrations which will be further helpful to those who do not already see the whole ground before us.

The highest moral attribute claimed by and for the masculine, is Justice. The JUST MAN is the MODEL MAN. "Aristides the Just," has been a proverb among men down to our time. (I do not know that the ages have furnished a co-claimant with him to the high honor of that title). Justice is a Sentiment, an interior law; and Honesty its accredited, outward sign. But a man may be honest, yet not just; for justice is at once so much respected in the masculine theory and so difficult in the masculine practice, that its counterfeit almost displaces it from the affairs of life—and may quite do so with little social detriment to him who offers the one for the other. In the axiom so popular *among men*, that "Honesty is the best policy,"* is expressed the assurance that honesty will

* I know there are men who use these words with a clear appreciation of their best meaning—namely, that Honesty is so true, good and commanding, as the rule of a man's behavior, that

be respected among them even if it be only policy, and few men are more honored in the world than they who have made fortune, or won position, or fame, or power, by ignoring justice and parading honesty. Hamlet's indignant counsel to his mother was of the same color with this bit of masculine ethics. If you lack the interior virtue, assume its outward sign; if you are not honest from a sense within, that another's right is equally sacred with your own, appear in your speech and conduct to be so, and all will be well with you.

Justice is a noble word, much abused among men; and a noble sentiment, so libeled in all but an inconsiderable fraction of the conduct which claims its sanction, that if it were defensively inclined, it would have cause of action and an award, from any tribunal of the moral sentiments to which it might appeal.

No monarch, crowned with a diadem of tinsel, and set upon a pasteboard throne to receive the lying homage of professed subjects, could be more insulted, jeered and wronged, in their most wanton disloyalty, than is this nominal ruler of men's lives, in the base conduct which they are fain to cover by mere idle words of allegiance.

The Sentiment of Justice, exemplified in the life of

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no policy can be more valuable, either in the worldly or social sense; but I also know, as does every other observer of life, that for one who would so deliver them, seriously, to a youth just entering on the active career of a man, there are scores, if not hundreds, who would go no deeper than their most superficial significance, and commend honesty *as policy*—in which use of it, its counterfeit is, in nine cases out of ten, equally available with the original. Shrewd, successful men say it is a thousand times better, for the reason that real honesty is a law, which may be in your way, while its sham is a tool in your hands equally ready for all services. I leave the case with men of experience.

a man, gives the world its accepted illustration of moral manhood. Justice is the most exalted rule of action which men have embodied in their theoretic ethics, or attempted to enforce in the practical, social and civil systems of their era. Justice holds the even balance; taking under no circumstances, more than it gives—giving under no circumstances, more than it takes; and blinds its eyes literally as well as symbolically to consequences. Man proclaims Justice as the ruling attribute of God, and himself therefore as likest Him, when he is Just. He obtrudes this attribute in his masculine theologies and systems, making it the cause of their inconceivable enormities. For while the natural tenderness of even the darkened MOTHER-SOUL would assure it that God's love and tenderness must save every being of His creation to happiness, masculine Justice warns us that He cannot, because It says no.*

Justice never loses sight of SELF. *It is but the negation of Self-Love*—and may be the negation of *Love* also, in the human character, as men make it in the Divine. It would be this oftener than it is, if men were practically equal to it, as a standard of feeling and action, instead of theorizers toward it. The language of Justice is "to Me and to You; or to You and to Me."

* And because according to man, God is masculine, and therefore like himself, under the sovereignty of Justice He will thrust into one endless, unimagined torture, the hoary sinner who has taken his life-long fill of self-indulgence, and the tender infant who never drew natural or moral breath; the debauchee, the murderer, the violator, and the pure, innocent woman who never consciously cherished an evil thought or wrong desire! Truly was it said by a bright caviler, that if originally man was made in the image of God, the compliment had been reciprocated later, and God made in the image of man.

It is never self-forgetting—asks no self-abnegation. It is the zero of moral motive; above it lies the divine scale; below it dips the human one, into the selfish, mean, gross, or brutal elements so generally exhibited by men in savage or barbaric conditions—and to our humiliation be it confessed—so frequently in those that we call better. Above zero are experienced those diviner movements of the soul in which the Me is forgotten—in which self-concern ceases in concern for you, and the balance is little cared for, so that you are secured, in the highest good that can accrue to you. It was not Justice that ruled the Typical Character of the Christian world.

Now Man, according to his own standards, represents in his best development, Justice; and Woman, according to the same standards, represents the qualities that lie above it—Charity, Self-Abnegation, tenderness that absorbs injuries, compassion that mitigates suffering, alike of friend or foe. And man attributes these to her; but complacently, rather as amiable weaknesses than as divine strength attesting a higher life and a nearer relation to him who said, "Unto him that would take thy coat, give thy cloak also;" "give to him that asketh, and from him that would borrow, turn not thou away," whether he has a *just* claim or not; "love them which despitefully use you and persecute you;" and who also said that he "came to serve and save those which were lost;" not those who could mete him a just return.

Woman cares little for Justice, compared with her care for what far exceeds Justice. Appealed to in behalf of individuals, a community, or a generation, she will lose sight of Self—forget or despise the thought of worldly success—weigh nothing that she gives, but give all, and find herself enriched in the giving; and

measure her success finally, by no gains or satisfactions of her own, save those which are the natural fruit of true spiritual action—the gain and satisfaction which spring from good done for others.

What is more than Right, cannot be enforced. That is of the spiritual, and must proceed from it—from the feminine, therefore, in Man or Woman, and from Woman, its embodiment in the universal sense. Justice is the highest enforceable rule of conduct, the most substantial basis on which the right treatment of man by man can be materially, externally, politically secured, or compelled. Below that zero, descends the selfish scale, (thronged now and in all time by the Self-Lovers); and above it, rises the spiritual one, where are found the pure, divine, unenforceable motives which Woman owns and exemplifies. This must be spontaneously traversed, if at all. The even balance may be struck materially, externally, by coercion, between person and person, but love, compassion, real tenderness and spiritual help cannot be compelled from any soul.

The masculine scale of motive, beginning in Self-Love, rises to, and includes Justice. The feminine begins there, and reaches upward. In the one, the best action may be adjusted by compulsion—in the other, only the inferior action can be coerced, while the highest is free, artistic, divine; choosing, not between selfish, external, (moral) motives, but obeying interior attractions. (In the world both of motive and action, there are individuals of each sex, who have risen above and descended below their natural positions—Women by degradation—Men by regeneration. But none the less intelligible is Nature, for these facts.)

Of the Feminine a finer and more delicate Self-Respect is predicable than of the Masculine: both as

we see them here defined, and as they are found entering the actual fields of life.

The boy is *at home* in scenes which the girl would tremble, and blush all over barely to remember that she had witnessed, though never so involuntarily. The youth is careless of many acts and experiences which his sister would feel herself degraded in participating. And the young man remains whole, or nearly so, in his self-respect, through what would rob the young woman of hers almost past recovery. Indeed, there appears to me no more legible moral proof of a nature distinctly masculine and feminine, than is found in the differing standards, which each spontaneously adopts from the beginning of moral consciousness. The self-respect of any nature, is its deepest measure of itself, and the safe basis of comparison with another.

Man claims that his strength and completeness come in a great measure from such experiences as a Woman's self-respect would be deeply wounded in going through. They are a part of the hardening needful to Manhood, which each feels would be hurtful, if not fatal, to the best Womanhood. They give him the temper which shields him from the strokes of circumstance, and makes him artificer instead of material. The masculine has but just qualified itself to command success, when it has reached a point of self-adjustment and a capacity of self-approval, which the feminine would have surrendered much of its best and highest in descending to. The man respects in himself the gains he has made in moral insensibility, shrewdness, hardness, practical selfishness of any sort, that is not extreme or disgraceful.* He is proud and strong in them—self-reliant

* Let the Warriors, the Statesmen, the Diplomatists, Politicians, Merchants, Traders—even the rival Mechanics, Farmers

and sufficient most when he has them in good, if not large measure. But these would be the Woman's pain and self-shame, if not her shame before the world. To know him*self* deteriorated, with enhanced powers of success, rarely costs man any lasting humiliation; but rather furnishes him ground of self-gratulation, since success is his aim, and is sufficient, when won, (if it be without disgrace), so far at least to satisfy him, that he is capable of going on from one to another of the same, or but slightly improved character, during the whole of his life. But Woman cares little for external success, and will often seem to court disgrace in shrinking from the degradation of spirit which may be inseparable from it. To her, the world within is a more dread tribunal than the world without—and bruised self-respect, a sorer pain to bear than even a damaged name before society.

The reason is plain. Man's self-respect is grounded in his external nature and its successful expression through his natural activities. Thus he can be sensual

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and Laborers, though these last classes in a less ample manner, attest the truth of this hard statement Nay, the competing Intellectualists, Men of Science and of Art, will add their mite to the heavy affirmative scale. I know it may be truly urged that women are sometimes also rivals in these departments, and capable of depreciating each other with as much relish and more spite, than men often exhibit. But it is equally plain that these are females who, whatever their genius, have given up much of their sex's spirit for some of its mean immunities and privileges; of which one of the most esteemed and coveted, it would seem, to them, must be this, of being as much like men as they can become: pursuing a Man's objects, that is, without his external powers to enforce their claims, and being obliged to supply the lack by additional bitterness, and a more inventive malice than he is called to exercise.

without wounding it deeply, if indeed at all—he can be heartlessly ambitious or acquisitive, and feed it on triumphant schemes of self-aggrandizement or gain. He can express Self-Love in any paramount degree that is not so fundamentally and fatally at war with the general interest as to be held criminal—and all without tarnishing his self-respect, but rather to its enhancement instead. And wherein this is not possible to individuals of his sex, or to certain periods of their life, it is esteemed rather a falling off from than an exceeding of, the average standards by which Manhood is apt to measure itself.

But Woman's Self-Respect is grounded in her internal, and finds its expression, not in Self-Loving, but in Loving—not in external action and success, but in spiritual faithfulness to her own highest attractions and convictions. Often these have been—and oftener yet will they be, as she advances in her own development yet remains under sovereignty of the masculine, the diametrical opposites of what it prescribes for her. Hence, confusion is to be expected; and she may look to find herself accused as the disturber, which she must needs be in general, since the disturbance that must come, is in her behalf, and little likely to be much undertaken by any other. But, until she reaches the territory of her freedom, and plants her footsteps firmly within its borders, she will continue to do more or less of what she has always done; namely, confound self-respect with the approval of others, and by her daily acts—by years of experiences in which the timidity coming of her long, unquestioning bondage will lead her to deference instead of self-reliance—she will go on wounding unto its death this noble, indispensable element of her true character.

This Women have done and yet continue to do, in much of their relation with men, both of the social and more intimate character. They have been so long and effectively taught that man is the superior—the master to rule them, that they cannot freely obey, and dare not trust, the self-respect which resists his lower demands upon them. And hence, they descend to conduct which he calls for, or renders necessary by his pervading systems, rather than accept its only alternative, rebellion, with all its disagreeable, perhaps dangerous consequences. In this necessity of submission for the broadest human good, Woman has found, and yet finds, the effectual panacea for wounded Self-Respect. Its existence has been and yet is (for a season) her savior from the degradation of spirit that would, in its absence, have settled down, a terrible and destructive visitation upon a life descending habitually from its own to standards so much lower.

For this interior world, where the conflict goes on, is strictly her own. It is the kingdom of her own Consciousness, wherein defeat or victory may take place, and no outward sign of either appear. Society cannot scrutinize or hold it up, either for example or warning. Hurts or helps there are matters of her own and no other's, so long as she is large enough to endure those or appropriate these without demonstration. She feels that she may incur the one, or seek the other, according to her own judgment, for the furtherance of the ends she has in view. And, acting in the exercise of this personal judgment of herself, her work and her resources, (as every woman, high or low, naturally will, to the extent that she has the measure of interior life, which is characteristic of her sex), Women do build up

men, or endeavor to, at their own cost in this respect; enduring oppression, depreciation, humiliation and even shame, for the sake of what they would accomplish. They are apt to measure their self-respect more by what they are able to do for man in his need, than by any faithfulness to their own higher nature, which would involve a real or apparent neglect of his good.

It is needful, considering the long and persistent miseducation of Woman through the ages, that we draw the line as carefully and plainly as may be between the true and false self-sacrifice which Women are called upon to make, in the relations of every sort which they hold with man. There is a righteous, pure, religious self-sacrifice for Woman to make in these relations. That is where the aim is man's good. She need care little, or only in a secondary measure, then, for her own good. It comes to her uncared for, while she is living in this spirit and hope. There is an unrighteous, impure, irreligious self-sacrifice which she is more commonly called on to make, of which the aim is his present indulgence, pleasure and ease. She concerns herself unavoidably here for her own good, conscious that it is in some form and measure, imperiled every day that she lives in this spirit. She is anxious, troubled—the balance is always before her, and she is painfully watching which scale will rise, while she doubts.

But the sex has been, and still is, so universally taught, according to the will and desire of man, that self-sacrifice to him is its noblest, most beautiful, most womanly privilege; and its own nature is so powerfully appealed to to make it, not for the love of the individual alone, but for the love of the good he needs, and

can only, or can best get through this means, that only enlightened teaching, powerful appeals, will bring it to examine this question by the purer light of its own nature.

The fundamental conviction is that of actual superiority in her sex, which teaches both humility and self-reverence to Woman. Taking this as the starting point, she must next see that self-sacrifice to man, or to anything, can be noble and divine only when it produces the fruits of *real growth, absolute and enduring good.* Failing such a result, it is weakness, hurtful to the party making, as well as to that receiving it.

There are stages in self-sacrifice, as in all prolonged moral action; the first of which is *always* good—when the conscience is untainted in it—because it is spontaneous, enthusiastic, sustained, hopeful, full of faith; and I believe that as long as a Woman cherishes a faith that the fruit of her self-sacrifice will by-and-by appear, in the good she craves for its object, she is not only to be justified, but honored in its continuance. For thus she makes it, not to the individual—an act which has always a certain tint of degradation in it—but to the end of good, the ever legitimate, honorable object. So made or continued, it gives her strength, tranquillity, peace in some sort, whatever suffering it may cost her in others. But it becomes weakness, and a *source of weakness*, when this faith is abandoned. It is now Slavery, whereas it was Freedom.

We have to learn, for the action and spirit worthy of the coming time, that Woman is never to sacrifice herself to a man, but, when needful, to the Manhood she hopes or desires to develop in him. In this she will also attain her own development. But after the hour when her faith in the hope of worthy results fails

her, (reason instructing her nobler affections, by holding candidly in view all the premises, past, present and future), she is bound by all her higher obligations, to bring that career, whether it be of the daughter, sister, mother, wife, or friend, to a close. For the inferior cannot possibly be worthy the sacrifice of the superior. The glory of Christ's sacrifice was not that it was made to humanity—even the Highest Love could not justify that, but to the salvation of humanity—its best good, its happiness in the noblest sort—its advancement toward the divine standards.

True self-sacrifice, which necessarily involves the temporary descent of the nobler to the less noble—the higher to the lower, is made only when the lower is elevated, improved, carried forward in its career, thereby. And of the times when this begins and ceases—when it can be hoped for and when it is hopeless, every woman must judge for herself. For this, among other offices, has Nature endowed her with her fine moral perceptions. All women who have had any spiritual warfare for others, (and how shall we call her Woman, who has not?) feels more or less clearly the truth of these words. They know well how, at every step in the battle, and fronting every new difficulty, the question they ask themselves is, "how much will it be wise and effectual for me to yield?" rather than, "how much can I yield, without loss or danger to myself?" For Woman's Self-Respect is like the Selfhood of which it is a portion, of that fine, spiritual temper that it may be wounded, bent and bruised, for others, yet heal and spring again to its primal stature, if its burthen be not too heavy and too long imposed. It has that exalted health which makes it, notwithstanding its delicacy, self-sustaining, unless long and brutally trampled

upon and outraged: and it is so large an element among those to which it is joined, that when it is struck effectually down, there is a chasm left, which nothing else can fill. Witness the desperate condition which I shall have occasion to examine at large, by-and-by, of that one outcast class of females, from whom it is apparently gone beyond recovery, for this life.

But the day of Woman's Freedom will be brightened by a divinely human Self-Respect, such as the earth has never known—a Self-Respect that will stoop through attraction and Love—not constraint or tyranny, to embrace the lowliest, and exalt itself in the condescension. Then the prevailing standards will be found above the higher nature instead of below it; and the approaches to them for Woman, will be through freedom, tenderness and purity—and for man, through her leading.

The limits of this analysis forbid my carrying it to the nicer shades of character, wherein are shown some of the most essential differences between the Masculine and Feminine. I cannot hope to do more than suggest, where I lead the way. Others will follow and complete what I but begin, and therefore, I the more readily content myself with the imperfectness of the statements here made, and pass from feature to feature, rather naming than defining as I go.

Here is a large and noble group of physico-moral elements, in which Woman as necessarily excels Man, as she does in the Spiritual and Love nature, which is their highest source. And not only does she excel in the degree of these qualities; she exhibits also the finest modifications of them known to our human life. They are Courage, Heroism, Endurance, Self-Reliance and their kindred, Fortitude and Constancy.

Man's Courage is like the life of which it is a part, more exterior than interior. It is most efficient and trusty when it grapples with a palpable, sensible foe. A man says, "let me see my enemy; let me touch my opposer," whether it be an animate being—man, brute—or dead matter. This concealed, insensible, vague, uncertain opposition, he complains, is what breaks a man's spirit and destroys his courage.

Outward circumstances control the flow of masculine bravery. It is never so capable by virtue of any inner state, as by virtue of the visible, tangible presence of an antagonist. If the hero fronts his foe before an audience, near or remote, or if he is conscious of expectations entertained of him, it is all the better. The outward facts are food and stimuli for him. "England expects every man to do his duty." Those words placed Nelson's men under the eyes of the assembled British nation, and made them invincible. The pomp and display—the trappings and ceremonies of war, are indispensable, because they are among the sources of that courage which gives hope of its successful prosecution. It is said that soldiers once enveloped in the smoke and roar of the battle, dashed with the warm blood of comrades, and fired with the idea of glory, to which the sight of imposing banners and richly equipped, resolute commanders gives such stimulus, lose all consciousness of fear or pain, and become, for the time, as insensible to the more human feelings and emotions as brutes themselves. It is the typical masculine courage, that of the well-fought battle-field; but, as we see, so strongly physical in its character, so much energized from without, that brute animals are quite capable of exhibiting its best features, abating the larger intelligence of purpose with which it is exercised

in man. The Bison, the Boar, the Bear, and other hunted *ferœ*, are capable of being torn to pieces, and yet of exhibiting, while the power of action remains, the same sort of courage. Its paramount source is in the material nature of the man as well as the brute; and its continuance at any time, depends so much upon the external conditions which call it forth, that it is liable to change or disappear when they change or are withdrawn.

The masculine life calls perpetually for this external courage in one kind or another. Man is here to do battle with the outward and material—if not battle of arms with foes in his own form, or against the rugged forces of brute life, it is no less battle with forests, rocks, mountains, streams and unsubdued soils; to all of which he is the natural enemy, till they are conquered and bent to his will and service.

But Woman's courage is like her nature, spiritual: self-fed, therefore, from within—unequal to the rude clash and conflict needful to man's highest performance, but a still stream, flowing through the depths which whoso penetrates, shall surely find there. I have never known a Woman who was a coward—never, of many hundred females, a score that were. Women are seldom timid, even as to outward dangers and difficulties, which it is not their province to meet for themselves. But of these they are far more apt to be moved by the lesser than the greater ones. A surly cow, an angry bull, or a savage dog, will inspire with fear or terror a woman who will look calmly on the rising water that is to sink the ship beneath her, or on the advancing flames which bring certain destruction. Shrinking from a precipice, or nervous at sight of a pretty water-fall, she will be mistress of herself, and

unmoved throughout the most fearful pestilence—self-reliant when an infuriated mob presses around her home, her lover, husband or son—steadfast when the most fearful sufferings, before which men's hearts quail and sink, encompass her—cool and clear, of head and heart, when the most deadly dangers threaten; and, like the truest hero, she finds herself often victorious when man deems her most effectually defeated.

All readers of history are familiar with sublime examples of courage shown by Woman in times of straitness and suffering; in wars, sieges, pestilence and famine. Her behavior in such emergencies is the highest standard of conduct; and *all* is said when it is said that "starving women ate the flesh of children;" or that those "women despaired and counseled surrender;" or that "the women lost hope and were ready to die." It is considered that the last extremity of any condition in which both men and women can be involved, is reached, when they give up.

Moreover, in all such seasons women assume naturally the moral power and social functions, which are of a higher character than those of mere courage and its offices, necessary as these may be. They become peace-makers and harmonizers between men, who are apt to grow, in their suffering, irritable, mutually repellant, quarrelsome and even violent. They speak then the words of patience and forbearance which man needs; they smooth the rugged selfishness and ferocity of masculine aggression and resistance. They feel instinctively the danger of the explosive wrath and fiery passion of men, and watch for the moments when they must be quenched, to avert additional calamities. They restrain by their firmness, persuade by their gentleness, appeal by their love, encourage by their cheerfulness, sustain

by their hope; and draw, for all these powers and influences, upon the exhaustless spiritual within themselves, when outward circumstances afford them no support in their work. They are greatest in such seasons, when men, except the few noble, are apt to falter, and common ones wholly to fail; because, as has been already remarked, a high nature can only be *proved* in experiences which call for its best expression. We may *judge* it favorably from finding it always sufficient to lesser occasions, but we can *know* it only when it has the opportunity to prove itself clearer, stronger and abler, as danger grows, sufferings multiply, or difficulties thicken.

Mr. T. W. Higginson, in a short, but glowing address on "Woman in Christian Civilization," delivered before the Young Men's Christian Union, of New York, in the spring of 1858, says that he remarked once to a physician, of a certain woman who had been under his care, "How great she was in that emergency." "Don't you know," said he, "that all women are great in emergencies?" "And so it is," continues Mr. Higginson, "they are. I take it, every woman that ever lived, had wings enfolded in her being, and it was only time and circumstances which decided whether she should prove an angel or a moth." And farther on he adds, "A good instance of the reserved power in Woman, has been her demeanor during the civil wars in Kansas. I asked, as you did, again and again from the returning Kansas emigrants, 'How do men bear themselves in this scene of danger? Still more, how do the women bear it?' And the invariable answer was, 'They bear it even better than the men.' Afterwards it was my fortunate lot to visit Kansas, when the civil wars were but just subsiding, and to see these

women, before the glow had faded off their cheeks and the heroism had left their eyes. I saw the very woman who taught her school in the city of Lawrence on the day of the Missouri invasion, and kept the children quiet at their books, the very next door to the burning hotel, because they were safer inside than out. I saw another young girl who had gone alone among an army of two thousand, encamped around the ruins of her homestead; she went to save some of her father's property, and returned uninjured; and she told me the story above the still smoking embers. I saw the calm women who, the Sunday previous, were engaged in making bullets, in sight of that invading army. I saw a woman who had remained in her lonely prairie dwelling, with her sick children, after it was necessary to board up the lower windows, leaving no communication to the house, but by a ladder, to be lowered or withdrawn, as friends or foes might come by—remained there till she was burnt out by the assailants. I saw these women, and I heard but one testimony in all that region: 'The women, in a crisis like this, are braver than the men.'"

And I will add, that they are not only braver, but calmer; steadier of pulse, brain and nerve, as has been proved a thousand times; capable of more deliberate thought, more utter self-reliance, and self-ignoring at the same time.

I have been told by physicians and surgeons who have been stationed upon distant outposts, where the hardest and rudest experiences befell men and women, that nothing was more certain in times of trial, suffering or emergency, than that the courage, calmness and self-reliance of the women would equal the occasion. "They always improve when the men begin to show

signs of failing," were the words of a distinguished physician and surgeon, who had seen years of service on a remote wintry station of the army. "I have had fellows brought to me to have the leg amputated—perhaps both—close to the body, and never anywhere in Paris, London or New York, saw I better surgeon's assistants than some of our women made, especially the Sisters of Charity, of whom we had a few at the post, for three or four years. Heads as clear as a silver bell; hands steady and unshrinking as a granite rock, yet with a touch as light as a spring leaf; foot quick and indefatigable, whether the time was noon-day or midnight; memory perfect; tenderness for the sufferer unfailing. Talk about love, courage, fortitude and endurance in your sex! I tell you," he added, with a needless affirmation at this point, "they seem to be nothing else, when these are most wanted, and the man who doubts them, is an ass."

The Dentists, those humane torturers of civilized society in this day, bear the same testimony. "Our female patients," say they, "almost uniformly exhibit the heroism, firmness and quietness; our males make the noise; groan, fuss and hinder the operations." Yet women we know, feel more keenly than men can the pain necessarily inflicted.

Accoucheurs also witness to the fact that the delicate, really feminine women who are in a *physiological* condition, not only bear children better, and bear better children than those who have departed from the feminine type, but they bear their suffering, when it is great, better and more heroically.

Thus early Art illustrated Nature, in showing the feminine as less earthy than the masculine, and its courage as of a higher character. And also, in giving us

the great heroic men, the Saints, Martyrs, Artists, as feminine in aspect, if not in feature, in their highest and their bitterest hours. A noble man before the pile, or on the scaffold, wears always a womanly expression. Art, always, in its endeavors to express the divine in the masculine, softens down its lines and features; substitutes curves for angles, symmetry for ruggedness, sweetness for sternness. And it avoids these, in proportion as the subject it is handling is purely masculine, or low in its character. In the latter case no womanly expression is ever introduced into the male figure or countenance. Even the careless, indifferent artist cannot so profane his calling and privileges. And it is worthy of notice in this same connection, that the feminine is more profaned by being made to stand for revelry, debauchery and common vices. It would cost an Artist, I suspect, his opportunities for years, if not for life, in any refined community, to paint or chisel a group of females, such as we often see of males, assembled for mere sensual pleasures, eating, drinking, smoking, with besotted countenances, unmeaning laughter, or sharp, hard, scornful dispute on topics that never touch the inner life, nor summon a ray thereof into the countenance.

Courage is the generic quality, from which, in the masculine, we have Bravery, Valor, Gallantry, Intrepidity, Determination; in the feminine, Heroism, Fortitude, Endurance, Constancy, Self-Reliance. Self-Reliance is the root of Heroism, and both belong to the interior nature. We can only be Heroic in a supreme Self-Trust, which holds us above all wavering, and makes us supremely amenable to the authority within. The intermediate qualities fill the scale of moral forces between these extremes. Constancy is a

minor degree of Heroism. It is the passive side of the Heroic soul—a psychical quality purely, of which Fortitude is often the best—not unfrequently among Women, the only expression that can be given. Constancy is independent of bodily conditions; but Fortitude is of nerve more than of soul, and may fail therefore, in lack of health. Constancy will hold the mental forces to their purpose or center; Fortitude will absorb or envelop the moral hindrances to their realization. It will meet pains and trials without shrinking in furtherance of the purposes which the constant soul adheres to. Both are elements of high natures, and indispensable to all noble, faithful action.

Of near relationship to Fortitude, but dipping more deeply into the Organic, is the grand quality of Endurance—a no less distinguishing characteristic of the feminine than those already stated.

Endurance involves both the amount and period of performance. It is more than any other semi-corporeal attribute, an evidence of nerve-wealth—of pure, normal nerve-power. We have seen how Woman surpasses Man, both in comparative and relative volume of nerve-tissue and function;* and, on the hypothesis that the power of this system is the finest, subtlest, most pervading and prompt, of the organic resources, we ought, *à priori*, to expect to find her less dependent upon external and artificial helps than he is. Her characterizing capacities should be always ready for action—quick to obey the quietest summons; and their superior degrees of action should be more sustained and lasting than his. What are the facts?

Which sustains the calmest life, and even shrinks

* See Chapter First.

from excitements that the other craves? Which originates and carries forward wars, violences, personal quarrels, political agitations, business and other rivalries? Who finds the best of himself in excitement, and feels himself poor and empty, lacking its stimulus? And who finds her best in seasons of retirement and calm, and feels herself richest in the deepest depths of pure self-possession which she can reach? Who soonest attains and uses presence of mind in emergencies? Who longest retains and makes it available in imminent perils or overwhelming agitations? Who plays the games of hazard? Who is most dependent on material stimuli—liquors, narcotics, drugs, tobacco, &c.?

Each of these questions will be correctly answered by the common sense and instinctive feeling of every reader. The advantage in these respects is too obviously Woman's to admit of a divided opinion anywhere, among intelligent or ignorant. But the true significance of common facts is often hid from those who acknowledge them, and thus Woman is very generally denied the power here claimed, while not a single fact, proving her possession of it, is disputed. Hence, it seems to me necessary, even at the risk of repeating somewhat that has been said in a former chapter, to illustrate a little in detail here just what is claimed, and its place in the Woman-life and experiences.

Nerve-tissue is the more immediate instrument of the dynamic life. It gives Power, as distinguished from Strength, the attribute of the Osseous and Fibrous systems. Where this tissue is abundantly developed, as in birds and some of the higher mammals, the life is proportionally rich in what may be termed Dynamic expressions, among which are swiftness, versatility in both the physical and spiritual powers—intelligence,

affection, delicacy and the like super-physical attributes. I attempt no statement of law—not being a comparative anatomist—but the simple utterance of a general truth, whose proofs abound on every hand. Thus the Horse may be contrasted with the Ass; the Camel with the Ox; the Dog with the Swine; and the first-named, in each case, will show the qualities of life and power conferred by the nerve-tissue. Strength, as in the Ox, may be present with but a moderate development of this tissue, but the nobler powers, of which lastingness and variety of action are predicable, are possessed only with it, and in proportion to it. It is the indispensable means, in Nature's hand, of their expression—the material instrument whose employment testifies invariably her purpose to ennoble.

Of the strength which is of bone and muscle chiefly, endurance, under ordinary use, within certain well defined limits only, is predicable. The ox will perform a certain amount of labor under certain conditions, very reliably, throughout his life-time; but if emergencies come, requiring more action within a given time, or increased labor upon diminished feeding, he is not to be compared with the Horse, the Camel or the Ass. And if these trials are long continued, he will inevitably fail and die, where either of the other beasts would survive and come out capable perhaps of restoration to vigor, but slightly, if at all diminished.

It is characteristic of the powers conferred by nerve-tissue, that they are capable of meeting emergencies. It is thus that they enlarge the life—extend its range of uses, and scale of freedom—make it trustworthy and self-trusting. They are the interior, undefinable wealth upon which it falls back. Their presence is, *ceteris paribus*, proportioned to the amount of instrumentality

employed by them, which we detect almost instinctively, in human or brute; and find ourselves, without reasoning, much inclined to trust in the latter, while in the former we are very apt to reverse this natural and true judgment. Yet how invariably experience proves that we should have been justified in following it here also. For practically it turns out, that endurance goes always with the higher and finer Organism, Masculine or Feminine, human or brute. It is these which triumph in seasons like the Arctic winters which Kane survived; and the Darien exploring party which Strain led, and rescued by his own personal efforts from starvation, in a wilderness scarcely less inhospitable than the Polar one. Each of these heroes approached the feminine type very closely—was slender in person, delicately organized, with slight muscular and large nerve resources. And it is too well known to need repetition, how they shared the physical toils and hardships of their undertakings, and bore in addition, the heavy burthen of responsibility for safety and success, yet survived many of the strongest-bodied, brawniest men who could be picked to accompany them.*

Love is one of the moral correlatives of this zoological trait—the dominant one in the feminine, as ambition or benevolence may be in the masculine. And wherever women share with men extreme and destructive

* The species of endurance which may be cited in the mule, and perhaps some other inferior brutes, is a phenomenon that seems to be quite detached from moral causes and relations. Nor do I conceive that its existence at all invalidates the general statement of the text, since it is only the lowest type of endurance, that of steady labor on scanty fare, (both purely physical phenomena). But when we rise to the human, even this power is more sustained in the feminine than the masculine, as the experience of the poor is constantly proving.

sufferings, if they are protracted so as to prove their respective powers of endurance, they not only survive them in a large majority of instances, but they uniformly exhibit more calmness, tenderness, compassion, helpfulness and unselfish concern for others. This was wonderfully verified in the memorable experience of those emigrants, known as the Donner party, who crossed the American Continent in 1846. The first victims to starvation, cold and despair here, were the single, young, healthy men—the persons whose internal resources, whatever they might have been, were appealed to for none whom they loved; who rose to no spiritual resistance against suffering and danger—not necessarily that they were less capable of it than other men, but that there was nothing to move them to it; neither wife, child, parent or dear friend to be helped, possibly saved by their efforts. Rarely have such trials befallen humanity, and still more rarely, Women; but here was proved, on a comparatively large scale, what always appears in such seasons, their superiority in Endurance. It was proved not only in their outliving men, under the same hardships and privations, and in some instances even greater ones; but no less in their outwatching, outfasting, outworking and outloving them. The unanimous testimony of the men of that company, is that "the women bore up" better than themselves. The few males who survived, learned there what perhaps a hundred ordinary life-experiences would never have taught them—the depths and hights of Endurance in the nature of Woman.* They saw it to

* For full particulars of this terrible experience of suffering—seldom paralleled in the history of human beings—and its triumphant resistance by the females of the party, see a work entitled California In Doors and Out.

trust it ever after, and bear testimony to it, according to their capacity. More than one of the small number of male survivors has since assured me, that for one man worthy of trust, in such trials, there could be found ten women who would fail in no particular of physical or moral possibility.

It is only in such experiences that the *ultimate* sources and qualities of human power are proved. The facts are few, from the nature of Woman's life and action, but ample for the induction, and I should place them here, if the deduction were not more irresistible, beside being in harmony with my general plan, and if the room they would occupy were not more valuable for other matter.

Endurance is nearly related to self-sacrifice. Both are primarily of the spiritual, and deducible, therefore, first, from Woman's greater spirituality and love; second, from her finer materiality in general; and third, from her larger endowment of nerve-tissue, with the peculiar capacities conferred by it. From such elements the further deduction of noble behavior from her in times of trial, is not merely legitimate; it is necessary, and we perform a needless labor in going about to gather up the facts *in order to prove it.* Thus, bullies, prize-fighters and the gladiator type generally, the farthest possible from the feminine, have least of these endowments, but are immense in the grosser materials of bone and muscle. And I apprehend that such would be as little trusted by persons of any insight, to sustain the trials that Kané and Strain experienced, and these delicate Women triumphed over, as any healthy class of men that could be found.

For a day, a week, or a month's fighting, or rough severe action, these men have also their superiority.

But it is only capable of proving itself when external conditions are favorable—the material man duly supplied with certain pounds of food and quarts of exciting drinks—rest not wanting—sleep duly taken, moral stimulus, such as he can feel, provided in ear or eye—witnesses of his performance. What would the bully do in a desert or wilderness, with a feeble dependent only, or a helpless child, for his audience? Nothing, unless there were buried in that great, tough heart of muscle, as sometimes there is, a fund of Woman-love. But even then, his tender wife or sister would outlast him in action—probably in life. For his is not that power which comes neither of bread nor meat, nor externals of any sort; not even the most external of the body. It is not that which sustains itself and *grows* (up to certain limits of Use) in the appalling need of these. The sources here are too shallow to afford this current, whose springs are only in the deeps of life; and whose flow is too silent to attract attention, till it comes forth on some desert barren of more superficial goods, and spreads abroad in support and blessing to those in need.

Intuitive persons turn away from such, in looking for the high qualities of which I speak. And the unintuitive find in the practical trial of classes or individuals, that bone and muscle, however valuable, are most so as the *instruments*, not the *sources* of the power that is needed; and that a soul rich in love, compassion, joyousness and spontaneous life, will work a body *finely* rather than hugely made up, compact of rich, sound, abundant nerve; close, sensitive fiber; clean, delicate viscera, and bones not too large or coarse, long after the body, which is the opposite of this, is given up by its tenant, in despair or disgust. Material bulkiness

is mere lumber, in protracted, difficult action, if it is not so energized from within, that it can long ignore material wants and external conditions.

Women illustrate the spiritual character of their resources, not only in their superior endurance of hardships, but also of grief, sorrow, pain, sickness, anguish of body or mind. We are accustomed to hear the confessed difference accounted for, in the common saying that "they are more used to it," than men, and this though the difference may fully appear in the first suffering, before *Use* has had the one or the other under tuition.*

And without the stimulus of extraordinary scenes, they will, in the quietness of ordinary life, perform almost incredible labors on occasion; make long journeys with men, enduring the same fatigue; perhaps more, in the care and nursing of young children; bear the same cold and heat; equal or greater loss of sleep, yet never think of drinking a glass of liquor, or tasting tobacco, by way of sustaining themselves. And they will accomplish the travel or the labor, and come out at the end, in as good condition as their companion, who has found these and other comforts necessary to his support, who yet, withal, calls himself the strong lord, and her the weak subject.

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* This is nearly as reasonable as the deduction often made, by persons otherwise intelligent and clear-minded, that the mental and affectional differences between males and females, are of education—not Nature; the tip-toe tread, kindling countenance, subdued tones, and irrepressible delight of little girls, mere infants themselves, over younger infants, going for nothing of course, against the irreverent indifference, and even rowdy bluster and hurrah, which boys of the same age maintain in the sacred presence, and which they wonder with so much indignation, often, at being expected to restrain for "that thing"—a designation for a baby, that a girl would never think of.

Moreover, Women not unfrequently rise from a condition of prostration to one of arduous and sustained action—pass from a state of feebleness and dependence into a career of endurance, an exercise of fortitude, self-suppression, or heroism that is sublime. All persons of much experience have seen this—especially pioneers, adventurers, nurses and physicians; to all of whom it happens, at times, to see men and women tried in those experiences when to live seems far more grievous, burthensome, and difficult than to die; and when all that is noble and brave in the soul is summoned forth to prove itself, not as fine sounding sentiment merely, but as practical, exacting, heroic, self-forgetfulness; as strength, not for its possessor alone, but for others also who are in need. Albeit such action passes mostly unnoted; or it may even, in the overgrown self-complacency of man, be assumed as the natural due from her to whomsoever paid. He says, (often it will be without acknowledgment either in tone or words), "she took care of me and the children in our sickness"—"she was an instrument of Providence for my own and *my* children's preservation." Or he will even direct her to do something, the simplest, it may be, of her numerous offices, which he perceives because it is simple and obvious—never noting that the times of its performance recur innumerably, and fancying that his attention in the one case where he speaks is of momentous consequence. All that is loathsome and most offensive, she assumes as her part, if he shares her labor; not alone from love or tenderness toward the patient; for if it be necessary, she will do the same things for one who has no claim upon her affections, or who is even repulsive and offensive to her; but because of her Over-Life, wherein she is preserved, in the doing, from indig-

nity and degradation, which man would more or less feel or suffer in it. We all know how mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, and female friends go on through such labors, wearing the garments of unbroken vigil for days, weeks, and months; and how unfailingly expectation turns in sickness and suffering to the female side of the household or friendly circle, for mitigating care and sustaining tenderness; for attention that is never to flag; invention that is never to be exhausted; application that is never to weary. And this although the father, husband, son or brother may have equal leisure, and much more health and corporeal power to qualify him as a *mere worker* in the sick room; nay, although the female may be burthened with many cares and toils for those outside of it, who are dependent on her. And if at length she is compelled to remit her personal watchings, it is still to feel herself the responsible person; still to know that the one who temporarily takes her place, is to stand for *her*, and must be one who will not fail *her*.

We all know too, how constantly in the bereaving results of such experiences, Women not only bear their own grief, which, in the case of a mother, is rarely approached by any suffering of the father, but also feel that he is to be sustained, cheered, comforted—his burthen lifted, his thoughts turned from his sorrow—and how, patiently enduring unspeakable torture, burying her anguish with unnoted, because accustomed fortitude; suppressing in his presence the apparent *memory even*, of *her* own loss, the mourning mother assumes the bearing of one fit to counsel, cheer, uphold and encourage him. The intolerable pain of her own wounds she conceals, while he is present, to vent in her solitude; or

she carries it to some tender woman, to pour out in words and tears, when it can no longer be restrained.

The same high qualities in Woman are the sources of her superior capacity to sustain all manner of disappointments and humiliations that befall us in life, and to make growth instead of ruin of them.

The bereaved or rejected male lover is apt to turn to some external excitement for mitigation of his pain. It may be to dissipation, or aimless wandering, or moody withdrawal of himself from relations of tenderness or use to any; or it may be suicide. Thus he proves himself capable of seeking the lower and false, when the higher and true which he craved, is unattainable; or he confesses his lack of that exalted courage and persistent looking upward which keeps light always before the soul, be it ever so dim. His friends congratulate themselves when he does not fall through his pain into inaction or dissipation.

But what Woman ever turned voluntarily from a genuine love, unsatisfied, to sensuality or other wastefulness; ever felt that, going thus out of and below herself, she could find the help she needed? or that any plunge into mere excitement in this world, or death beyond it, could bring the cure for her pain? Not one in thousands. But, suffering from the same cause, a woman either dies of the slow and irresistible sinking of her natural powers; or, having sufficient stamina, both of soul and body, she quietly lifts her head and goes on in her work. She is as likely, in any change that is made in her life by her suffering, to look to something higher and more satisfying to her native goodness, than she before lived in, as man to something lower. If free from the necessity of self-support, she will seek her remedy in some good work; she will

teach the ignorant, clothe the naked, feed the destitute, nurse the suffering—do something, whether it be much or little, that expresses sympathy instead of hardness toward humanity; movement Godward, not evilward.

Jealousy is commonly attributed to Women by men, not because it is a feminine characteristic, but because it pleases the self-love of man to imagine that it exists toward him. The thought is quite common among a large class of men, that only jealousy proves a woman's love. Hence, they are pleased when they see signs of it; it flatters them. And as all men, like all women, desire to be loved, they have a current fashion of alluding to the jealousy of Woman as one of the proofs of their power over her, and of her love for them. But the reverse of this is the actual experience of the sexes; for jealousy is eminently the characteristic of the male everywhere. It is an exaggerated, suspicious, unbalanced, unhappy self-love, and no more belongs to the nature of the feminine, than Ambition or Sensuality. This men constantly acknowledge, whenever, as in the Drama, Music, or other Arts, they portray Masculine and Feminine from a Sentiment instead of an Intellectual theory or belief. All true, noble Art, (which is the very reflection of the Truth it treats), is very constant in its recognition of nobleness, generosity, affection, tenderness and trust between female rivals, and nearly as constant in attributing the opposite feelings to males.

Two women who love the same man, are generally brought in Opera, Tragedy, Comedy, or the Novel, to the gentlest and most affectionate consideration for each other; often it is a concealed strife between them which shall sacrifice her happiness for the other and the lover's sake. A mother finding a rival in some

other woman, will make up her mind heroically to die, and give her children to the woman who has unconsciously robbed her of life, as in Norma. Women defend each other's characters, when they can, in these circumstances—excuse the passion, forgive everything but conduct which evinces sensuality, and that is so unnatural to Woman, that it is the last thing she can forgive in one of her sex. But among male rivals, we know that artists very rarely exhibit such conduct, and it is little seen in real life. A man is considered to have reached the hight of magnanimity, when he can forgive a rival so far as to let him live uninsulted in the same country or community. They are expected to be *ferociously* silent toward each other when they do not quarrel or do worse. And he is reckoned quite superhuman who has reached the point where he can give up his own claims or chances of winning a woman's love, to make way for another—things which average women do frequently. For we must remember that where one man has real cause of jealousy, ten, perhaps twenty women have more cause. And of these, only such as have been prevented in a greater or less degree by man—brought from Love into Self-Love, and so to despair—ever publish their suffering or descend to any of the bitter forms of revenge, insult or injury so common among men.

Woman honors her obligations more deeply than man does. And this whether they be those of her external or internal life. She cannot rest in the non-fulfillment of them, nor calmly face their violation, as he does, for any reason. The unpaid debt of duty or obligation of any kind, weighs too heavily upon her, to be borne voluntarily for any indulgence of herself in

other directions. Only to discharge a greater obligation, can she make herself easy under a lesser one.

To all real secrecy, Woman is more faithful than man, notwithstanding the shallow proverb to the contrary. And both men and women prove that they feel her so, by reposing their most sacred, interior confidence in her. It is in harmony with her nature, whose resources and capacities are interior. She cares little for external, superficial secrets, and if they are communicated to her, may treat them with little respect. They have a shallow, gossiping character to her earnest mind, and may enter into it to depart quickly and carelessly again. But give her a leaf from the inner, invisible records—any experience written there, which, whether you be man or woman, you could scarcely expose to any man but the one you loved—perhaps least of all to him, and it is buried in her bosom for life, as if you had breathed it in a secret prayer. Questioned upon it, she will produce from her abundant interior resources, what she chooses to display, of the unimportant or collateral; and you will take these as principal, and go away, never dreaming of what you have left behind them. Thus she seems often to have given up all, in trifles and persiflage, or in right earnest and plain talk, when the real matter lies unapproachable within. Men perceive something of this, and call women artful because they do not wear their hearts upon their gown-sleeves. But a *Woman* is artistic in the worthy and faithful use of her resources, while *women* only, are artful in their unworthy and unfaithful use of the same. One appropriates them to mean and selfish, the other to noble and generous ends.*

* Since writing the above, I have met with the following

Travelers uniformly agree that the women of remote, barbarous, and even savage countries, are not only more merciful and compassionate, or hospitable and generous than the men, but they are more frank, communicative and intelligent. If the stranger becomes prisoner or guest, it is to them he looks for mercy, mitigations or comforts. If bewildered, he needs directions, it is the women who exhibit the most natural intelligence, brightness and *satisfaction* in giving them. They apprehend the meaning of an unknown language more quickly, and convey their own more clearly in return,

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paragraph, which I give here, as one of those floating straws which show the set of unseen currents:

"SECRETIVENESS OF WOMEN.—We laugh at woman's tongue, and wonder when a woman keeps a secret; but every true woman keeps a box of choice reserves for her own private indulgence. The man's secrets are not hers; if he cannot keep them to himself, let him expect them to be blown abroad. Her own secrets of love, of loss, of self-denial, of unsuspected suffering, no woman exposes altogether, even to her nearest friend. There never lived a husband happy in the true love of his wife, who fairly knew all the depths of her mind about him. Every man profits stupidly by the wise little perceptions that are so quiet, they have no utterance except in deeds of which we vaguely ascribe the fitness to a special faculty called woman's tact. Women, in short, keep to themselves four-fifths of the secrets of society, and do it with a winning air of frankness all their own. A man with a secret will be stony, or provokingly suggestive; he will keep his mouth shut ostentatiously. A woman is too absolutely secret to set up a public sign over whatever may be buried in her mind. She gossips, prattles, pours out what she does not care to hold, with such an air of unreserved simplicity that all mankind is mystified, and says, in friendly jest, 'A woman only hides what she don't know.' Among the uneducated poor, this difference between the woman and the man, is most conspicuous. The innate powers of her sex place her at once upon an eminence which man can only reach by education. She must needs often be tied to one in whom there is not the grain of understanding requisite to the formation of true sympathy. By far the greater number of the wives of unskilled laborers and mechanics live more or less happily, and more or less conscious of the hidden life within them, having such a seal upon their minds and hearts."—*All the Year Round.*

which proves in their sex what cultivated peoples have always acknowledged in it, but turned rather to its reproach that its honor, viz.: its more *perfect excellence in expression*. Natural expression is proportioned in any being to that which it contains for expression. A more perfect degree of power in this direction, implies a greater interior life which is to employ it. Woman's fluency and flexibility of speech, as well as of expression lying both above and below speech, are simply larger means between the cause and the end for which it works. It is a stream flowing from a fountain—the wider and fuller it is, the more abundant must be the fountain, the more bountiful the final measure of its beneficence. The much speech of women has been the reproach of their sex, because in its infancy, they could not always employ it wisely—in their weakness, it must partake this quality. But give Woman the development that will make her earnest; the Consciousness of Power that will make her realize responsibility—the self-reverence which will lift her eyes to the *Divine Uses of her being*, and cause her to regard all else, herself included, as existing for them and to them—helps to their most perfect performance, and she will employ speech, with her other gifts, nobly, divinely to draw to herself the help she needs, or to give that she has to bestow. Proverbial tea-table scandal, parlor, kitchen, or street-gossip, die out in any community or circle of women, as soon as they are permitted to see and realize the truths of their nature and its offices. They become social co-operators to Nature's ends, mutual helpers and sustainers—not criminators of each other. Grave discussion and earnest inquiry take the place of small talk, and the personal dissection which has won the sex an unenviable distinction. Women only need to see a

nobler use of speech, to forget these, and wonder that they could ever have interested them.

There is another quality of the feminine, whose roots strike deep in the nature, and send out great high branches into the heavens of truth and harmony, drawing them as blessed sunshine,

"——— from the sky where they are shrined."

This is Humility. It is the opposite of Pride, the masculine characteristic. Pride reckons itself greater the more it knows: Humility is more humble at every new acquisition. That comes from an outside acquaintance with Truth, or rather from an accumulation of her husks and shells—this from an interior, divine relation with her. Humility loves Truth as a gentle, affectionate child its angelic mother: Pride wears her as a livery, and insults her in the wearing "My truth," says the proud man, swelling himself as he utters the words, with pompous eyes glancing in stately, cold arrogance from right to left—and you feel, as you hear him, that he has done truth a favor in indorsing her; that he reckons himself at the least as worthy of credit, for the patronage he has bestowed on her. You fancy her praying that he will smile on her; and his final condescension in doing so, seems scarcely less than an act of grace in him. "The Truth," says an humble soul, bowing in secret joy and gratitude, that she has shown him her divine countenance, revealed to him one of her beautiful lineaments.

Humility is eminently the spiritual characteristic of the feminine, because, first, of its love, a pre-essential of humility; and second, of its deductive mind, which sees Truth directly, and thus finds its proofs, (the gross food of the masculine pride), quite secondary in import-

ance and weight. Woman is so much at one with Truth, that as soon as her spiritual vision is opened, she becomes humble, whatever may have been her former pride of character, possession, or rank. Only the unregenerate, masculine woman can be proud—only the unwomanly woman can be an aristocrat. It is a contradiction in terms, to say that a WOMAN can be an Aristocrat, though a female may be, certainly. And those of the sex who rank themselves, *by feeling*, here, are its poorest and shallowest; its emptiest, in soul and brain, of Love and Truth. I speak not now of external circumstances; of rank, wealth, or social obligations which separate outwardly between classes and individuals, and which must continue to do so while the masculine reigns; but of the innermost motives and feelings; the views spontaneously taken and expressed, of self and of others. And I affirm that in these, no true Woman can be an aristocrat, whatever her rank. For as Love and Truth are the very essence of Womanhood—its very life of life—they no sooner touch the *soul*, than the hollow shell, *Aristocrat*, tumbles to ruin in the dust of its foundation, pride. She who was, is dead and buried, and a new being has arisen in her place. This is the actual regeneration which the masculine very uniformly needs—which the feminine rarely requires to put it in that attitude toward humanity and truth which may be named divine, because it is loving, tender, cherishing, embracing, maternal.

Woman is the born Democrat of the earth. She stands side by side with Christ, who was the feminine of that system which had its masculine in the Pharisaism and Sadduceeism which he rebuked. That was the Woman, full of tenderness, compassion, consideration—this the Man, full of self-love. arrogance and self-

seeking. That was the democrat—this the aristocrat. This needed conversion, regeneration—that was the convertor—the regenerator. The aristocratic feeling is a vice in Woman, and degenerates her finest life as a canker at the heart of a rose its most precious beauty. Masculine pride employs it in the wife and daughter as instruments of its own more perfect expression. Women thus surrender the divinest motives which Nature can embody in material form, their love and spirituality, to be prostituted to the meaner demands of self-love, which so can advertise and enforce itself upon society, more efficiently and keenly than by any use of its own less perfect instruments.

Riding in a stage coach in Northern New York, one afternoon, a dozen years ago, in company with two men who had grown old in getting rich, I heard their discussion of the helps and hindrances they had met with. The entire worthiness of the career of money-getting, as an absorbing aim in life, was of course assumed between them. Their methods, aims and obstacles, naturally passed in review. I made a note of one item in that, to me curious retrospection of two long lives, and here it is:

"There is one great help a man may sometimes get, in a woman of the *right style*. My first wife made half the fortune we got while she was living, by her aristocratic manner and style. Nobody would ever dream that she had not the income of a duchess for her dress and table; and though she was of a poor family, she never brought any of her poor relations into her house. And she never invited friends or guests of an inferior appearance. In our rooms you never saw a shabby or unstylish man or woman. It makes a great difference to a man's credit and advantages whether

he has such a wife, or a woman who isn't up to these things."

There was no disputing the statement, I thought, nor another which might have been added, that it makes a great difference to a man, in higher interests than his worldly credit, whether he has a Woman in his wife, who, while she cares for his interest, will wrong or injure no other; or only that less being, a female, who may be apt in conventional tactics, able in wearing elegant habiliments, adroit and polished in evading the responsibility of undesirable relations, and skillful in assembling only "cards" around her, and playing them to her own advantage. There are considerations on each side. It is a question of which balance is heavier in the mind of the weigher; both he cannot have. If he chooses the Woman, he must bate somewhat his demands upon the world—if the female, he must give up the Woman.

When Bankrupt Merchants commit suicide, or sink into listless despair on finding their affairs irretrievable, the indulged, petted, apparently helpless wife or grown daughters, often put forth courage, cheerfulness and hope, practically redressing themselves while they sustain and cheer the sinking man.

When frustrated ambition embitters a man, and makes him hate men and the world they control, it often turns out that the women of his household or circle, are his most effective friends and consolers in his disappointment. They may have surrendered much native power, hoping to do him good, in their complicity with his worldliness, and be indeed but half Woman, in the fine spiritual sense; yet even so, they have that still left which turns their nature more readily than his, to somewhat that is higher than schemes and

their failure, promises and perfidy, vaulting hopes and their eclipse through the disgraceful selfishness of rivals.

Nor only in defeat does Woman prove herself stronger and nobler than man. She takes victory in a diviner temper and for larger Uses. A man counts success for himself, or his party—at best, for his country. A Woman naturally reckons it with reference to the larger good that may come from it. If it is a victory of Principle as well as of Party, she has, over and above all the personal triumph, a secret rejoicing in the triumph of Truth and Right. She carries it forward in feeling, if not in her reason, to its larger results; reckons it as a means to the advancement of ends whose most momentous or beneficent issues will appear beyond the party lines she finds drawn around it.

Again; the heaviest calamity to a young family, is the loss by natural or moral death of its mother. Depraved fathers are numerous in every civilized (?) country; but the depraved mother—that is the remediless loss and pain.

The deepest shame one can inherit, is a mother's. A man will perhaps hear his father lightly or severely spoken of, but not his mother, without anger or resentment; not even though the criticism should be just; the one insult which he is bound under any and all circumstances to revenge promptly, being the application of a disgraceful or an infamous epithet to the mother who gave him birth.

The death of a father deprives a family of its natural source of material support and worldly care: that of a mother takes away a deeper and more vital dependence. They bear to each other a relation like that which exists between the material privations a

family may suffer without fatal injury, and the spiritual lack which stamps destitution upon the soul. External support may come from another source. Another's house may shelter, another's bread feed, another's raiment clothe the fatherless son or daughter; but it is always felt that no other heart can be a mother's; no other's tenderness, patience, compassion, or love, be what hers is, or ought to be.

The surviving father disperses his family from natural inability to be both father and mother to it. The surviving mother holds hers together, because she can and will be both. If the father keeps his household, the demands of society, no less than obvious necessity, oblige him to bring into it a Woman in some relation. Especially would he be denounced as grossly remiss, or even brutal, should he attempt to rear daughters, without the care and maternal supervision of one of their own sex.

But the mother, keeping her household circle around her, is never censured because she does not bring into it a man, to share with her the care and responsibility of its development. Society not only permits, but rather expects her to carry on her work by herself, thereby attesting its confidence in her ability to sustain its interests in doing so.

A widowed father is not expected to sacrifice to the highest welfare of his family, his personal hopes and pleasures. He is not censured for refusing to do so; and if he does it, is praised or admired as an exception, rather than an illustration, of his sex's average conduct. But a widowed mother does not exceed the common demands of society in doing this. She is expected to remain its central light and warmth, like the sun in the solar system. So long as it holds its place, the

coming in or going out of a planet is an incident—not organization or destruction.

So far.—

I trust the reader may be brought to appreciate the self-denial it costs me to stop here, where so much remains unsaid on this interesting, and to us, (Women), very important topic, of Woman's more interior nature and nobler affections. I have wholly passed by, or barely hinted at many truths, which in the future treatment of Woman's cause, will unfold into the most powerful arguments for her. Because my aim has been to present those views which will command the most ready assent; to re-read, by the new light which has been vouchsafed to me, those old and patent facts which neither Man nor Woman will deny. I have therefore stayed near the surface. When the assent, which the truths lying there must command, shall be given, there will follow the deeper and more abstract developments, in which I am forbidden present indulgence. Yet how inviting. Woman's *more earnest Faith in the Spiritual-Ideal as the Real:* and the more exalted, because interior, and MATERNAL character of her philanthropy.

These would open the way for statements of the Progress to be made under the lead of the Feminine, which it would be one of the most delightful tasks to set down. For Progress is the product of two elements; the entertained Ideal, with the Power of advancement toward it.

It would be a truism to say that the more spiritual the life, the higher must be the Ideal; and the larger the Love-nature, the stronger the motive-power to realization of it. Because Love desires the largest and purest happiness to all; the absolute good; the per-

fect harmony; and its delight and joy are in struggling toward these. The Spiritual nature is Source to the Ideal. Love is motive to it; Intellect a chief means. Constrained to content ourselves with the hints already given toward the two first in Woman, let us now turn our attention to the last.

CHAPTER III.

CHARACTERIZING INTELLECT OF WOMAN.

The ultimate object of all human effort is an acquaintance with Truth.

It is this to which every movement, thought, impulse, emotion, purpose, aspiration and prayer, whatever its form or color to us, infallibly leads at last. Human action is infinitely varied, but its final object is one, whether in the rudest savage or the most polished civilizee. The Race is brave, resolute, determined, tireless, acquisitive, ambitious, sensual, selfish; generous, noble, delicate, tender, earnest, pure, angelic, that it may in the end arrive at the divine privileges of this illustrious acquaintance.

The conscious motives of Individuals and of Ages may look away from it. Men may even persist in Untruth, from pride or obstinacy, through the greater part, or the whole of a life-time. Communities, held in the iron grasp of self-interest, strengthened by ignorance, may refuse so much as to crack the crust which smoothly spheres them. Men and Women may pronounce that Truth is of less value than old opinions which they have fitted to their lives, as a chosen garment to their bodies. But what then? Does the utterance make it so? The crude ore-veins do not destroy the magnet; they only project traversing forces across the current of its attractions, which never vary, weaken

or waver. When the ore is dug and converted into machinery on the other side of the globe, they still flow on, and their fountain-head is as clear, pure and strong as ever.

Whatever the near or personal motive of Warrior, Statesman, Politician, Scholar, Intellectualist, Moralist, Discoverer, Inventor, Wealth-Seeker, or Miser, the Race employs each to do a part in winning the Great Victory—which, the more we win it, lies still the more clearly and grandly before us—Unwon.

Truth is the pre-existent essence, which we are created that we may know—which we know that we may Love. This is the broad, all-inclusive fate—the inescapable destiny of every conscious creature.

We have a Spirit for the reception and love of Truth, and Intellect for its discovery and interpretation. I say discovery; but it will be seen that there is a qualification to this statement, as we proceed to examine the two characters of Intellect and their respective relations to their Grand Object.

The character of Intellect is determined by its *Method* toward Truth; and for convenience, we will at once give each of the two recognized Methods its proper name of Inductive, or Masculine, and Deductive, or Feminine. They start from the opposing ends of a line, and lead toward each other. It will facilitate our inquiry to see, at this point, the distinction between a Method and its result, for both which, it is at times convenient to employ the same term. Thus, Deduction is a word which expresses both the *Method* and its *product*, and the connection must interpret the more exact meaning of the term, in any given passage. Deduction is a mental process—*a* Deduction, the result to which it conducts.

Of these methods, the former works from without,

where it begins with Forms and Phenomena, (the sensible signs of Truth), inward toward Truth itself: the latter from within, where it begins with Truth, outward to an acquaintance with its sensible signs. By the first, Truth *and* its expressions are to be learned, with the relation between them, which gives these the character of proof to that: By the second, the expressions or signs are to become known.

The original condition of the learner by the one, is ignorance of all three—Truth, her signs, and the relation existing between them: that of the other is ignorance of the signs only—scarcely of them in any abiding or oppressive sense, since Truth sheds around her that radiant atmosphere which makes the very outposts of her kingdom, in some manner, visible from its royal center. The advantage of position is great on this side—the need of labor and patience heavy, on that.

The Inductive learner commences the study of forms and facts, ignorant both of them and of the Truth they will disclose—the Deductive foreknows what they will evolve. The one, by slow, laborious, rude paths; confused and conflicting inquiry, progresses toward Truth; the other is already in the sacred presence, and goes to the kingdoms of Form, Force and Relation—not for *proof* of Truth so much as for the pleasure of acquaintance with her finer and more detailed lineaments; the delight of familiar knowledge of the actual of Nature, which is the Physiognomy of Truth; as one feeling and acknowledging the power and greatness of an artist, beforehand, would therefore find the more exquisite pleasure in seeing his works.

The difference between the two conditions and methods, is that between two visitors to a vast and complicated fortress, of whom one already knows the

internal construction, strength and resources, and is curious mainly to see and enjoy what is without the walls; while the other is ignorant, alike of internal and external, and can only learn the former slowly through the most intimate, patient and faithful study of the latter. At his best, he would be long making this, under the inseparable difficulties of the situation—would probably arrive at many false conclusions from the appearances he beheld, and the chances would be at least several to one, that his theory, when developed, would embody nearly as much of false as of true—nay, it might much more, and have to be altogether set aside when all should be disclosed. The history of Masculine Philosophy and Intellectual Progress is fruitful in actual experiences like this.

Induction (as method) is the *proof* of Truth, implying a state of doubt till the proof is made. An Induction, correctly made, is *a* Truth proved by its outward signs of Fact or Form. But a Truth is no truer proved than unproved; it only thereby is made known to the man who had no eye to see or spirit to welcome it before.

The Inductive intellect is a stately host who keeps his divinest guest waiting on the threshold till letters of introduction are produced—proofs of origin and identity compared and scrutinized; and the blindness he suffers is such, that if false evidence can be adduced in sufficient amount, he is as likely to open his doors to Beelzebub, well arrayed, as to the shining angel—the evidence is so much plainer to his senses than the individual qualities of character to his inner faculties—so much more weighty to his intellect than the divine presence to his inner consciousness.

Deduction (as method) presupposes an intuitive per-

ception of Truth, and a state of trust in her presence, or in her readiness to appear at any fit moment. A deduction correctly made, is the foreshowing of some result, (a form, phenomenon or event), of a Truth already known. The Deductive intellect is a gracious, sweet hostess, who recognizes the heavenly visitant afar off, and hastens to open wide the hospitable door and lead the way to the fairest apartment. *Proofs* are not required here. Each feels and knows each more infallibly than any evidence could prove them. Truth has come to that soul, and the soul knows and joyfully welcomes her. It is paradise henceforth where they two are.

Human intelligence, as distinguished from divine, is Inductive. The Divine employs Truth, foreknowing results, from perfect knowledge of it. The human has to go to results for knowledge of that which produces them.

I limit human in this sense to the Masculine, whether in Man or Woman. For, if we have made any advance in the foregoing pages, we are prepared to acknowledge the feminine as actually, practically—in a philosophical, not a Sentimental sense only, more nearly allied to the divine, and hence as partaking more its character and action. Wherefore, Human and Masculine may, perhaps fairly, be employed interchangeably, in treating the intellectual character and power of mankind on its lower, external side; and feminine and divine may, perhaps without presumption, be used as convertible terms in stating the higher side of the same question. For I speak here of powers and principles—not of persons or even of sexes, since, as we shall presently see, the Deductive power is Man's also, and

the Inductive, in its degree, Woman's. Only the Inductive characterizes Man, and the Deductive Woman.

But it must be noted, that while the power for deduction enlarges, exalts and makes tender, reverent and humble, the spirit of man in his dealing with Truth, the inductive power does not the like service for Woman, but, on the contrary, narrows and hardens her inner life; dims her intuitive vision; gives her arrogance for humility; makes her proud of her knowledge for the dignity of its possession, or the power it confers, and does its best for her when it makes her an ambitious, earnest, zealous fact-seeker, like man; instead of a pure, aspiring Truth-lover, like Woman.

Creation is a grand scheme of pure deduction. Not one of its Forms or Phenomena went before, to justify to the Planning Intellect a following one, or show that the way would lead safely to it. It is a fearless and unquestioning projection of Truth into her descending ultimates, where *man* begins his acquaintance with her. But Woman's place in the Intellectual, as in the Organic and spiritual scales, is between man and the Creator; for she is more in Truth than in her lower ultimates, and receives *these* artistically rather than logically. They *prove* less to her than to man, and nothing to God, who knew them all before they were produced.

Wherefore, being so far more at one with the Divine, Woman is naturally freer in her proper selfhood than man in his. For we are free in proportion to our quantity of Truth—not the amount of evidence we have taken, since evidence is often misinterpreted, or may lie long in the mind without producing fruits of freedom—dumb because it has reached only the

logical faculty, and stops in that prison of the higher intellect.

This character of the feminine intellect is universally admitted, but no less paradoxically than is Woman's higher spirituality, by men whose most voluble acknowledgment thereof no wise loosens the spiritual bondage which the pride of their self-love imposes on her. Men admit the deductive mind in Woman; but they are much inclined to deny its intrinsic value in her; a natural result of their having seen it but little employed in work that is manifest to their coarser appreciation.

The distinguishing office of the deductive is that of Announcer. But this has hitherto been filled by deductive or Womanly-minded men. For Woman herself has not yet reached it. In her subjection she has not had light enough to see her own nature, nor acquired, even in the best conditions, personality enough to trust herself in following its graver tendencies—specially those which contradistinguish her from man as this does. The moral and intellectual disadvantages under which she has held her power and position through the ages, even in states that have most favored her freedom, have been too over-ruling to permit any spontaneous play of her intellect. She has been intelligent, capable or imbecile; but whichever it was, always by *sufferance* of a power that was stronger in the outward, material and ruling qualities, than her own power. Hence, fruit of her deductive capacity—such fruit as can be seen in physics, ethics, or metaphysics; in Church, State, or the organic features of Society—is yet wanting. But if these are the highest and most beneficent uses of this capacity, are they not as certain to appear in their due season, as tides on the

sea-shore, or leaves on the spring forest? I say *if* they are the highest, because many persons, both men and women, conscientiously believe that they are. I do not. Neither do I wonder at any man's entertaining the opposite view, since it is natural that he should regard what he accepts as highest for himself, as being the same to Woman. I only wonder when women are capable of believing—still more of *feeling* that it is so.

There is strong presumptive ground for the statement that all *discovery* is of Deductive origin, and that only the inferior work of confirmation is left to the Inductive power. It is unquestionable that great inventions are made by deduction from the law to its practical working—the facts. Such is the nature of the human mind and of the external world, and such the relation between them, that the discovery of a Truth, whether statical or dynamical, must almost necessarily precede any logical statement of the facts from which it could be Induced. Thus the development of the Exact and Positive Sciences must begin in Deduction, and can only be carried forward by Induction. The great body of Mathematical reasoning is from Truth to its ultimates—from law to its products; and the Positive Sciences have their origin in an intuitive perception of Nature's order, around which are subsequently grouped the facts which prove their existence and modus.

The discoverer is the Artist; he who follows him, the laborer. The former deduces certain facts from the truth which he perceives by the natural relationship of his mind to it; the latter goes abroad as a workman over the fields where the facts are to be found, and gathers them to its illustration. One rejoices in a free, divine attraction to Truth—the other works under constraint

of a law shown to his understanding, and which may attract or repel his more divine parts; but which, in either case, so far as it enlists him among its advocates, demands of his intellect and his self-love (pride) the proof that will enable it to challenge minds like his own, and that will glorify him as its expounder.

As distinguished from the experimental (inductive), method, the deductive is sometimes called the Ideal. Because its discoveries are based upon Ideas antecedent to any knowledge of the Facts of those Ideas. Thus Columbus stated a deduction from the law of sphericity in the earths; and the discovery of America was the fact which verified his deduction. But was America any less a fact before its discovery by him, or his deduction any less true before its verifying fact was known? And which was more Godlike, to reason, from an unseen truth which governs the systems of the universe, to one of its facts, or to travel away like any hardy, resolute, heroic adventurer, to find the fact? Inductive minds abounded in Columbus' day; minds filled with love of adventure, joined to bodies apt for toil, privation and hardship, but there was found only a Woman who could see (or feel) that his deduction had enough color of truth in it to justify the costly attempt at proving it. And only the inspiration of the universal truth which furnished his deduction, and lay like a majestic, fast-anchored mountain, back of all fluctuations of feeling, or readings of insignificant fact touching it, could have sustained him through his long martyrdom of solicitation and denial. It is the secret of the sublime persistency of such minds. Their inmosts are lighted by the sacred fire which glows forever on the altars of Truth, and they cannot turn away from

it. Thenceforth it is only in *inaction* that they can suffer martyrdom.

The whole race of men had witnessed the oscillation of suspended bodies, before Galileo sat in the Florentine Cathedral, watching the slow vibrations of the chandelier from its high ceiling; but no mind had fitness to receive the Truth which that simple fact expressed, till he there seized and interpreted it as a Law, whose facts run now into every department of Mechanics.

There could have been no induction for Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. Some single fact, like that just mentioned, must have touched the deductive faculty in him, or perhaps in some obscure predecessor of his. And, quick as thought, the great truth of vital ebb and flow stood before the mind; and lo! what a world of phenomena was revealed, of whose existence men had not dreamed.

It was a deduction of Jenner, that the infusion into the blood, of a certain virus, would give immunity from the disease it would communicate by coming there accidentally.

The first development of every law of mechanics—the initiation of all inventions therefore—must be purely deductive. From Franklin down, the successive new uses of Electricity, have been foreseen or first discovered deductively. Darwin, who was a Poet as well as a Philosopher, described the Steam-Engine, in imaginative style, before one had ever been built. His deductive mind foresaw propulsion by that agent, as one of the *facts* of the universal *law* of force in compressed fluids; and there remain more important deductions than these, in the department of motors, yet unrealized. Among these are Aerial navigation and Electric propulsion, which, as principles of natural

forces and their results, are as true to-day, and have been from the beginning, as they will be a quarter of a century or a century hence, when they will have superseded steam, and left to marine navigation only the transportation of heavy materials.

But the Inductive Method was indispensable in the infancy, though not at the birth of Positive Science. It has done incalculable service in developing its external aspects, to the understanding of *man*kind; which is generally fitted to receive those first—the signs of Truth being so much more legible and real to most masculine minds than Truth herself. But the origin of this Method itself, so much vaunted by its followers, seems to me to have been a magnificent Deduction by Bacon, from the invariable law of relation between Truths and their facts—a deduction which he reached, not by the evidence of facts, but by virtue of a giant mind, in which Nature's order and harmony were perceived and felt as altogether reliable, so that Cause and Effect, (Truth and her signs), could be trusted to hold always a like relation to each other. And as effects are manifested all around us, while causes are to the mass of men occult, till revealed through their effects, it was a momentous work so to systematize the study of effects that we could enjoy a certain secure hope of reaching, through them, their causes.

But the necessity for this slow, rude, conflictive approach to Truth, could only continue through the period of the infancy of the Sciences; for the mind as naturally tends from facts, which make their purely intellectual, external, masculine phases, toward Truth, as the aspirations from the Actual to the Ideal. And when it has risen to a certain relation to Truth, it leaves the study of facts as evidence, and seeks them only as

knowledge, or for the Artistic acquaintance which they give us with Truth, in her proportions and lineaments. When we reach the point of development at which we no longer require facts, or where we employ them only subordinately to confirm previously conceived Truths, we see that the Inductive Method, great as it was, and overruling for its time, is temporary, and as a leader, destined to be quickly superseded in the mind whose growing unity with Truth makes it welcome spiritual growth, as the joy of existence—the divine privilege which makes life at its poorest, an inestimable blessing—at its best, a gift which highest angels can scarce appreciate.

This system had a magnificent culmination in Gall and Humboldt, of whom the latter was the fervent priest of the Material, the former of the Human-Material world. Humboldt ransacked the Objective Creation for its facts of mountain, strata, currents, temperatures, living beings, relations, adaptations, reservations, whether of matter or force; and swept them, by the grasp and order of a mighty, unfaltering mind, into generalizations whose value only posterity can estimate. Gall descended upon the Subjective, in its highest organic department. He employed the inductive method, (from a deductive perception primarily), to introduce us once for all into the courts of the inner earthly sanctuary of Truth, the material home of the spirit—the Brain. And in the light and strength of that position, we seem thenceforth to require but a casual, secondary use of that method, in the study of Humanity.

Thirty years after Bacon, came the man who may be said to have been on the Ideal side, his analogue on the Experimental one. This was Descartes, of whom

writes Mr. Buckle, "The least that can be said, was that he effected a Revolution more decisive than has ever been brought about by any other single mind."

Bacon rejected Consciousness and all internal action as a trustworthy source of belief, and declared that Experimental proof was the only proof. Descartes announced and defended the certitude of Consciousness and the sufficiency of the human mind. He refused to entertain first external evidence, and went straight to the innermost of life—its Consciousness. Clearly to see through that, he declared was to see truth. Thence acquaintance with her ultimates, was comparatively easy.

These men well represent the two systems. Descartes was with Truth, at the center of a sphere, on every one of whose innumerable radii were strung her signs—deductions to which he could journey at pleasure, resting calmly in his great possession of *her*. Bacon was at the circumference, and knew not what was within, nor could he, till he should travel to the center, and gather the suspended facts for witnesses.

Mr. Lewes, who does not belong to the Deductive school, either by capacity or sensibility, says that, "In its infancy, Science cannot be carried on by the Deductive Method alone: Such a process," he however admits, "is reserved for its maturity;" mark, a higher stage, wherefore a more advanced process for its conduct. The infantile, purely material, and logical period of the natural, and I think of the moral sciences also, falls therefore to the drudging Inductionists; and great is the number of them throughout the Masculine Era, and very valuable their work.*

* Professor Agassiz, a name well known and honored in the intellectual world, said lately in a public address, that he had

A fact has value; an array of them may become a very bulwark, not of Truth—for she needs none; but of the human intellect, in declaring and defending her. The world of facts is an armory, whence the combatant for Truth may draw effective weapons; but an armory is not a cause. In our adoration of facts, it is possible for us to forget that Truth is *before* and *above* them all; is the eternal, of which they are but the perishable, fragmentary forms—is the spirit of which they are the body only. The old philosopher had a graver weight in his balance than we are apt to believe, when, to one who alleged that his theory was at war with facts, he complacently replied, "So much the worse for the facts." There is a saying one hears sometimes, too, in the mouth of intelligent, and even thoughtful persons, that experience as often confirms error as develops truth. It is an extravagant statement, but it has a deep color of truth in the history of mankind.

"But this Deductive Method," adds Mr. Lewes, speaking of Descartes and his time, "though premature, was puissant. Science is forced to employ it, and Bacon's greatest error was in not sufficiently acknow-

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devoted twenty-five years to natural science, and their fruit was a single discovery, which he stated, in a sentence that did not exceed three lines of a newspaper column. I am sorry that no pains have enabled me to give his exact words, having unfortunately lost the original slip on which I had preserved them, and in this connection no other would have their value. But whatever their precise meaning, it would be quite in accordance with the common experience of such laborious students, that ten, twenty, or fifty years hence another should show that this result of so much labor is either untrue, or but partly true, and so set it aside, or supersede it by another truth to which it perhaps but pointed the way.

ledging it. Hence, we may partly account for the fact that Bacon, with his cautious method, made no discoveries, while Descartes, with his premature method, made important discoveries."

I should rather say Bacon, with his groping, suspicious method. We do not expect a man who is blindfolded, to discover unknown objects, their properties and relations; neither one who assumes the non-existence of a truth that is not proved or about to be proved, to stretch out the open hand of generous trust in the unseen and unproved. He must try every object, and step according to his ability. His pride and safety are in withholding belief to the last moment; till there is not a shadow of doubt left to wrap himself in—not a vapor of question to float between him and the sun of Truth. This is the position of the experimentalist who has shut the inner ear against the utterance of Truth, and closed the inner eye to her divine radiance. He treats her rather as an impostor than as an honored, sacred guest. Her presence proves nothing to his sealed Consciousness; he will hale her before his court, and prove her there, as he would a criminal, who, instead of endeavoring to establish, is trying to escape his own identity.

If this method could be kept pure from the influences and help of the opposing one, the love for Truth in the human soul would soon be swamped in a hopeless mire of sensual facts, whence it must always take its start in the search for proof; and its followers would be lost where so many of the brilliant men of its reign, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were lost, in a chill, dreary haze of unbelief.* But Nature

* There can be no rational doubt that the reactionary skepticism in religious matters among the cultivated men of the time

never leaves her post, though at times she may seem to slumber on it. She never abandons us thus to the cold mercies of fact and sense. Not even the whole lifetime of an individual is ever thus given up by her, still less the collective life of a generation, an age, a community, or a State—that life which flows, as certainly as the river to the ocean, toward marriage with Truth, because it loves and yearns for her, unseen; and sees her too, with a vision independent of the natural eye, and recognizes her by proofs to which the staunchest facts may be cold and dead—nay, even repulsive.

Swedenborg was both Inductive and Deductive. He wrote voluminously from the vast resources and fields of his experimental knowledge: books enough, with ability and truth enough in them, to have made the imperishable fame of three or four men. But Swedenborg lives among us to-day, much more by virtue of his deductions than of his inductions. All that is purely inductive in his works could be sunk, and his stature not lowered by so much as the hundredth part of an inch. Hear his own statement of the relation seen by him, between Truth and her signs. It is thus stated in the first volume of the Animal Kingdom: "In our doctrine of Representations and Correspondences, we shall treat of both these symbolical and typical resemblances, and of the astonishing things which occur, I will not say, in the living body only, but throughout Nature, and which correspond so entirely to supreme and spiritual things, that one would swear that the physical world was purely symbolical of the spiritual world; insomuch, that if we choose to express any natural truth in physical and definite vocal terms, and

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referred to, was much increased by the intellectual tendency to trust only to experimental proof in physics.

to convert these only into the corresponding and spiritual terms, we shall by this means elicit a spiritual truth, or a theological dogma, in place of the natural truth or precept; although no mortal would have predicted that anything of the kind could possibly arise by bare literal transposition, inasmuch as the one precept, considered separately from the other, appears to have absolutely no relation to it. I intend hereafter to communicate a number of examples of such correspondences, together with a vocabulary containing the terms of spiritual things, as well as of the physical things for which they are to be substituted."

Swedenborg's place was on the Spiritual side of the law of Correspondences, though he was abundantly capable of occupying the external one when he would. Observing, collating, collecting, from outward sources—what would have been the sufficient work of an ordinary life-time to a first-rate Inductionist, were only the lighter, temporary occupations of the earlier years of his; and wonderful as is the scope of the Scientific works then produced by him, time and the ever-increasing needs of the human soul for the higher truths which he announced, have caused them to be quite overlooked, except among scholars and literats.

For, as Mr. Emerson says, "Men take truths of this nature very fast; * * he is a rich discoverer, and of things which most import us to know. * * He saw things in their law, in likeness of function, not of structure. There is an invariable method and order in his delivery of truth, the habitual proceeding of the mind, from inmost to outmost; * * a theoretic or speculative man, but whom no practical man in the universe could affect to scorn."

Swedenborg's center was God, as the highest Ideal

it can reach, is always center to the Deductive mind. From this he traveled downward and outward, by a thousand lines of deduction, into the moral and physical. He necessarily assumed this Highest from being largely at one with it; and thence, low, lower, lowest, were as inevitable to him as to It. Forms of Truth were of course inevitable to the eye which saw Truth as the formative force of the universe. His biographer says, "Theory was his joy. * * His ignorance, however, of Philosophy, and inability to learn or remember it, were the defenses of that freedom which made him what he was. In this he was like other originators, who happily did not comprehend the details of that which they departed from; had they understood these in the way in which Sympathy understands, it is probable that they would have escaped in time from their systematic fascination. The same allegation has been made of Bacon, who they say would never have attacked Aristotle, had he appreciated him. It is very probable, and shows that a certain ignorance is a genial night when a new birth is to come. That which originates novelties, is some new want, and no merely intellectual quarrel with the past; hence, to this extent the past cannot fairly be attended to."*

This language, so true of the greatest mind that has ever appeared on our earth, is also eminently applicable to Woman. It is because she is deductive, that she is impatient of proofs, which men seek eagerly, and have a prouder delight in finding, than she in finding the truth to which the proofs but point. And it is for this reason chiefly, that Woman has held, as yet,

* Biography of Swedenborg, by John James Garth Wilkinson, London, 1849.

no direct relation to the development of Science. She is ignorant of Philosophy, and unable to remember what men call by that name, but which appears to her to consist less of Truth than of their disputes about her. Woman does not care for the conflicts of opinion; she does not value supremely the

"——— dust of systems and of creeds."

She will not learn and bear them about to burthen her spirit, because when she rises to the capacity to be interested in Truth, she finds herself attracted and led to the sacred presence, and is therefore indifferent to others' views of what she approaches and sees for herself.

I have omitted to mention in their order, chronological or intrinsic, three of the most signal deductive discoveries that have ever come to the aid of Science, for the sake of introducing here their very able and candid treatment by Mr. Buckle, than whom no man of our day is better able to estimate and set forth their true character and weight.

The extract below, is from his address on the Influence of Woman on the Progress of Knowledge, and I have the greater pleasure in giving it here, not simply because of its truth, in the main, but because he everywhere, in the great work which his early and deeply lamented death cut off in its beginning, so entirely ignores the feminine, as a force in any degree contributive to, or affecting the character of Civilization, that ordinary readers quite lose sight of it in his brilliant pages. Of the very masculine type, a pure intellectualist, rejecting almost scornfully every improved theory, and denying all hope of progress but that which springs from the accumulation of knowledge and

its direct influences, as such, on the human mind and conduct, burying the individual in the social—giving up *man* to be dealt with by *men*, as a mere insensate piece in a vast system of machinery—denying Consciousness and her eldest born, Free-Will, disqualifying himself thus, one would say, to feel, see or judge Woman, Mr. Buckle still assigns to her here, a noble position and a great power. True, he does not see whither his premises lead—perhaps he never could have, but I believe he would have been equally unreserved in laying them down, had this great privilege been his, along with others that he enjoyed.

Mr. Buckle affirms that Woman is primarily or chiefly deductive, and man only secondarily or exceptionally so. After drawing the general distinction between these two minds and their function, he says:

"You now see the difference between induction and deduction; and you see, too, that both methods are valuable, and that any conclusion must be greatly strengthened if we can reach it by two such different paths. To connect this with the question before us, I will endeavor to establish two propositions. First, that women naturally prefer the deductive method to the inductive. Secondly, that women, by encouraging in men deductive habits of thought, have rendered an immense, though unconscious service, to the progress of knowledge, by preventing scientific investigators from being as exclusively inductive as they would otherwise be.

"In regard to women being by nature more deductive, and men more inductive, you will remember that induction assigns the first place to particular facts; deduction to general propositions or ideas. Now, there are several reasons why women prefer the deductive, and if I may so say, ideal method. They are more emotional, more enthusiastic, and more imaginative than men; they therefore live more in an ideal world;

while men, with their colder, harder and austerer organizations, are more practical and more under the dominion of facts, to which they consequently ascribe a higher importance. Another circumstance which makes women more deductive, is that they possess more of what is called intuition. They cannot see so far as men can, but what they do see, they see quicker. Hence, they are constantly tempted to grasp at once at an idea, and seek to solve a problem suddenly, in contradistinction to the slower and more laborious ascent of the inductive investigator.

"That women are more deductive than men, because they think quicker than men, is a proposition which some persons will not relish, and yet it may be proved in a variety of ways. Indeed, nothing could prevent its being universally admitted except the fact, that the remarkable rapidity with which women think, is obscured by that miserable, that contemptible, that preposterous system called their education, in which valuable things are carefully kept from them, and trifling things carefully taught to them, until their fine and nimble minds are too often irretrievably injured. It is on this account, that in the lower classes the superior quickness of women is even more noticeable than in the upper; and an eminent physician, Dr. Currie, mentions in one of his letters, that when a laborer and his wife came together to consult him, it was always from the woman that he gained the clearest and most precise information, the intellect of the man moving too slowly for his purpose. To this I may add another observation which many travelers have made, and which any one can verify; namely, that when you are in a foreign country, and speaking a foreign language, women will understand you quicker than men will; and that for the same reason, if you lose your way in a town abroad, it is always best to apply to a woman, because a man will show less readiness of apprehension.

"These and other circumstances which might be adduced—such, for instance, as the insight into character possessed by women, and the fine tact for which they

are remarkable—prove that they are more deductive than men for two principal reasons. First, because, they are quicker than men. Secondly, because, being more emotional and enthusiastic, they live in a more ideal world, and therefore prefer a method of inquiry which proceeds from ideas to facts, leaving to men the opposite method of proceeding from facts to ideas.

"My second proposition is, that women have rendered great, though unconscious service, to science, by encouraging and keeping alive this habit of deductive thought; and that if it were not for them, scientific men would be much too inductive, and the progress of our knowledge would be hindered. There are many here who will not willingly admit this proposition, because in England, since the first half of the seventeenth century, the inductive method, as the means of arriving at physical truths, has been the object, not of rational admiration, but of a blind and servile worship; and it is constantly said, that since the time of Bacon, all great physical discoveries have been made by that process. If this be true, then of course the deductive habits of women must, in reference to the progress of knowledge, have done more harm than good. But it is not true. It is not true that the greatest modern discoveries have all been made by induction; and the circumstance of its being believed to be true, is one of many proofs how much more successful Englishmen have been in making discoveries than in investigating the principles according to which discoveries are made.

"The first instance I will give you of the triumph of the deductive method, is in the most important discovery yet made respecting the inorganic world; I mean the discovery of the law of gravitation by Sir Isaac Newton. Several of Newton's other discoveries were, no doubt, inductive, in so far as they merely assumed such provisional and tentative hypotheses as are always necessary to make experiments fruitful. But it is certain that his greatest discovery of all was deductive, in the proper sense of the word; that is to say, the process of reasoning from ideas was out of all proportion large, compared to the process of reasoning from facts.

Five or six years after the accession of Charles II., Newton was sitting in a garden, when (you all know this part of the story), an apple fell from a tree. Whether he had been already musing respecting gravitation, or whether the fall of the apple directed his thoughts into that channel is uncertain, and is immaterial to my present purpose, which is merely to indicate the course his mind actually took. His object was to discover some law, that is, rise to some higher truth respecting gravity, than was previously known. Observe how he went to work. He sat still where he was, and he thought. He did not get up to make experiments concerning gravitation, nor did he go home to consult observations which others had made, or to collate tables of observations; he did not even continue to watch the external world, but he sat, like a man entranced and enraptured, feeding on his own mind, and evolving idea after idea. He thought that if the apple had been on a higher tree—if it had been on the highest known tree, it would have equally fallen.

"Thus far, there was no reason to think that the power which made the apple fall, was susceptible of diminution; and if it were not susceptible of diminution, why should it be susceptible of limit? If it were unlimited and undiminished, it would extend above the earth; it would reach the moon and keep her in her orbit. If the power which made the apple fall, was actually able to control the moon, why should it stop there? Why should not the planets also be controlled, and why should not they be forced to run their course by the necessity of gravitating towards the sun, just as the moon gravitated towards the earth? His mind thus advancing from idea to idea, he was carried by imagination into the realms of space, and still sitting, neither experimenting nor observing, but heedless of the operations of Nature, he completed the most sublime and majestic speculation that it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. Owing to an inaccurate measurement of the diameter of the earth, the details which verified this stupendous conception, were not completed till twenty years later, when Newton, still

pursuing the same process, made a deductive application of the laws of Kepler: so that both in the beginning and in the end, the greatest discovery of the greatest natural philosopher the world has yet seen, was the fruit of the deductive method. See how small a part the senses played in that discovery! It was the triumph of the idea! It was the audacity of genius! It was the outbreak of a mind so daring, and yet so subtile, that we have only Shakspeare's with which to compare it. To pretend, therefore, as many have done, that the fall of the apple was the cause of the discovery, and then to adduce that as a confirmation of the idle and superficial saying that 'great events spring from little causes,' only shows how unable such writers are to appreciate what our masters have done for us. No great event ever sprung, or ever will spring, from a little cause; and this, the greatest of all discoveries, had a cause fully equal to the effect produced. The cause of the discovery of the law of gravitation was not the fall of the apple, nor was it anything that occurred in the external world. The cause of the discovery of Newton, was the mind of Newton himself."

"The next instance I will mention of the successful employment of the *à priori*, or deductive method, concerns the mineral kingdom. If you take a crystallized substance as it is usually found in Nature, nothing can at first sight appear more irregular and capricious. Even in its simplest form, the shape is so various as to be perplexing; but natural crystals are generally met with, not in primary forms, but in secondary ones, in which they have a singularly confused and uncouth aspect. These strange-looking bodies had long excited the attention of philosophers, who, after the approved inductive fashion, subjected them to all sorts of experiments; divided them, broke them up, measured them, weighed them, analyzed them, thrust them into crucibles, brought chemical agents to bear upon them, and did everything they could think of to worm out the secret of these crystals, and get at their mystery. Still, the mystery was not revealed to them. At length, late in the eighteenth century, a Frenchman named Haüy,

one of the most remarkable men of a remarkable age, made the discovery, and ascertained that these native crystals, irregular as they appear, are in truth perfectly regular, and that their secondary forms deviate from their primary forms by a regular process of diminution; that is, by what he termed laws of decrement—the principles of decrease being as unerring as those of increase. Now, I beg that you will particularly notice how this striking discovery was made. Haüy was essentially a poet; and his great delight was to wander in the *Jardin du Roi*, observing Nature, not as a physical philosopher, but as a poet. Though his understanding was strong, his imagination was stronger; and it was for the purpose of filling his mind with ideas of beauty that he directed his attention at first to the vegetable kingdom, with its graceful forms and various hues. His poetic temperament luxuriating in such images of beauty, his mind became saturated with ideas of symmetry, and Cuvier assures us that it was in consequence of those ideas that he began to believe that the apparently irregular forms of native crystals were in reality regular; in other words, that in them, too, there was a beauty—a hidden beauty—though the senses were unable to discern it. As soon as this idea was firmly implanted in his mind, at least half the discovery was made; for he had got the key to it, and was on the right road, which others had missed, because, while they approached minerals experimentally, on the side of the senses, he approached them speculatively, on the side of the idea. This is not a mere fanciful assertion of mine, since Haüy himself tells us, in his great work on Mineralogy, that he took, as his starting-point, ideas of the symmetry of form, and that from those ideas he worked down deductively to his subject. It was in this way, and of course after a long series of subsequent labors, that he read the riddle which had baffled his able but unimaginative predecessors. And there are two circumstances worthy of note, as confirming what I have said respecting the real history of this discovery. The first is, that although Haüy is universally admitted to be the founder of the science, his means of observa-

tion were so rude that subsequent crystallographers declare that hardly any of his measurements of angles are correct; as indeed is not surprising, inasmuch as the goniometer which he employed was a very imperfect instrument; and that of Wollaston, which acts by reflection, was not then invented. The other circumstance is, that the little mathematics he once knew, he had forgotten amid his poetic and imaginative pursuits; so that, in working out the details of his own science, he was obliged, like a school-boy, to learn the elements of Geometry before he could prove to the world what he had already proved to himself, and could bring the laws of the science of form to bear upon the structure of the mineral kingdom.

"To these cases of the application of what may be termed the ideal method, to the inorganic world, I will add another from the organic department of Nature. Those among you who are interested in botany, are aware that the highest morphological generalization we possess respecting plants, is the great law of metamorphosis, according to which the stamens, pistils, corollas, bracts, petals, and so forth, of every plant, are simply modified leaves. It is now known that these various parts, different in shape, different in color, and different in function, are successive stages of the leaf—epochs, as it were, of its history. The question naturally arises, who made this discovery? Was it some inductive investigator, who had spent years in experiments and minute observations of plants, and who, with indefatigable industry, had collected them, classified them, given them hard names, dried them, laid them up in his herbarium that he might at leisure study their structure and rise to their laws? Not so. The discovery was made by Goethe, the greatest poet Germany has produced, and one of the greatest the world has ever seen. And he made it, not in spite of being a poet, but because he was a poet. It was his brilliant imagination, his passion for beauty, and his exquisite conception of form, which supplied him with ideas, from which, reasoning deductively, he arrived at conclusions by descent—not by ascent. He stood on an

eminence, and looking down from the hights generalized the law. Then he descended into the plains, and verified the idea. When the discovery was announced by Goethe, the botanists not only rejected it, but were filled with wrath at the notion of a poet invading their territory. What! a man who made verses and wrote plays, a mere man of imagination, a poor creature who knew nothing of facts—who had not even used the microscope—who had made no great experiments on the growth of plants; was he to enter the sacred precincts of physical science, and give himself out as a philosopher? It was too absurd. But Goethe, who had thrown his idea upon the world, could afford to wait and bide his time. You know the result. The men of facts at length succumbed before the man of ideas; the philosophers, even on their own ground, were beaten by the poet; and this great discovery is now received and eagerly welcomed by those very persons who, if they had lived fifty years ago, would have treated it with scorn, and who even now still go on in their old routine, telling us, in defiance of the history of our knowledge, that all physical discoveries are made by the Baconian method, and that any other method is unworthy the attention of sound and sensible thinkers.

"One more instance, and I have done with this part of the subject. The same great poet made another important physical discovery in precisely the same way. Goethe, strolling in a cemetery near Venice, stumbled on a skull which was lying before him. Suddenly the idea flashed across his mind that the skull was composed of vertebræ; in other words, that the bony covering of the head was simply an expansion of the bony covering of the spine. This luminous idea was afterwards adopted by Oken and a few other great naturalists in Germany and France; but it was not received in England till ten years ago, when Mr. Owen took it up, and in his very remarkable work on the *Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton*, showed its meaning and purpose as contributing towards a general scheme of philosophic anatomy. That the discovery was made by Goethe late in the eighteenth century is certain, and it is equally

certain that for fifty years afterwards the English anatomists, with all their tools and all their dissections, ignored or despised that very discovery which they are now compelled to accept.

"You will particularly observe the circumstances under which this discovery was made. It was not made by some great surgeon, dissector, or physician, but it was made by a great poet, and amidst scenes most likely to excite a poetic temperament. It was made in Venice, that land so calculated to fire the imagination of a poet; the land of marvels, the land of poetry and romance, the land of painting and of song. It was made, too, when Goethe, surrounded by the ashes of the dead, would be naturally impressed with those feelings of solemn awe, in whose presence the human understanding, rebuked and abashed, becomes weak and helpless, and leaves the imagination unfettered to wander in that ideal world which is its own peculiar abode, and from which it derives its highest aspirations.

"It has often seemed to me that there is a striking similarity between this event and one of the most beautiful episodes in the greatest production of the greatest man the world has ever possessed; I mean Shakspeare's *Hamlet*. You remember that wonderful scene in the churchyard, when Hamlet walks in among the graves, where the brutal and ignorant clowns are singing and jeering and jesting over the remains of the dead. You remember how the fine imagination of the great Danish thinker is stirred by the spectacle, albeit he knows not yet that the grave which is being dug at his feet, is destined to contain all that he holds dear upon earth. But though he wists not of this, he is moved like the great German poet, and he, like Goethe, takes up a skull, and his speculative faculties begin to work. Images of decay crowd on his mind as he thinks how the mighty are fallen and have passed away. In a moment, his imagination carries him back two thousand years, and he almost believes that the skull he holds in his hand, is indeed the skull of Alexander, and in his mind's eye he contrasts the putrid bone with what it once contained, the brain of the scourge and conqueror

of mankind. Then it is that suddenly he, like Goethe, passes into an ideal physical world, and seizing the great doctrine of the indestructibility of matter, that doctrine which in his age it was difficult to grasp, he begins to show how, by a long series of successive changes, the head of Alexander might have been made to subserve the most ignoble purposes; the substance being always metamorphosed, never destroyed. 'Why,' asks Hamlet, 'why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander?' when, just as he is about to pursue this train of ideas, he is stopped by one of those men of facts, one of those practical and prosaic natures, who are always ready to impede the flight of genius. By his side stands the faithful, the affectionate, but the narrow-minded Horatio, who, looking upon all this as the dream of a distempered fancy, objects that—'twere to consider too curiously to consider so.' O! what a picture! what a contrast between Hamlet and Horatio; between the idea and the sense; between the imagination and the understanding. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.' Even thus was Goethe troubled by his contemporaries, and thus too often speculation is stopped, genius is chilled, and the play and swell of the human mind repressed because ideas are made subordinate to facts, because the external is preferred to the internal, and because the Horatios of action discourage the Hamlets of thought.

"Much more could I have said to you on this subject, and gladly would I have enlarged on so fruitful a theme as the philosophy of scientific method; a philosophy too much neglected in this country, but of the deepest interest to those who care to rise above the little instincts of the hour, and who love to inquire into the origin of our knowledge, and into the nature of the conditions under which that knowledge exists. But I fear that I have almost exhausted your patience in leading you into paths of thought which, not being familiar, must be somewhat difficult, and I can hardly hope that I have succeeded in making every point perfectly clear. Still, I do trust that there is no obscurity as to the general results. I trust that I have not altogether

raised my voice in vain before this great assembly, and that I have done at least something towards vindicating the use in physical science of that deductive method which, during the last two centuries, Englishmen have unwisely despised. Not that I deny for a moment the immense value of the opposite or inductive method. Indeed, it is impossible for any one standing in this theater to do so. It is impossible to forget that within the precincts of this building, great secrets have been extorted from Nature by induction alone. Under the shadow and protection of this noble Institution, men of real eminence, men of power and thought, have, by a skillful employment of that method, made considerable additions to our knowledge, have earned for themselves the respect of their contemporaries, and well deserve the homage of posterity. To them, all honor is due; and I, for one, would say, let that honor be paid freely, ungrudgingly, and with an open and bounteous heart. But I venture to submit that all discoveries have not been made by this, their favorite process. I submit that there is a spiritual, a poetic, and for aught we know, a spontaneous and uncaused element in the human mind, which ever and anon, suddenly and without warning, gives us a glimpse and a forecast of the future, and urges us to seize truth as it were by anticipation. In attacking the fortress, we may sometimes storm the citadel without stopping to sap the outworks. That great discoveries have been made in this way, the history of our knowledge decisively proves. And if, passing from what has been already accomplished, we look at what remains to be done, we shall find that the necessity of some such plan is likely to become more and more pressing. The field of thought is rapidly widening, and as the horizon recedes on every side, it will soon be impossible for the mere logical operations of the understanding to cover the whole of that enormous and outlying domain. Already the division of labor has been pushed so far that we are in imminent danger of losing in comprehensiveness more than we gain in accuracy. In our pursuit after special truths, we run no small risk of dwarfing our own minds.

By concentrating our attention, we are apt to narrow our conceptions, and to miss those commanding views which would be attained by a wider though perhaps less minute survey. It is but too clear that something of this sort has already happened, and that serious mischief has been wrought. For, look at the language and sentiments of those who profess to guide, and who in some measure do guide, public opinion in the scientific world. According to their verdict, if a man does something specific and immediate, if, for instance, he discovers a new acid or a new salt, great admiration is excited, and his praise is loudly celebrated. But when a man like Goethe puts forth some vast and pregnant idea which is destined to revolutionize a whole department of inquiry, and by inaugurating a new train of thought to form an epoch in the history of the human mind; if it happens, as is always the case, that certain facts contradict that view, then the so-called scientific men rise up in arms against the author of so daring an innovation; a storm is raised about his head, he is denounced as a dreamer, an idle visionary, an interloper in matters which he has not studied with proper sobriety.

"Thus it is that great minds are depressed in order that little minds may be raised. This false standard of excellence has corrupted even our language and vitiated the ordinary forms of speech. Among us a theorist is actually a term of reproach, instead of being, as it ought to be, a term of honor; for to theorize is the highest function of genius, and the greatest philosophers must always be the greatest theorists. What makes all this the more serious, is, that the further our knowledge advances, the greater will be the need of rising to transcendental views of the physical world. To the magnificent doctrine of the indestructibility of matter, we are now adding the no less magnificent one of the indestructibility of force; and we are beginning to perceive, that, according to the ordinary scientific treatment, our investigations must be confined to questions of metamorphosis and of distribution; that the study of causes and of entities, is forbidden to us; and

that we are limited to phenomena through which and above which we can never hope to pass. But unless I greatly err, there is something in us which craves for more than this. Surely we shall not always be satisfied, even in physical science, with the cheerless prospect of never reaching beyond the laws of co-existence and of sequence. Surely this is not the be-all and end-all of our knowledge. And yet, according to the strict canons of inductive logic, we can do no more. According to that method, this is the verge and confine of all. Happily, however, induction is only one of our resources. Induction is indeed a mighty weapon laid up in the armory of the human mind, and by its aid great deeds have been accomplished and noble conquests have been won. But in that armory there is another weapon, I will not say of a stronger make, but certainly of a keener edge; and if that weapon had been oftener used during the present and preceding century, our knowledge would be far more advanced than it actually is. If the imagination had been more cultivated—if there had been a closer union between the spirit of poetry and the spirit of science, natural philosophy would have made greater progress, because natural philosophers would have taken a higher and more successful aim, and would have enlisted on their side a wider range of human sympathies.

"From this point of view you will see the incalculable service women have rendered to the progress of knowledge. Great and exclusive as is our passion for induction, it would, but for them, have been greater and more exclusive still. Empirical as we are, slaves as we are to the tyranny of facts, our slavery would, but for them, have been more complete and more ignominious. Their turn of thought, their habits of mind, their conversation, their influence, insensibly extending over the whole surface of society, and frequently penetrating its intimate structure, have, more than all other things put together, tended to raise us into an ideal world, lift us from the dust in which we are too prone to grovel, and develop in us those germs of imagination

which even the most sluggish and apathetic understandings in some degree possess."

Mr. Buckle here says that, "Women cannot see so far as men, but what they do see, they see quicker," and this while his whole argument rests upon the deductive quality of the Woman intellect. Is Truth, then, nearer to us than facts are? Does it lie under our very noses, at our feet, waiting to be stumbled over at the next step? And are facts far removed in the remote empyrean of the universe?

The reader will please bear this in mind, and accompany me to another page of his writing, which I must introduce by reference to one more historic illustration of the value of the mental quality under discussion.

I know not that any history, of the manner in which Bichat made that great discovery which enters so largely into the foundations of Modern Anatomy and Physiology, as well as of Paleontology, was left behind that brilliant young man, but surely it could scarcely have been less a deduction than that of Haüy. Mr. Buckle, in fact, treats it as such himself, necessarily as I think. For if a deduction is made whenever a fixed, invariable system of action in Nature is felt and assumed, and the special facts proceeding from it are stated *à priori;* and an induction only when the special facts are first found, and the system of action shown *à posteriori*, then all such discoveries may unhesitatingly be pronounced deductions.

Anatomy is, up to this time, so purely a science of observation, that the employment of a theoretic mind in it, would seem at first view impossible. But here also is a universal, under all these facts of sense—a central point, to be occupied as a vantage-ground of

study. Cuvier, the greatest of Comparative Anatomists, was also the greatest of observers, as well as of experimenters. And we might almost believe that he could literally have been nothing else, from the vast extent and accuracy of his observations and experiments, and their duration in his memory. Living so much in visible forms, proportions and relations, it could scarcely be expected that he should do more than generalize from his increasing store of facts, some of the more external features of Nature's plan in animal structures. And thus he in effect did. He hinted at, rather than introduced the new method.

Nor will I attempt to put in definite terms here, the truth, which Bichat felt and perceived, interiorly, to be the basis of the vast system of facts which have since been gathered around it. Perhaps the reader to whom it is not better known, may be able to form some not untrue idea of it, if I say that he saw and announced, that Nature deposits her most incorruptible and enduring testimony to the character of animal life in the tissues of which its organs are composed.

Cuvier was the cotemporary of Bichat, and worked in the same field with him; but the cast of his mind led him to seek its facts as means of approach to its truth, rather than its truth as a means to its facts. But I will let Mr. Buckle speak for them both, and for himself:

"The important step taken by Cuvier, was, that he insisted on a comprehensive study of the organs of animals, instead of following the old plan of merely describing their habits and external peculiarities. This was a vast improvement, since, in the place of loose and popular observations, he substituted direct experiment, and hence introduced into zoology, a precision formerly

unknown. But Bichat, with a still keener insight, saw that even this was not enough. He saw that, each organ being composed of different tissues, it was requisite to study the tissues themselves, before we could learn the way in which their combination, the organs, are produced. This, like all really great ideas," (*i. e.*, Truths from which deductions must come), "was not entirely struck out by a single man; for the physiological value of the tissues had been recognized by three or four of the immediate predecessors of Bichat, such as Carmichael, Smyth, Bonn, Bordeu, and Fallopius. These inquirers, however, notwithstanding their industry, had effected nothing of much moment, since, though they collected several special facts, there was in their observations that want of harmony and that general incompleteness always characteristic of the labors of men who do not rise to a commanding view" (who do not see the universal or Truth-side, but only the facts) "of the subject with which they deal."*

The two most important discoveries of modern zoologists have been made by following the method grounded on this deduction; namely, that of Agassiz, by which he has classified the fossil fishes; and that of Owen, by which the teeth are found to be composed of tissues analogous to those of other parts of the body, so that a certain organization is predicable of an animal from the characteristic structure of its tooth.

Let Mr. Buckle now be briefly heard once more, on the relative value of the Inductive and Deductive methods:

"Whoever," he says, "has reflected much on the different stages through which our knowledge has suc-

* History of Civilization in England, vol. first, pp. 640, *et seq.*

cessively passed, must, I think, be led to the conclusion that, while fully recognizing the great merit of these investigators of the animal frame," (Owen, Nasmyth, Purkinje, Schwann and others), "our highest admiration ought to be reserved, not for those who make the discoveries, but rather for those who point out how the discoveries are to be made. When the true path of inquiry has once been indicated, the rest is comparatively easy. The beaten highway is always open, and the difficulty is, not to find those who will travel the old road, but those who will make a fresh one. Every age produces in abundance men of sagacity and of considerable industry, who, while perfectly competent to increase the details of a science, are unable to extend its distant boundaries. This is because such extension must be accompanied by a new method," (because masculine minds, capable of Truth-seeing rather than fact-seeing; minds deductive, interior, in whom the feeling for Truth is paramount to their love of and capacity for searching out its external signs and details, are rare), "which, to be valuable as well as new, supposes on the part of its suggestor, not only a complete mastery over the resources of his subject, but also the possession of originality and comprehensiveness—the two rarest forms of human genius. In this consists the real difficulty of every great pursuit. * * * The progress of every service is effected more by the scheme according to which it is cultivated, than by the actual ability of the cultivators themselves. If they who travel in an unknown country, spend their force in running on the wrong road, they will miss the point at which they aim, and perchance may faint and fall by the way. In that long and difficult journey after Truth, which the human mind has yet to perform, and of

which we, in our generation, can only see the distant prospect, it is certain that success will depend not on the speed with which men hasten in the path of inquiry, but rather on the skill with which the path is selected for them," (on the appearance among them from time to time of a leader fresh from the presence of Truth herself, to indicate with certainty where her facts are to be found, and how they may be recognized and used) "by those great and comprehensive" (because deductive) "thinkers who are as the lawgivers and founders of knowledge, because they supply its deficiencies, not by investigating particular difficulties, but by establishing some large and sweeping innovation," (bringing to view, *i. e.*, a truth, some of whose deductions they also show as indices to where the others are waiting discovery), "which opens up a new vein of thought, and creates fresh resources, which it is left for their posterity to work out.

"It is from this point of view that we are to rate the value of Bichat, whose works, like those of all men of the highest eminence—like those of Aristotle, Bacon, and Descartes—mark an epoch in the history of the human mind."*

Let the reader now recall and join to this noble, inspiring passage, the ground taken in the address on the Influence of Woman; namely, that she is more deductive than man is—that in truth she represents that side of the intellectual life, and man the inductive, which she must needs do, to have accomplished, under all her heavy disadvantages, what Mr. Buckle credits her with—the incalculable service of preserving man, in his pursuit of knowledge, from "a more complete and

* History of Civilization.

ignominious slavery to the tyranny of facts, the empiricism of mere observation, than that he has suffered and still suffers; the raising him from the dust, where he is too prone to grovel, toward the ideal, and developing in him those germs of imagination which even the most sluggish understandings in some degree possess;" and let him also remember that the man who says all this of Woman, and says it *because she leads in the deductive*, who elsewhere tells us that, "they are the lawgivers and founders of knowledge, who supply its deficiencies, not by investigating particular difficulties, but by establishing some large and sweeping innovation, which opens up a new vein of thought, and creates fresh resources," is the same who asserts of the being whom he sets forth as the type of this power, that though she can see quicker than one who is inferior in it, she cannot see so far!

I honor Mr. Buckle, and delight to acknowledge myself indebted to him for valuable help which I have never found elsewhere; but I cannot forbear saying that this is very much like the reasoning of an inductive groom, who was asked why he had hood-winked completely a docile horse that he was driving beside a fiery, vicious one. "Ah sure!" was the reply—"an if I can tache this divil to think it's the blindness makes the other not do anything ugly, I'll be able to make him good, d'ye see, too—for afther a while I'll put it on him." The reason of this answer, if there is any in it, has never clearly appeared to me, I confess—perhaps, because I am unacquainted with the facts which entitled him to the induction; but it is not more hidden than the truth, if it be truth, of Mr. Buckle's three propositions; first, that the deductive mind sees the universal, is the theorizer; that to theorize is the high

est function of genius; that the greatest philosophers must always be the greatest theorists; second, "that women are more deductive than men, for two principal reasons: first, that they are quicker than men—second, that they are more emotional and enthusiastic, live more in an ideal world, and therefore prefer a method of inquiry which proceeds from ideas to facts," (as Newton, Goethe, Haüy, and Bichat did), leaving to men the opposite method, of proceeding from facts to ideas; that they have rendered great service, "even while unconscious themselves of doing it," by keeping alive in men this habit of deductive thought: and third, that they cannot see so far as men!

Which sees farther, the inventor who comes down from a universal principle, to the machine which only illustrates it, Galileo, *e. g.*, exulting in the instantaneous grasp of the law of oscillation; or the clockmaker or mechanic, who approaches the principle through the machine?

We talk, sometimes, of abstract Truth, meaning, in general, Truth not yet expressed in facts, or Truth with whose facts we are not yet acquainted. Every Truth is related to human life, and is a part of the basis and aliment for its expansion; but for the knowledge of every one of them that has come to us, mankind is indebted to some deductive mind; and it no less waits on the action of another such mind, for knowledge of any one that yet remains behind the barrier which separates the world of principles from the world of facts—the tangible from the intangible. And the higher we rise, in the scale of development—the less empirical and experimental is our search for Truth. Truth reveals facts infallibly, and facts may reveal Truth. The office is interchangeable between them,

with a steadfast augmenting tendency to pass permanently to the higher.

When we say, therefore, as Mr. Buckle does, that Woman is deductive, we acknowledge in her the natural power to entertain and penetrate abstract Truth; hence, to see farther than man can in the direction of unmixed Truth: when we say, as he does, that she is emotional and enthusiastic with this far-sightedness, we in effect confess that the hope of future good for us is in her rather than in him: and when we affirm as I do, that she is pre-eminently Ideal, Artistic and Creative in her maternal capacity, we affirm her pre-eminent power to embody in her offspring the capacity for seeing and feeling abstract Truth, and for loving it; a higher trust in the Ideal than man can implant in his posterity, and the nature that will prompt the affectionate, energetic employment of these high qualities for human good.

We are Ideal in proportion to our ability to see or feel more of Truth than is expressed in the Actual, and to our faith, in the Unseen Good that waits to weave itself into human destiny; and Woman is pre-eminently Ideal, among other causes, for this; that she excels man in native power to transcend the Actual, to imagine, confidently hope, and spontaneously believe in, an ever-better future. To-morrow is for the *hope* of the spiritual nature, but it may be as much for the *fear* of the mere intellectual or animal nature. This difference between the masculine and feminine, is plainly observable in every rank of society, but more especially in the undeveloped classes, where men are rude, skeptical, unemotional as to the future; while Women are tenderly susceptible to hopes of better things, and take hold, with a certain artistic enthusiasm and spontaneous

courage, to realize them. And in this, Woman does not, even in her present position, second man. She leads, or works independently of, perhaps in opposition to him—putting aside his faithlessness and scoffing, and holding her way, when he does not interpose physical or moral impossibilities, in spite of his coldest or bitterest discouragements. It is because she sees with the inner eye, and feels with the interior sensibility, a truth or truths abstract from things, which his vision does not reach.

Perhaps I cannot better close this special branch of my subject, than with the following extract from the correspondent who has often before spoken in these pages. Touching Mr. Buckle's position on the Influence and Powers of Woman, Dr. Redfield says:

"I have read with deep interest, the address you kindly forwarded to me. Mr. Buckle is a close reasoner, clear, logical and concise; so much so, that he does not allow still more important conclusions from his premises, to divert him from his object. If Woman's mode of reasoning is deductive, it is because she lives in the interior, in the region of causes and first principles, in the spiritual and higher department of being; and if man's mode of reasoning is inductive, it is because he lives in the exterior, in the region of effects and ultimates—in the sensual and lower department of existence. If the sphere of Woman's life is superior to Man's, as the foregoing consideration clearly shows, the inference is inevitable that Woman is superior to Man, and that the relation in which she stands to man, is that of the soul to the body, the higher spiritual nature in the present state of society, as in the individual it too often is, being subject to the sensual, the slave of the animal propensities and baser lusts. This seems to me too self-evident to require proof, by a formal argument; but as the Epistles of Paul are infallible authority, in the estimation of most persons, Reason will have to

contend with that authority at some time, and *prove* that the wife is *not* the body, and that the husband is *not* the head, the spiritual ordained to subject and rule over the animal nature, which the wife is represented to be.

"I have no doubt, from the latter part of Buckle's address, that he takes higher ground in his own mind, in reference to Woman, than he wished definitely to set forth in the present position of the most progressed society in reference to that subject.* He expresses the idea clearly that he regards the spiritual sphere, or the realm of causes, as the region of truths, and the external as only the region of phenomena, of shadows and appearances, of unreal existences; of effects which have no existence in themselves, but refer their unity to the life and soul by which they exist, and of which they are the indications. Thus he says, 'The laws of Nature have their sole seat, origin and function in the human mind. They explain the external world, but they reside in the internal. As yet we know scarcely anything of the laws of mind, and therefore scarcely anything of the laws of Nature. * * We talk of the law of gravitation, and yet we know not what gravitation is; we talk of the conservation of force and the distribution of forces, and we know not what forces are; we talk with complacent ignorance of the atomic arrangements of matter, and we neither know what atoms are nor what matter is; we do not even know if matter, in the ordinary sense of the word, can be said to exist; we have as yet only broken the first ground; we have but touched the crust and surface of things.' The 'things' themselves, I should say, being the real objects of knowledge, and 'the crust and surface' being but the medium through which we arrive at the verita-

* I think my correspondent errs in his estimate of the British mind in reference to Woman. The leading position on this question has, I believe, been ours in America any time for the last half century, and before that time it scarcely was a question anywhere.

ble truths, and Woman being in the internal where those truths are, and seeing them *im*mediately or intuitively, and man being in the external where the appearances of Truth are, and discovering them *me*diately, if at all, but generally resting in what he calls 'facts' and 'tangible realities,' and despising the supersensual and all 'occult sciences,' Buckle might have represented Woman as first in the advancement of true knowledge, and man as her assistant, instead of the reverse, as, from the title and tenor of his address he seems to have done, in accommodation to the common sentiment in regard to the Influence of Woman.

"To pursue the deductive method of reasoning, is to be the Artist; it is not only to know truth, but to teach it" (*i. e.*, to show its expression in facts). "To pursue the inductive method of reasoning, is to be the observer. It is simply to look at the work of Art, which embodies the ideal, or the idea in the mind, and be the learner. As much as the first is superior to the latter, so much is Woman superior to Man."

I will only add here, that the poets are characteristically deductive, the perfectness of the deductions which they present from the truths interiorly perceived by them, being, more than all other features of their work, the proof of their insight. The truths are the soul, and the deductions the body, of their Genius. The Artist, whether Poet, Painter, Sculptor, Composer of Music, Creator of beauty in whatever capacity, is essentially deductive, as are also the earnest, effective humanitarians, the innovating reformers and teachers generally, and each of these but approximates the feminine nature in its characteristic development.*

* The interior character of this mind, is the source of the calmness and repose which belongs alike to the highest Artists and to developed, feminine Women. It is Self-Reliance springing from that deep, central quality which weds the interior nature to

Fourier's scheme is a vast body of deductions from laws of the human life, which yet wait the day of fitness for their realization. Whitman, Carlyle, Parker, Emerson, Hugo and Ruskin, the bravest thinkers and most fearless speakers of the nineteenth century, are purely deductive—the last named American wanting the emotion which would raise that diamond-clear intellect into an auroral glow now and then, and warm the hearts as well as penetrate the brains of women and sympathetic men. Ruskin is the very apostle of the Ideal—its greatest human master and expounder.

Open him at any page, and you are at once drawn to the most interior truth of the quality or the thing he is speaking of, be it rock, mountain, valley; ocean, sea, lake, river; earth or firmament; blue ether or many-hued cloud; storm or calm; reality or type; man or beast. Here is a passage on the first page to which I open, quite at random; the second volume of Modern Painters, the 162d page:

"It may seem to the reader that I am incorrect in calling this penetrating, possession-taking faculty imagination. Be it so—the name is of little consequence; the faculty itself, called by what name we will, I insist upon as the highest intellectual power of man. There is no reasoning in it—it works not by algebra, nor by integral calculus; it is piercing, Pholas-like Mind's tongue that works and tastes into the very rock-heart, no matter what be the subject submitted to it; substance or spirit—all is alike divided asunder, joint and marrow, whatever utmost truth, life, principle it has laid bare; and that which has no truth, life, nor

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the highest, the everlasting, the unfailing. The portraits of Raphael exhibit it in a marked degree; also those of Joan D'Arc, Turner, Wordsworth, and Ruskin. It characterizes the countenances of the noblest martyrs and philosophers.

principle, dissipated into its original smoke at a touch. The whispers at men's ears it lifts into visible angels. Vials that have lain sealed in the deep sea a thousand years, it unseals and brings out of them Genii.

"Every great conception of poet or painter is held and treated by this faculty. Every character that is so much as touched by men like Eschylus, Homer, Dante or Shakspeare, is by them held by the heart; and every circumstance or sentence of their being, speaking or seeming, is seized by process from within, and is referred to that inner secret spring, of which the hold is never lost for an instant; so that every sentence as it has been thought out from the heart, opens for us a way down to the heart, leads us to the center, and then leaves us to gather what more we may; it is the open sesame of a huge, obscure, endless cave, with inexhaustible treasure of pure gold scattered in it: the wandering about and gathering the pieces may be left to any of us—all can accomplish that; but the first opening of that invisible door in the rock, is of the imagination only.

"Hence, there is in every word set down by the imaginative mind, an awful under-current of meaning, and evidence and shadow upon it of the deep places out of which it has come. It is often obscure, often half-told; for he who wrote it, in his clear seeing of the things beneath, may have been impatient of detailed interpretation; but if we choose to dwell upon it, and trace it, it will lead us always securely back to that metropolis of the soul's dominion from which we may follow out all the ways and tracks to its farthest coasts."

Mr. Ruskin calls this the Imagination-Penetrative, but says also, that the name is of little consequence. He is unmistakably speaking of the same divine capacity which has been otherwise designated in these pages. In Art it may be called Imagination, in Science, Deduction or the deductive power—in common

life, Moral Perception or Intuition; in still darker conditions, Instinct. To a certain extent these are convertible terms, and, in the last analysis, they all mean one thing; namely, that interior, essentially feminine *susceptibility* to Truth, which, by development of the life to which it belongs, whether that be masculine or feminine, rises to the rank of a *capacity* to feel, see and understand Truth, in advance of acquaintance with the facts which prove her to the external intellect.

Dr. Wilkinson defines his own position on this question, in almost every page he has written. Those who have read him for half an hour, any morning or evening, know where he belongs; but for the benefit of such as have not, here is a single paragraph from the preface to his "Human Body and its connection with Man." He is speaking of the *soullessness* of science in these days of facts and induction, and thus he writes: "In no science does the present state of knowledge appear so manifestly as in physiology; in none is the hand-writing on the wall so plain. Great is the feast of professors here, but *Mene*, *Mene*, Tekel, Upharsin, is brighter than their chandeliers. Chemistry and cell-germs are the walls on which the lightning writes. Well may we call them walls; for it is impossible to conceive anything more limitaneous; prison stares us in the face while we are in that company. Who of Woman born, can go further than to distill himself into gas, or to pound himself into cells? Annihilation, which God forbids, must be the next stage of smallness. These respective doctrines are the last solid points which are possible, and by Nature itself there is no passage beyond them. After these, the scientific men themselves must evanesce; for already their watch-

word to each other, is, 'Hail, Bubble Brother! Hail, Nucleated Cell!'"

Has not enough been said here, to show as well as I can expect to in the narrow compass afforded to one subject, where so many are to be examined, the nature of the feminine intellect, and to indicate its place and office in the career of human progress? It appears so to me, and I will therefore only offer a few words more touching Woman's affectional temper in the use of knowledge and of its fruit, development. It is plain that man *labors* to reach the position which Woman *holds naturally* in relation to Truth. And, as the aim of all his observation and reasoning is to reach Truth, an aim which he consciously cherishes, or unconsciously, in some fashion, follows, it turns out that when he has accomplished it in any given direction or measure, he is more in the knowledge, and Woman more in the love of Truth: and this as necessarily as an accepted, foreign theory of good manners, is less sweet, graceful, gracious and commanding, than the pure, noble demeanor which springs spontaneously from the Nature that is the embodiment of these qualities, and could therefore express no other.

The masculine intellect is proud of Truth, as an acquisition, and this pride may be the soil of narrowness, hardness, coldness to human happiness—may lead to many forms of social oppression and wrong which the pure spiritual love of Truth, as distinguished from an intellectual love of it, forbids and combats everywhere. For man is self-loving here also. He affirms that "Knowledge is Power," and makes power of it in illegitimate as well as in legitimate ways. The man of knowledge is separated from the men who have it not, scarcely more by refinements and higher proclivities,

than by a certain feeling for them, which, if it may be called by so humane a name as pity, is more contemptuous than tender. On the worldly, active side of his life, this separation passes into an organic feature of social conditions, and appears on the face of society, first in the trait of classes, and second in that of crafts.

The enlightened class is one of the first and most commanding features of society that we find on its organization out of the elements of barbarism. It stamps it with a more legible human spirit than do the classes which are separated by wealth and power, but it is scarcely less an aristocracy. Very soon follow the *crafts*, into which the enlightened class practically and economically divides itself; the professions, each of which has its commonwealth distinguished from and opposed to that of the people—a collective property of ideas and knowledge, which is retained within its own circle, primarily for its own good.

In each of these, if we except the clergy, the good of mankind is both theoretically and practically subordinated to its own. I do not affirm that this is done with a conscious or diabolic selfishness, by the body of men in any profession; *but it is indisputable that it is done*—that the organic spirit of masculine society requires it—what men call *l'esprit du corps*, demanding of every member of a craft, whether it be a handcraft or a braincraft, the care of its welfare before that of society. The chief method of doing this is by withholding its peculiar knowledge, and its secrets that may not deserve so honorable a name, from general diffusion. Self-Love, which finds a power for self in the possession of them, organizes defenses in systems of education; they pass into the few oracular words

spoken by the medical or legal adviser, which convey no idea but one of the immense profundity whence they proceed; into the mysterious, imposing manner, which removes the potent, awful master to an utterly hopeless distance from his subject, (or victim, as the case may be). That Self-Love is always *an* element of the motives to such behavior, if not *the* element, is plain from the fact that when it ceases to control a member of any of the learned professions in his use of its intellectual property, his membership ceases to be respected by his brethren, as the intact relation it was before, and if he disregards their welfare in the expression of a regard for that of humanity, by diffusing the knowledge which is their power, among men, he soon finds himself proscribed, or openly and severely treated as an enemy.

One cause of this self-isolation by the "professions and crafts," is the weakness of man's faith in human capacity and purpose. He naturally *dis*trusts those where Woman *trusts* them. The inductive mind is necessarily the mind of weak faith, both in truth and in the human capacity to know and to profit by knowing her. Neither of these *are*, for this mind, until they are proved. It believes more in opportunity (which is indispensable to its own expansion) than in interior, latent power in the soul to find, by attraction, the high, pure atmosphere of the courts of Truth.

The deductive, feminine mind is the opposite of this. It has no pride in what it is its nature to do. For we are never proud in our native interior excellences. The very terms are self-contradictory, because the pride which belongs to self-love, cannot live in the near presence of goodness. It is not genius, neither the noblest talents, which make men proud or arrogant;

but learning, knowledge. Not that which is given, but that which is acquired, with Self in view, as the *chief end of the acquisition*—the spirit of Professional education everywhere. Who can conceive of pride or arrogance, such as the intellectual masculine world (and the feminine also, so far as it is stamped by the masculine) constantly exhibits, as elements of the Highest Divine or the most exalted angels? If they belong not to these nor to the best men, still less do they belong to Woman—least of all to her who is essentially a truth-lover—for *truth-loving cannot be joined to Self-Loving* in any nature.

Thus the Inductive Masculine mind is the home of intellectual pride, and the Deductive Feminine mind is the home of love, humility, compassion, tenderness and the desire for general helpfulness.* Genuine women no sooner become possessors of knowledge, than they are moved to scatter it abroad. The glory they have in obtaining it, is not the glory of self, but the glory of Use. The joy they have, is less the joy of self-elevation than of the uplifting of those who are in outer darkness and coldness. Theories which look to practical systems of Self-Loving, are impossible among Women, as well in intellectual as in material things. Hence, the professions will receive their death-blow as crafts, when the barrier within which they are entrenched, is once passed by the sex. They are the true democrats, who recognize the universality of the fraternal bond—

* Even when the deductive mind is divorced from the loving soul, as in some rare instances of men it may be, the freedom in helpfulness is not wanting. For the minds of such men see deeps and hights of Truth as inexhaustible sources of good. Why then should they not diffuse her? The meanest soul would not stint a stream flowing from the ocean.

who seek practically to make brothers and sisters of all human beings, (in a certain large sense of all living things)—not alone of their countrymen and countrywomen—of members of the same profession, church, calling, community or circle. And this not only because they love the human being, but because they have faith in the human soul.

Already this is noticeably illustrated in the presence of these innovators upon the sacredness of medical craft, the profession most freely entered by them as yet, because it is capable of being made the means of the largest practical mercies. (I have seen many doctors of my own sex, and never but two who were capable of the cold, austere, unimpartive, unhelpful, masculine manner of treatment. These were sisters, of whom it would be fair to suppose, at least, that one might have escaped the moral congelation, had she not been exposed to the Arctic temperature of the other). The same is also true of teaching, since Women have been intellectually prepared for it, and have become conscious of their finer natural power for this divine function. And it will appear in the ranks of the Clergy, should they multiply there also, as well as in every other to which they may join themselves temporarily, in effecting their transition from bondage to freedom, from stagnation to growth, from feebleness to power.*

That this is the felt character of the two great classes

* I think the lawyers are safe for a long time, if not for the period of their professional existence. The highest aspect and use of law is justice—it does not rise to mercy, the plane of feminine action. It is too poor in moral opportunities to attract Woman: too purely ingenious and external in its employment of the intellect to enlist hers. Legal power is masculine power. It is but a step above physical power, which is pure barbarism.

into which we have seen that Nature divides minds, is apparent in all deep, analytical criticism upon human action. Few men have excelled Swedenborg in deductive power, and none was ever more utterly free from the pride of the masculine intellect, as both Emerson and Wilkinson assure us. The former says, "What earnestness and weightiness—his eye never roving, without one swell of vanity, or one look to self, in any common form of literary pride! * * But Swedenborg is systematic, and respective of the world in every sentence: all the means are orderly given; his faculties work with astronomic punctuality, and this admirable writing is free from all pertness or egotism."

To this add the following passage from Wilkinson's Biography: "The absence of his laurels never troubled him; he was not afraid of pillage or plagiarism; there was none of the fire of competition in him; he was never soured by neglect, or disheartened by want of sympathy. * * * * By no trick did he ever seek to force attention, and intrigue had no part in his character. * * * * Ambition he must have had in some sense, but so transpierced and smitten with zeal for his fellows, that we can only call it public love."

In closing *The Principia*, Swedenborg thus describes the state of his mind as to his work: "Truth is unique, and will speak for itself. Should any one undertake to impugn my sentiments, I have no wish to oppose him; but in case he desires it, I shall be happy to explain my principles and reasons more at length. What need, however, is there of words? Let the thing speak for itself. If what I have said be true, why should I be eager to defend it? Surely the Truth can defend

itself. If what I have said be false, it would be a degrading and silly task to defend it. Why then should I make myself an enemy to any one, or place myself in opposition to any one?"

And in the Economy of the Animal Kingdom, he says, "I do not undertake this work for the sake of honor or emolument; both of which I shun, rather than seek, because they disquiet the mind, and because I am content with my lot: but for the sake of the Truth, which alone is immortal, and has its position in the most perfect order of Nature; hence, in the series of the ends of the universe from the first to the last, or to the glory of God; which ends he promotes: thus I surely know who it is that must reward me." "Of his sincerity in these declarations," adds Mr. Wilkinson, "the repose which pervades his books, and the hearty pursuit of his subject at all times, bear incontestable witness."

Such in heart are the great men of this feminine order of mind, and like them, but more pronounced in the direction of their noblest affections and most impressive spiritual lineaments, are the Women who are true to their sex's type, both in affection and intellect. Such men remain great to the ages; it is by these powers, which enlarge them in the realms of Truth, and make them mediums of her sweet and gracious utterances to charm and attract our souls. Nor less will Women exhibit the like greatness, and be acknowledged so, when the peculiar qualities of intellect in which these men but resemble them, shall be developed and employed in conjunction with their finer love-nature, for the divine ends which are ever in its view.

Having already, in another connection, called in the comparatively slender testimony which History and

Biography afford for this theory of Woman, I shall not again return to them, as I might, at this point, with some advantage to my argument. I have said that I will not descend to induction with my cause. What proof it affords, I thankfully accept, but am not less strong where none such is to be found. While I do not disdain such testimony, I rest upon higher evidence—evidence which to me is complete without it; that of the design of Nature expressed harmoniously in the three kingdoms of Woman's life, her organic, her spiritual, and her intellectual constitution. We have seen how, in each of the first two, she is higher and nearer to the divine than man is. Thence the deduction is irresistible, that her intellectual relations to Truth cannot be those of an inferior being.

Facts are useful as they corroborate this theoretic view, and invalid or deceptive when they seem to contradict or impugn it. For fact never can contradict Truth; but Truth constantly transcends and often appears to contradict fact. The sun does not perform a journey swifter than light every day, that the earth may stand still and be shone upon. Women could be named—not a few, who have exhibited in a greater or less degree the true feminine quality of intellect, even in the mental infancy, out of which the sex has not yet passed, and cannot pass till it casts off both the shackles and the symbols of its long, and, even to our own day, apparently hopeless, bondage to the external power of the masculine. In England, Mrs. Browning and Charlotte Bronté, are among the numerous representatives of true feminine intellectuality; in France, Madame Roland; in Germany, Rachel; in America, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and Mrs. Child.

But Woman was no less the embodiment of the de-

ductive power of intellect before one of these lived; she would be no less that to-day, if the name and memory of every one of my sex who has ever given evidence of its possession, were struck out of existence. The argument that Woman is intellectually as well as physically and spiritually, interior, as man is exterior, would not be weakened by so much as the strength of a hair, if no one of these noble women, or of the large class which they represent, had ever lived or spoken; neither if they had, through hereditary leanings or the force of circumstances, developed and employed the masculine power to the same degree that they have the feminine one. The female scientists, Caroline Herschel, Mary Somerville and Sophie Germain, were women as well, in gentleness, serenity, and refinement; in the lack of ambition, and indifference to their personal claims to fame, so that Truth was developed by them, and humanity served by their labors.

From all which, I present the following conclusions with regard to the intellectuality of the feminine era, as distinguished from that of the masculine; that its tendency will be more to the universal; that through it, mankind will become acquainted with the highest Truths destined to its use on earth; that its spirit will subordinate Form and Phenomena, and treat them as means—not as ends; and hence, that it will be synthetic, and resolve to their unities the various elements evolved by the indefatigable and daring analysis of the masculine era: That its affectional characteristic will be love of Truth for its uses of beauty, happiness and goodness, rather than for itself or for the glory of its possession; that it will therefore be peaceful instead of controversial, fruitful in discoveries rather than in defense of them, and expressive of the divine love in

regarding *all* its gains as the commonwealth of humanity, and in utilizing them speedily, artistically and harmoniously, for the universal good rather than the good of classes or crafts: and finally, that its method will be distinguished, (in harmony with the life employing it), by the seeking of its objects in the interiors rather than the exteriors of life; by striking deep to the central soul of human progress, laying its hold on humanity itself, instead of its institutions and outward conditions, and so will aim at the introduction of a better type of human life on the earth, rather than at the much-talked-of melioration of the evils which afflict and hinder it in its present constitution.

CHAPTER IV.

WOMAN IN ART-MATTERS.

I shall give but a brief examination here to that order of artistic powers which Woman holds in common with Man, because, while it is that which affords him the highest expression of which his life is capable on earth, to her it is second to the proper feminine-artistic power which I shall have occasion to treat in another chapter. And I make this passing reference to what is recognized as artistic power because it *is so recognized*, and is, wherever it appears, in Woman or Man, the subject of so legitimate a pride, and so pure a pleasure. All Creative Power is Artistic; but there is artistic power of inferior degrees to the creative-power, which only approximates this high function in combining what already exists that is beautiful, so as to produce wholes that are more beautiful, pleasing and useful than the parts; results that are more satisfying and effective than were the several means and elements which contributed to them.

Creative artistic power ranks by its nearness of approximation to the divine, *i. e.*, by its ability to embody invisible truths in visible forms. Every true work of the Creative Artist, therefore, is a deduction from some perhaps unseen, undefinable, but felt Truth. And here again we find the same line of division, extending through this higher kingdom, between the natures

which see Truth for themselves, and those which are capable only of receiving and trafficking, intellectually or spiritually, in such truths as are offered them.

In the technical art (and this alone will be spoken of here) of the past and present time, man occupies indisputably the leading position. It is essentially a feature of the masculine era, and this not alone because of his large part in it, and our almost no-part; but for other reasons also, which will presently appear. Art is one of the first signs of soul-growth in any people. It belongs more intrinsically to the condition of *growth* than the religious sentiment; for the latter is found among the lowest tribes, while the former does not exist, above the germinal state, till there is an emergence from savage conditions. Because, while the lowest human consciousness recognizes a ruler, and forefeels, however dimly, a continuance of life to be ruled, only an expanding consciousness can escape the enslaving fear and terror of a mysterious, arbitrary tyranny, and find itself sufficiently at ease to be impressed with the softer, more kindly and pleasurable aspects of what exists—the preliminary step to all artistic expression. No society passes beyond a certain stage of growth but by taking it. It is at first a glad consciousness—however doubtfully felt—in a new-found freedom and possession, which must move the artist-soul. If the effort be rude, it is because the consciousness and perception are dim, and the skill feeble; but they must first *be*, to employ the feeble skill. No sooner does the artist appear, than the appreciators rise up about him. And the converse is in the main equally true, without doubt: no sooner is there a taste for Art, than artistic power presents itself to satisfy and stimulate that taste.

It may be that spiritual refinement begins then;

but whether it does or not, we know it did not before. That step carries human beings above the low levels of necessity and use, which shows them the over-measure of things, forces and products, above what these demand. They move toward the Divine, through a perception of the love of beauty in Him, which has enriched the earth with it. They perceive a kingdom above, the parted portals of which invite them to ascend and enter it, and lo! it is limitless; for before them, and on either hand, Nature's great riches lie spread abroad, in beautiful symbols of unseen realities, which are inexpressibly more beautiful. I suppose that the soul who once realizes that a leaf, or a blade of grass, is more beautiful in form or finish than it had need be for the purposes of utility which it appears to serve, approaches in that experience the artist's standpoint.

The truest Artists are the highest men of their time, because they are most in communion with Nature, and penetrate her designs farther than any others; but in the earliest development of Art, it is improbable that even the clearest-sighted of these, perceive anything of the hidden realities which are symbolized or clothed in the beautiful, visible forms of Nature. It is natural, therefore, that the materialistic worship they pay, should be paid only to the most beautiful things, and that the distinction between common Art and high Art, should grow, and long remain, what Mr. Ruskin complains that it is—a distinction founded on the purely material character and relations of subjects, rather than upon the number of noble truths which may be expressed in faithful treatment of them. And quite as natural that, as spiritual development advances, its first corporate expression should be found in Art, where the

Pre-Raphaelites are, however unconsciously, its representatives.

For Pre-Raphaelitism consists mainly, as I am able to understand it, in the willingness to return to Nature from the authority of the schools—in that inner feeling of her which finds the spiritual lineament hidden under every material one; and in the divine democracy of treatment that is likest God's love, which recognizes the poorest and humblest as intrinsically no poorer or humbler than the most exalted; to which the common pebble by the margin of water is as sacred as the clustered granite columns of the giant Sierras—the pasture hill-side as noble as an Alpine summit, if it afford an equal introduction to objects that warm and fortify the soul. Pre-Raphaelitism is the dawn of the spiritual era in Art; (previous to which Woman could have had only an exceptional place in it, even had she been free as man to seek it.) It is no matter that the authoritarians, the academicians, the men of standards, laugh at it; no matter even that it makes itself ridiculous now and then in its devotion to what these call mean subjects. Under its vagaries and apparent weaknesses, lies hidden from their view, the noblest mission ever borne by Art; a mission which has yet to wait the fit day for its full appearance, in the divine devotion of Art to Truth—and a supreme feeling for its sacred and excellent beauty, which is nowhere that I know of, expressed in language comparable to this of our American poet:

"I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a *chef d'ouvre* for the highest,

And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,
And the cow, crunching with depressed head, surpasses any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels,
And I could come every afternoon of my life to look at the farmer's girl, boiling her iron tea-kettle, and baking short-cake.

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"My lovers suffocate me!
Crowding my lips, thick in the pores of my skin,
Jostling me through the streets and public halls—coming naked to me at night,
Crying by day, *Ahoy!* from the rocks of the river—swinging and chirping over my head,
Calling my name from flower-beds, vines, tangled under-brush,
Or while I swim in the bath, or drink from the pump at the corner—or the curtain is down at the opera, or I glimpse at a woman's face in the railroad-car;
Lighting on every moment of my life,
Bussing my body with soft balsamic busses,
Noiselessly passing handfuls out of their hearts, and giving them to be mine.

* * * * * *

"You Hottentot with clicking palate!
You woolly-haired hordes! you white or black owners of slaves!
You owned persons, dropping sweat-drops or blood-drops!
You human forms with the fathomless, ever-impressive countenances of brutes!
You poor Koboo, whom the meanest of the rest look down upon, for all your glimmering language and spirituality!
You low expiring Aborigines of the hills of Utah, Oregon, California!
You dwarfed Kamtschatkan, Greenlander, Lapp!
You Austral negro, naked, red, sooty, with protrusive lip, groveling, seeking your food!
You Caffre, Berber, Soudanese!
You haggard, uncouth, untutored Bedowee!
You plague-swarms in Madras, Nankin, Kaubul, Cairo!
You bather, bathing in the Ganges!

You benighted roamer of Amazonia! You Patagonian—you Fegee-man!
You peon of Mexico! You Russian serf! You slave of Carolina, Texas, Tennessee!
I do not prefer others so very much before you either;
I do not say one word against you, away back there where you stand.
(You will come forward in due time to my side).

Each of us inevitable,
Each of us limitless—each of us with his or her right upon the earth,
Each of us allowed the eternal purport of the earth;
Each of us here as divinely as any is here.

My spirit has passed in compassion and determination around the whole earth;
I have looked for equals and lovers, and found them ready for me in all lands;
I think some divine rapport has equalized me with them."*

This is the written speech of which the Pre-Raphaelite pictures are the color-language. They have a common era; and I have failed to make myself understood touching the nature and powers of Woman, if any candid, intelligent reader has reached this page lacking the eye to see that that era is one of feminine sovereignty—that such schools and work were true signs of the advent of Woman.

I must not (in justice to the general reader) stay longer at this point, though the subject tempts me strongly; (I am less inclined to linger than I should be if I felt that Woman belonged here as man does; that is, by virtue of finding here her divinest opportunity and function), and hence if I have made or shall make statements which, for want of explanation, bear an unconsidered or crude look, to the cultivated reader, I

* Whitman.

must beg his indulgence. I believe that I understand myself, and see the truth of Woman's office in the field of what we call Art; but I shall not be discouraged, nor reckon my views of her exposed to actual impeachment, if, in the very limited space that can be afforded the subject, I fail in making myself altogether clear, or do not stand critic-proof on so vast a question. It is inseparable from the inquiry, or it would have been passed silently by, from a profound sense of my inability to treat it even so briefly. For I pretend to no criticism on Objective Art, but simply to suggest some of the deep, divine principles which universally underlie it.

I only aver that its great aim has been confined to the artistic reading of the forms, qualities and relations of the material world, and that man is therefore thus far rightfully, needfully, its sole, almost its exclusive, priest. The priestess has not yet entered the temple, which has been theoretically consecrated to her from the beginning of time, because it is not prepared for the more sacred, refined and refining rites and works which she will institute therein. Art on the material, masculine plane, has been too low for Woman. Only now, has man, by centuries of labor, ages of defeats and triumphs, made it worthy of her. His own ascent to higher artistic loves and powers, must be through her; and through the ascent, by her ministrations and influx into them, of material forms and relations to the service of higher Truths.

For man cannot, because of the nature there is in him, conceive of Truth, above a certain degree removed from the material form which he beholds as its representative; because the realm of truths or causes is approached by him through the door of materiality—

from below—not from above. Matter must be ennobled in his eyes or to his understanding, to make him nobler as its artist. Until he becomes spiritualized, interior, as a few, and but a few male artists have been, his inspiration is drawn too much from his subject, and too little from inward illumination, to make him the noble, reverent Artist of the temporary poverty of low, material forms. He must be furnished from without; for he cannot furnish himself from within. He does not find his "equals and lovers in all lands, by the divine rapport" which makes them a joy and gladness to his soul. He must see around him that which he would embody—for he is not gifted to draw down from the realms of the unembodied, the beauty and glory which wait there the coming of a higher soul and a more exquisite hand than his.

To the oft-urged allegation against pretensions for Woman, that she has never shown the ability to win even a second or third-rate position in the world of Art, I have here given the answer I think most worthy to be made. I acknowledge, with no shame or shrinking, her inferiority to man in it. But as some may read this book who are not content with this answer, and who are also ignorant of much that Women have done in Art, I give below the names of a few female artists who have wrought, as man does, with credit to themselves and their sex, and with honor to Art, in their generation.* It need scarcely be suggested that the

* The propriety of confining myself to names alone, or at most, to these and nativities where it is necessary to give them, will be obvious. I quote from a German work published in Berlin in 1858, entitled *Die Frauen in die Kunstgeschichte:* Von Ernst Guhl. Also from Mrs. Jameson's Sketches of Art, Literature, and Character; and Miss Fuller's papers on Literature and Art. And

measure of neither the value nor quantity of female Art-production can be fairly taken, if we neglect the elements of Woman's individual slavery to man, her bondage to the society which he ordains, and her practical exclusion from this field by the operation of the thousand nameless causes springing from both.

Of these causes, I will here name but one. This is that assumption by man of leadership in *all* departments, as he held it legitimately in the external, the corporeal, and external-intellectual. Thus, his became the universal standards, his the universal methods by which the success of his era was attainable. Standards which are accepted, become the law of action; and Woman, in accepting Man's, works away from her own nature; in opposition to the currents of her highest destiny, and consequently, competes vainly for such success as crowns him, but which, even when it is rarely and hardly won, is in very fact a failure to her.

This is true of other departments beside that of

I cannot resist the temptation to introduce this seemingly barren list of names, with a single short passage from Professor Guhl's candid and valuable book. It is so pertinent that I am sure the interested reader will be thankful for it. He is speaking of the allegorical statuary that adorns the world-famed Cathedral of Strasbourg, especially those portions which represent the Christian and the Jewish Churches. They were done by Sabina von Steinbach, a young woman but twenty years of age, at the time she produced them. "In this work," says Professor G., "all that is beautiful and superhuman in the sculpture of the middle ages, may be said to be embodied; it seems as though these elements required a female hand to attain that purity and depth of feeling which lends this group so peculiar a charm."

The first woman named in this volume, is Kora of Corinth. Then follow Timarata, probably of Ephesus, Cirene, Aristarite, Calypso, all of Greece; Laza of Rome, Agnes of Quedlinberg, Plantilla Nelli of Florence, Margaritta von Eck, Caterina Vigri

Art, but it is eminently true here, where success is so high, so delicate, so changing and vanishing a phenomenon—so essentially a fruit of the inmost and most sacred individuality.

Artistic expression is synonymous with free expression. From no life that is in bondage, therefore, have we a right to expect it, or at best anything more than a sentiment for it, or a capacity for the inferior branches of it. Of this sort there is more of Woman's artistic work in the world than of man's, and thus, a subject, she has proved her superior capacity for it, to his, the master's. I take not into account here the higher work indirectly due to Woman—that is, proceeding from her inspiration and influx into man's higher nature.

The activities of Woman's life in which she has been least crippled by a consciousness of her subject-state, are her maternal cares and pleasures. These are the central activities of the Home, and there she is both

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of Bologna, Onorata Rudiano, Mira Robusto, contemporary of Titian, Irene di Spilimberg, contemporary of Titian and Tasso; Susanna of Flanders, contemporary of Durer; Rosalba Carriera, Lavinia Fontana, Artemisia Gentelesche and Elizabetta Serani of Bologna, Maria Schurman, (Flemish), Rachel Reutch of Amsterdam, Elizabeth Cheron of Paris; M'me Le Brun, Angelica Kauffman, Violante Siries, Henrietta Walters, Maria von Osterwyck, Sofonisba Augusciola and her sisters Lucia and Europa, Julie von Eggloffstein, M'me de Freyberg; to which may be added the names of some now living and working; the Misses Sharpe, three English sisters; Mrs. Carpenter, the Misses Gillis, Scotch women, I think; Rosa Bonheur, M'me Bodichon, nee Smith, our own countrywomen—Miss Stebbins, Miss Clark, Miss Hosmer. The catalogue might be extended, were it made for any purpose but that of informing those who may not know the fact, that a considerable number of Women have done honorable or creditable work with Art-materials.

artist herself, and inspiration to man to be like her. It will not be denied, I think, that civilized man universally does here, for Woman's sake, and in deference to her greater refinement, her more grace-full, delicate and exquisite nature, very much that he universally neglects, wanting these as motives. So much is this true of all states of society advanced beyond barbarism, that if all which Woman has done of humbler artistic work, in the Home and upon the persons of its inmates, and all of the *same sort* to which she has inspired man, could be struck out of existence to-day, the earth would be incomparably more desolated by the loss than by the destruction of every creation of the pencil and chisel, since the hour they were first seized upon by the throbbing brain of man, as instruments of its triumphs.

Much that has been said above of painting and sculpture, will equally apply to music; but I have a few words to add, touching this most popular, moving, and divine Art of all Arts. Music, the audible expression of Melody and Harmony, belongs to Woman, by her interior nature and by the supremacy of her affections. Harmony is more necessary to her than to man, as is abundantly illustrated in the actual life of the two everywhere, and in all known conditions of human beings, even their characteristic perversions. The most deeply perverted, diabolical female, would rather carry on her evils peacefully than with conflict, while of man the reverse is often true.

The highest external expression which spiritual harmony has yet reached, is the harmony of sounds; (the genius of masculine action having looked too steadily in the opposite direction, to exhibit to us as yet, harmony in conduct which would be the divine

life). But there is the ear and the intellect between the soul and its utterances in music, each of which have their part in them, and both together may have a large part—so large indeed, that the written or articulate sounds of a man may be in true relations, yet not indicate, or indicate only in a faint degree, the real interior, soul-harmony whence they would seem to proceed. Thus in the intellectual, external era, the writing of music would naturally fall to man, whose office, as a pioneer, it is to co-ordinate the lower natural truths and facts into Sciences and Arts. But while men do this, the higher truths of Harmony are confessedly Woman's. She *is* their exemplar, and is *required* to be, society trusting her in that capacity, and finding itself most afflicted when she fails in it. She is also already the priestess of music.* It is she who most

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* Compare Wordsworth:

> "——— And she shall lean her ear
> In many a secret place.
> Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
> *And beauty born of murmuring sound*
> *Shall pass into her face.*"

And again.

"All *music is what awakes in you when you are reminded by the instruments.*"

Where the interior harmony is, there is the soul *of* Music, and the soul *for* Music, when the ear is not imperfect, or the sense vitiated by false education, as in the Quakers and some other very limited sects. Beethoven's Compositions are most perfectly received by those whom they *remind* of somewhat in themselves or their experience, like what they expressed in him and his experiences. And because he had the most interior and universal soul of any of the great composers, he commands only the selectest audience, and that chiefly of women and of men who approach the womanly type.

perfectly and divinely utters the perceptions and inspirations of real harmonists—it is she who most effectively interprets the masters—the soul through which their expression flows; almost as essential as that whence it proceeded.

Music is the sensual side of Harmony, the eldest born of Love. It is the earliest language of this divine daughter of the Universal Mother, which mankind could receive, and man is its fit and able master, thus far. But there is a harmony yet to descend upon the earth—a harmony no less of sounds and numbers than of souls, that will pale the glory of the Beethovens and Bellinis of the past; and the part which Woman has always had in the audible as well as the inaudible Harmonies of the earth, no less than the nature we find in her, is the prophecy of her reign in that.

The musical harmonies have their highest value and give their divinest quality and measure of happiness in contributing to the moral harmonies. In the one, Woman is already acknowledged sovereign; in the other, she is the confessed exemplar.* "Woman ex-

* The Chevé system of music, known otherwise as the new French system of Galin, Paris and Chevé, is the sign in Music, (correspondent to Pre-Raphaelitism in Painting), of the approaching day. I have been made to feel the value of its principles and tendencies, and enabled partly to see where they belong, through the kindness of its only exponent in America—a Woman; full of faith, enthusiasm and the spirit of helpfulness; warm in the midst of a dreary polar sea of outward discouragements, and clear and quick of method, as one inspired always is, M'lle. Sauvageot, of New York.

The Chevé system, like the new school of painting, is a return from the accumulated artificialities of ages. It re-inaugurates Nature in accepting the voice as the first of instruments, and demonstrates its democratic love, by opening the most sacred myste-

cels man," says Dr. Redfield, "in musical compass and richness of voice; in the taste, propriety, correctness, spirit, and in the moving, rapturous influence upon hearers," (because of her greater feeling for harmony)—"the effectiveness of execution. Woman sings and plays more like an angel, more in symphony and unison with the heavenly choirs than man. It is as if man had found a beautiful robe, and Woman had put it on, music is so native to her."

Before taking leave of this long discussion of Woman's nature—long as a portion of this volume, but a mere fractional treatment of its subject—I must notice one other form of expression, in which man's excelling of Woman, is apt to be reckoned to her disadvantage; I mean that of Humor. It is said that no woman ever wrote a Humorous book, did anything noteworthy at caricature, or exhibited wit as a leading mental power.

I think the charges must be admitted. Let us next see what their amount is against us.

Caricature is either the symbolical or written expression of Humor, as applied to persons and experiences. It is a method of Humor. Therefore, for convenience, in the brevity I desire here, I shall merge it in that. What is Humor? Carlyle, himself a first-rate humorist, of the earnest sort, shall answer for me: "Humor is properly the exponent of low things; that which first renders them poetical to the mind. The man of Humor sees common life, even mean life, under the new light of sportfulness and love; whatever has existence, has a charm for him." In a subsequent por-

ries of Music to the People. It is the first expression of confidence in them as fit ministers and recipients of the divine pleasures of this Art.

tion of the same paragraph, (Essay on the genius of Schiller), he says of the great Poet, "A rigid intensity, a serious, enthusiastic ardor, majesty rather than grace, still more than lightness or sportfulness, characterizes him. Perhaps he was too honest, too sincere for the exercise of wit; too intent on the deeper relations of things to note their more transient collisions. Beside, he dealt in Affirmation, and not in Negation, in which last, it has been said the material of wit chiefly lies."

This author will, I have no doubt, be readily accepted by men as a trusty exponent of the quality he is so able in. "Humor is properly the exponent of low things." Where are the low things found? In Nature? If not, then Humor has not its proper objects in the works of the Divine, in the Eternal, but rather in the relations and states of being which man's appearance on the earth, and his work here have introduced. These we know are temporary and changing, and so likewise must be the quality which employs itself with them. Its character and forms of action must change with its objects—if these are not found among the permanent things of Nature. For no train of phenomena will stand still for the accommodation of a spectator.

Now, in the Humorist's sense there certainly is nothing low in Nature. Mean and exalted in her kingdom, have alike a serious meaning; an entirely earnest, worthy purpose; relations full of congruity; gifts of infallible fitness. There is not a joke in all Nature: no being is led to her entertainment to make itself ridiculous, or become the butt of other beings. There is not the faintest suggestion of the grotesque from first to last, through her whole panorama. Play, there undoubtedly is, throughout all the upper ranks of the inferior animals, but incongruity between the conscious

and the seen condition, between self-appreciation and appreciation, between the expected and the actual result; between what is demanded and what is attained—the very quintessence of so much of our Humor—never exists here, except as the result of human intervention. I grant the separating character of the attribute in man which detects and feels it; but I say also that the Divine works furnish this attribute directly with no food, as they do Imagination, Reverence, Wonder, Sympathy, Intellect and the other human powers. It does not connect man with Nature, as they each and all do, but rather with man, wherein he is incomplete, weak, falls short of his self-consciousness, or is destitute of it at that moment when it alone could save him from the winged shaft. It is not therefore a medium between man and the Eternal, in form or spirit, but rather between him and the accidental, in the general external phenomena of life—a medium through which he may be exposed to his fellows, and corrected of weaknesses appearing in his relations to them.

It is the "low things" of man then, not of Nature, of which "Humor is properly the exponent." With this qualification, Mr. Carlyle's definition seems altogether sound.

Now there are two ways of dealing with these "low things." One is this Humorous, essentially masculine way; good, unquestionably, in its place—profitable to him who ministers and him unto whom it is ministered. For true Humor is a lower wisdom, a lower generosity, a lower tenderness; but it is these in man; characteristically masculine (self-loving) in having its own enjoyment foremost or level with good purpose in their treatment; and it stands in man and his social methods for the higher wisdom, the higher generosity, the higher

tenderness of the feminine (divine) love. Man deals with human weaknesses by means of the one—Woman by means of the other.

The Divine methods are never Humorous, sarcastic or witty. The divine does not castigate—it wins; it does not satirize, it enfolds; it does not caricature, but brings forward endless examples through ages, patiently waiting the growing likeness to them. Thus Humor, as a method, is the opposite of the Divine, and eminently masculine in the temporary character of its office and objects, and in its self-complacency; being able to find employment, (which is here synonymous with enjoyment), in very mournful states of society, and very terrible experiences in life. The one looks to hights and depths, and what it would mend would mend by self-healing from within—eternally by the eduction of germinal powers and good; the other is a superficial remedy for transient and superficial defects; valuable when wanted—useful as a pioneer, but of little solid pretension to the mind that takes views which reach forward to the eternal. Humor exalts itself by touching the sphere of its extreme neighbor, Pathos; and this also proves its position.

Humor wedded to Humanity, as in Dickens, is a masculine type of philanthropy (for the humanity of his earlier works is before even their inevitable humor); but of such a vehicle for their tenderness, women have no greater need than that which flashes through conversational and social relations. They are, when they exhibit humanitary action distinctly, too much like Schiller, "too honest, too sincere—too intent on the deeper relations of things" to enter this harlequin's coach and ride merrily abroad.

I know the Humorist is sometimes among the sad-

dest of men. Is not this because he is susceptible to human needs and claims, while he is incapable of the wiser method of supplying them; because he has feminine sensibility with only or chiefly masculine insight for uses?

Wordsworth, who was eminently feminine in person as in genius, was also a feminine, *i. e.*, a serious, "exponent of low things."* His readers are as yet few,

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* Thus—

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

"*Intimations of Immortality, from Recollections of Early Childhood.*"

And here, in this address to the daisy:

"A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love, some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy, wrong or right;
Or stray invention.

"If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I drink, *out of a humbler urn,*
A *lowlier pleasure;*
The *homely sympathy that heeds*
The *common life our nature breeds;*
And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing;
An instinct call it—a blind sense—
A happy genial influence,
Coming—one knows not how nor whence,
Nor whither going."

because there are few men who have passed into the interior phasis of their development, and few women, who, being interior, have looked enough into the outward to realize the noble, tender, imaginative treatment of Nature and of life in which he excelled all men up to his day. His was a spirit that could lay its touch upon "low things" to their effectual elevation; yet dispense with Humor in doing so, as does the most reverent, spiritual Woman. He worked like her, in the true, Divine method. And the ridicule with which he was received, not less than his slow and limited acceptance after half a century, are proofs that the element which drew him to that method, is yet weak in his own sex, and also that the understanding and the acquaintance with Nature, without which he cannot be received, are all too limited in ours, to give him worthy audience there. The genuineness and harmony of Wordsworth's nature will illustrate the leading idea of the following passage from a letter written a year ago. "Humor is not only a *sense* of the absurd and ridiculous, but is the *existence* of the absurd and ridiculous in the character, so that the person himself is the embodiment and impersonation of what goes out in his acts, and embodies itself in comedy, wit and caricature. Humorous, good-humored people, who love to make us laugh, are clowns, fools, buffoons and Merry Andrews. They are themselves laughing-stocks, quintessences of the absurd and ridiculous, droll, queer, odd, funny, conceited, fanciful, grotesque, unfit, inharmonious, contradictory, unnatural, monstrous. Humor flows from them as naturally as water from a fountain. Generically this is the case with *man*kind, in contradistinction from *woman*kind. Woman is the impersonation of sober earnestness, because of naturalness,

propriety, simplicity, purity, grace, beauty, symmetry, equipoise, harmony, consistency, fullness, completeness, perfection.* Of course I speak comparatively. And what Woman is in her character and form, she is in her motions, and in the forms of Art, which her motions describe. Man has the *perception* of this beauty, this naturalness, this artistic grace; and the capability of being inspired by it, and of producing something that expresses his admiration and appreciation of it, even as a sign and symbol, may express one's apprehension of a beautiful mystery: And so Woman has a sense of the ridiculous, in which humor essentially consists,

* In confirmation of the apparent extravagance of this language, one may note how uniformly the grotesque, clownish, absurd or ridiculous part is assumed by the masculine. And this not only in ordinary, practical life, but in Art also, which must be its reflection. In the home and social circle, scores of boys, youths and men, take on the speech, attitudes and gestures which indicate these qualities, for one girl, maiden or woman, who does the same. The artistic, feminine nature shrinks from vulgar, coarse, absurd, ridiculous expressions of itself. If demanded, they do not readily come; if given, they rather shock than amuse even men, while they repel or startle women, and can scarcely appear but to be quickly followed by an indignant self-disgust. So in Painting, Sculpture, the Drama and Dramatic Music, these parts are always exhibited as masculine. They would be felt as irreverent toward Woman, were it otherwise. Male actors and singers more readily assume the physical part of Comedy, the contortions, grimaces, postures, absurdities of body and limb; and women the spiritual part, the keen surprise, the biting words, the deserved satire. They witness the grotesque behavior and are capable of being amused by it; but it would be unnatural and offensive to see them take part in it; so much so that neither Dramatist nor Composer could venture on requiring them to do so. You will see this great truth illustrated far more forcibly than it can be stated here, in the first Comedy or light Opera you attend; probably at your own fireside or table before you get to either.

the capacity to be incited by it to sparkling wit, sufficiently to show her appreciation of man's capacity to please by his exhibition of the genuine, bona-fide, living reality of the thing."

That women in general are not destitute of Humor in the degree that enables them to enjoy, as keenly as men in general, whatever is essentially humorous, or ludicrous, or absurd, all the world knows. Some of the heartiest, most genuine, and soul-stirring laughs that one ever hears, are the laughs of women, called forth by as keen, delicate provocations of the purely humorous, or the purely ludicrous, as the finest male perception of them was ever tickled by. Equally acknowledged is the wit of Woman; but it is not like man's, showy, challenging attention, a business-like affair, delivered, like a bale of goods, to be attended to. Woman's wit is spontaneous, conversational, natural to the circumstances in which it appears. No one ever heard of a woman who trafficked stale wit, or made up good things for seats at grand dinner-tables. A Woman's wit is instantaneous, like the effervescence which takes place the moment two substances meet, but which cannot be recalled at the next: it is a flash of the internal fire, which leaps forth only when the shock falls—the next instant she is poised, calm and forgetful of it. It is more lost to herself, perhaps, than to any one else.

Much more remains to be said, but I forbear, feeling it easier to accept limits here than it will be in the pages yet before me. I will add but a single suggestion, which I may have made in another connection. If I have, the reader will forgive its repetition, I hope, for its pertinency just here and touching this question of the position of Woman in Art-Matters.

Man as the artist goes to Woman, and to Nature,

who is a Mother—not a Father—for his finest conceptions and most kindling inspiration. And all noble Art is the symbolic history of the deepest relations between the soul of the individual man and the grand representative Woman, Nature, either as embodied in inanimate or animate forms. Of these the very highest, most universal, most fertile and exhaustless source, is the person and the life of Woman. So that after all, man works from her, as the nearest visible representative to him of the Divine; he accepts her as the being most worthy his efforts, most helpful to their noblest issues. And whether is it higher to be the being admired, beloved, worshiped, accepted as the sign, image and prophecy of the good that cannot be seen, or that one who is able to produce its likeness.

God is the grand Artist. He makes all other artists, and gives them their subjects, and Woman stands Godward from man in relation to objective Art, because she is the representative of the highest unseen which he ever conceives or attempts to express—she is the medium through which he gets refreshing glimpses of the heavenly; she nourishes his faith and his ideality; provokes his skill and renews his courage continually, to push his progress toward her, and the higher realities which lie before both.

CHAPTER V.

CAPABILITIES OF THE FEMININE IN EVIL.

The reader will, perhaps, be helped, at this point, by turning back to the opening of this Part. By so doing, the mind will be furnished afresh with the syllogism whose minor premise we have devoted so much time and space to proving. It will be seen that the appeal was taken to Mythology, Theology, Art, History, the Common Sentiment and Observation of Mankind, and lastly to Actual Qualities in the nature of Woman.

We have now traveled over this ground with as much care and attention to details as can be indulged at this time. We have seen how each of these great departments of human expression and knowledge testify, directly or indirectly, to the higher character of the Feminine. If I have failed in any of them, to choose, amid the vast amount of serviceable matters they offer for my purpose, the most significant and weighty; if I have taken my observations from below that level whence the true point of unity as to their facts, and the actual foci of their tendencies could be seized, I still trust that I have, at the least, prepared a way for others to follow, who will do these things the more easily and surely for my labors.

There now remains, to complete the proof of the prem-

ise referred to, the showing, as to Woman's capacity for evil, what has been shown of her capacity for good, that it excels man's. The one is in fact the correlative of the other; so that strictly, the universally received opinion that Woman, when depraved, may exhibit greater depravity than man can exhibit, is in itself conclusive as to her higher nature and position. I say this because I can never doubt, nor, I believe, can any thoughtful, candid person, that an opinion or sentiment so universally entertained, must be founded in Truth. The basis-truth may be dimly perceived; imperfectly, or even absurdly expressed, in the common forms of utterance which it gets, but it is nevertheless there. And granting that this belief is true of Woman, it proves all that I claim for her, and will justify every deduction herein made.

For there can be no supreme capability of evil without its corresponding supreme capability of good, and *vice versa*. Therefore, when man accuses Woman of more evil conditions and purposes than himself is capable of, and seriously imputes to her greater powers of moral harm than he can exercise, he virtually acknowledges that she is his superior in the power, if not in the number of her natural capacities.

The inclination to evil is one thing; capacity in it is another. And this distinction must be carefully borne in mind in attending to what follows. The former is (comparatively) a masculine characteristic—the latter a feminine one. I need not stay to prove the first of these affirmations. The commercial, civil, social and religious aspects of every civilized state on the earth attest it, and savage and barbarous ones no less. Statistics everywhere that they are made, confirm it; and Human Sentiment toward the two sexes accords with

all this concurrent testimony, in the greater horror it expresses of a depraved female; in its deeper sense of the hurt she can give society; in the more careful protection, it pronounces the natural due of her sex; and in the spontaneous readiness which every soul, even a mean, depraved one, will often exhibit, to shield the young girl from experiences and scenes which it would scarcely be thought necessary to spare the equally bred boy.

And since our sympathy with the feminine grows by our own best development; the noblest man or woman, like the noblest social condition, being measurable more by a true appreciation of, and respect for Woman, than by any other single characteristic, it follows that the shock experienced in witnessing her degradation, either industrial, social or personal, is proportioned to the clearness with which her *true* position is seen, and hence the wrong that is done her in the *actual* one. A good man or woman, or a pure community is more pained, no matter how familiar the spectacle may have become by unwelcome use, at seeing a female than a male yoked to the degrading drudgery of the meanest labors, especially in those exposed situations where they are hourly met in the great cities, harnessed to garbage-carts, gathering rags, cleaning public offices, sweeping cross-walks and the like. The shock arises from both the degradation *and* the exposure; for we have a feeling from Nature, which needs not the help of education, to tell us that the female belongs more to the interior; to the retirement—the calm, the quiet, the order, the purity of a protected life—a life in which she would be spared those rough, harsh, hardening, degrading occupations and experiences. And that feeling is violated in seeing her

excluded from it, because we realize, with more or less clearness, according to our understanding of Nature's design, that *she* is violated in the exclusion. We should acknowledge the lot as hard and unfortunate for a male; we feel it to be unnatural and monstrous for a female—wasteful of somewhat that belongs far away, and that is designed for uses, whose immediate issues ought to be some positive degree of physical purity, refinement, and comfort; and some increase, not diminution of the highest selfhood, the moral nature.

It is no matter that the victim may have become callous, by use, to the most unnatural and repulsive features of her lot; no matter that she may even have reached such a depraved state of the sensibilities and the whole nature, that a better condition would be rather dreaded as a restraint than desired as a right; we equally feel that it ought not to have been so with her, and that her love of the wrongs she is in, is only a proof of their enormity and long continuance.

In the double affirmation that Woman is less inclined to wrong than Man, but more capable when she undertakes it, the whole issue of her superior goodness and higher capacity is at once presented. And when either of these affirmations is admitted, (and society, as we have seen, is constantly making and reiterating them), the argument is so nearly carried, that it is comparatively unimportant what ground we take upon the other.

Thus, if the feminine be superior in goodness, as God is the Sum and Impersonation of All Goodness, Woman is more divine than Man. And as the development of the Divine in us and our destiny, is the End for which all other elements, both subjective and objective, have existence and action, it is plain that man

can *excel*, only in those subordinate gifts which partake rather the character of means than of end.

And if, on the other hand, it be admitted that the feminine excels in power for evil, when given up to it, it is equally plain that a larger measure and wider range of capacities is conceded to it. For evil being the result of false relations, moral evil, sin, must bear proportion, in its *quality*, to the true nature, (the real exaltation of the powers), whose perversion creates it; and in *amount*, to their number, activity, and capacity of every sort. Thus only the Arch-Angel could become the Arch-Fiend; and if we could imagine the Omnipotent become evil, we see how unmatched must necessarily be that career, as is this Actual one, of Goodness.

But it must be remembered that while Woman may more abound in the various excellences which proceed from her goodness, her characteristic evil will be the perversion of her individualizing, separating attributes; *i. e.*, of her divinest selfhood, which of course lies in these.

If a word be needed in proof of the first of the foregoing affirmations, it must be rather to refresh the memory than convince the reason. It is only those cavilers, therefore, who may wish to reject the application here made of what they will not deny, as a truth *per se*, whom I ask to recall to their minds what has been already shown for our cause, viz: that Woman's nature and the action proceeding from it are controlled by Love, and Man's Self-Love; that practical, known, undisputed facts demonstrate these moral proclivities in the Sexes—the statistics of crime in every country exhibiting an enormously larger per-centage of male than of female criminals—that the features of the common social life, above the criminal level, equally evince

purer desires, and fewer inclinations to wrong in her than in him; and that, in the Common Sentiment of all Mankind, Woman is acknowledged as more regardful of the good of others and of the common good, in her action, than Man in his.

With these preparatory words, let us now pass to the question before us.

WOMAN'S Evil must, as I have said, be the perversion of Woman's peculiar, separating good. This only can make it characteristic. It must be the misapplication of a moral force which is hers alone, or in which she so far excels, that she is accepted as its type and symbol, so that the power for good or evil which it adds to the life, is reckoned as feminine. If it be the greatest of evils, the summit and crown of all others, then this power must be unmatched in the whole range of capacities granted to the visible kingdom of Organic Life.

And this is the awful truth we have to look in the face, in the study of this lower side of our question.

Other vices are common to masculine and feminine. Men and Women *may* alike be dishonest, untrue, treacherous, sensual, mean, gross, selfish. The possibility to be any or all these, is in each. But only the female *can* be a PROSTITUTE, because she only possesses and can exercise that power of ATTRACTION which is the strongest, the Supreme among human gifts. Its normal office in her nature is to make exaltation to her highest level, lovely to humanity; to commend it as the object worthiest of aspiration. It addresses here both Spirit and Intellect—gives life at once to the divinest affections and the noblest capacities of thought. Perverted, its action is to draw its object down to the deepest Hell; to make *any* descent seem not only possible, but, for

the moment of its diabolic control, the one thing to be desired. It addresses here only the meanest sense—stirs its lowest brute depths, and thus wakes a slumbering demon, whose rule is ruin.

Thus, the corporeal capacity for this condition belongs not more exclusively to the feminine than the moral. The material delicacy and comparative feebleness which make Woman subject, in the physical, (till man is ennobled to see that his superiority here is for her service, not her subjection; that profit and happiness come to both, and to humanity from the former; and loss, pain and degradation from the latter), are balanced by the moral power to charm, fascinate and command him, to his salvation or his ruin.

These are sources of legitimate power to Woman. They have been, thus far in her career, the chief ones. They are what all men acknowledge and yield to with the purest and most exalting delight they can ever know, because in such yielding they experience the wholesome sense of elevation and self-approval which can come only from obeying in honor, a power exalted above themselves. They are the objective and most generous springs of motive to the service which man is constantly paying, or seeking to pay, to Woman, according as he is noble, manly, and self-*respecting*, rather than self-*loving*. For man is never noblest in his love and service of Woman until he loves and serves her in a pure deference to her farther removed material and spiritual life; (unhappy he in whom the condition of the woman he loves forbids this sentiment); feeling himself as to the first, her able, robust protector; and as to the second, a grateful recipient of the more exalted good it can bring down to him: nor until he reverently discerns thus, through Sentiment if not

through understanding, that her lesser endowment in the physical is a wise and beautiful feature of God's plan, admitting of that exquisite compensation in the spiritual which exalts her individuality by transferring it from the executive, external powers wherein his lies, in close proximity to the organic life and its needs, to those finer and more exalted capacities which endure in the spirit, making the Woman-nature worthy the homage he is ever seeking to pay it, however unworthy individual women may prove, on his near approach to them.

Every nature is individualized by those attributes and powers which separate it from other natures. And these are always the most exalted of the life to which they belong, because Nature works out her designs by additions upward—not downward. She never *distinguishes* any being, by a power inferior in character or rank to the *highest* possessed by any predecessor in the scale.

Thus, Woman is individualized by the corporeal features and spiritual elements which constitute her Womanhood. That they are of higher rank in the scale of human attributes than those which constitute the individuality of Man, namely Manhood, we know, apart from all collateral or seeming accidental proofs to that effect from this, that Man universally, according to his development above savagism, and even in savagism, in certain temporary states of exaltation of which he is capable, recognizes their sum in womanhood as fit to command his service, and also a kind of worship from him, of which the character and faithfulness is again proportioned to his true Manhood.

In the organic kingdom, Individuality may be defined as the *sum of the powers*. In the moral kingdom,

it assumes a sacredness which must be enhanced by every added power, and every added degree of power characteristic of its type. The highest Individuality, therefore, is synonymous with the highest capacity for Good; (no individuality or capacity for Good, equals God's)—and the highest capacity for Good must, we know, if perverted, become equally the greatest for evil.

But the greater sacredness of Woman's individuality, lies not in the quality alone of her moral attributes; but in their quantity also. It is the total of a greater number of moral powers than man's comprises, (since every function must needs be represented by a faculty), and those which are added to the common wealth, will, in their natural and direct action, be the springs of her divinest good, because of her peculiar, separate, characteristic, individual influence over others; the medium of her largest, purest and most ennobling relations; necessarily, therefore, in their inverse, depraved action, of her most evil evil. And the one capacity must as necessarily excel man's as the other.

Behold then Prostitution, in the enormous proportions and hideous features which really belong to it. See also, why it in truth is, what the Sentiment of Mankind, however blind and ignorant, has always held it to be, *the* vice of human life: why the names which express the condition can only be applied to females, and why the condition itself, in every age and land, among every people, however low, however depraved, however degraded; with whatever foulness of other sorts it stands associated, is always instinctively or intelligently, held to be the foulest, lowest, most depraved, degraded, accursed and profaned, that human life can reach: why even the vilest of men holds himself honorable in comparison with the prostitute, and dares to

maltreat, insult, curse, spurn, jeer and deride this miserable female; and why, seeing the depths to which she is fallen, in our ignorance of the Love and Wisdom of God, and of the grandeur of the destiny He has prepared for every soul, we should reckon her beyond all others, ruined—the one infallibly lost—the being to whom hope and light can never more be possible.

It is because in her state the divinest powers delegated to humanity, are seen to be desecrated, inverted, brought to evil uses only. The highest earthly minister of good is turned to a demon, and the moral harm of her inverted career, must bear direct proportion to the good she is furnished to do. Niagara cannot stray from its channel as harmlessly as Silver Creek.

Moreover, as her condition consists in both a profane waste and an evil employment of the most sacred and exalted human powers, its deplorable character is but half expressed in the simple withdrawal of these from their natural and ever-needed use, the lifting up of lower lives. This is only the negative side, and lamentable enough though it be, it is not the characteristic one here. Man is equal to this form of evil-doing, and active in it, in all times and conditions, in the degree that he is ruled by his self-love; for thereby he also neutralizes somewhat, at least, of the good that is in him. But to Woman is given in such eminent degree the power of Attraction, that her positive evil, when this power is employed in a downward direction, is incalculable. Man vitiates by example; in which also he repels from the evil he loves; but Woman, by direct, (because natural), daring, irresistible, diabolic attraction. Her success is not always so much proportioned to the number or nature of her own evil acts, as to the boldness, firmness, and internal intrepidity with

which she measures and employs the power that is given for the elevation, refinement, purification and ennobling of man, to bring him into degradation and slavery to his meanest appetites.

How does Woman, the super-exalted and super-excellent, reach this condition? What is she individually in it? And is not the moral power in her, whose perversion makes its surpassing character, alone equal to its cure?

It may be denied that the last question belongs properly to the argument, but I apprehend that its relation will appear, as we advance, clearly enough to justify its position here. True, we are not engaged in a pathological inquiry, either as to the physical or moral life, but if it is pertinent, in the analysis of any nature, to show the root of its characteristic evil, it is not less pertinent to show how this root is to be laid bare, that it may perish; whence the power is to come that shall be equal to this work, and the general modes of its operation. Manifestly the power adequate to the cure of this as a social evil, cannot be less in measure and gravity than that required to *prevent* it as a personal one, and this, if I mistake not, can belong only to Woman, in the degree that will make it practically available here.

As I conceive this vice and its origin, the answer to the first of these inquiries will go far toward a solution of the second. For clearly and confessedly, it is a vice not native to Woman; that is, not having its root, its producing cause in the nature which is sacrificed to it.

The appetite which finds gratification in any course of conduct, whether vicious or pure, is the motive to that conduct. If it be a social vice, like this, then the party in whom the conquering appetite or passion is

uniformly stronger, is the leader and cause of it; the other the victim and effect.

Now I should transcend both my limits and purpose in the present work, were I to go more at length in answering these fundamental questions touching Prostitution, than is necessary to show what is legitimate here—namely, Woman's nature, so far as it is exhibited in her part in this, her characterizing vice; whether she enters upon it naturally and intelligently—from the leadings of the sense which it gratifies, and with the deliberate purpose of seeking such gratification; and whether the means of its removal from society are included in her own or in man's nature.* But to do even so much, we must go back to

* It will at once be evident that I cannot so much as touch upon the great economical causes which civilization and its accurst distribution of its goods and evils have brought to bear upon Woman, forcing her, irrespective of all emotion, passion or sense, to make marketable the most sacred and priceless of her endowments, because the most individualizing, her capacity for love and its divine fruits to herself and to man; compelling her to subject her spiritual to her material nature, not merely in denying, but in violating and profaning it. This wide, fertile field of unutterable wrong and suffering to Woman, must be passed over in silence, however reluctantly, because here Woman is the helpless slave of purely external circumstances—unnatural, therefore, unphilosophical, uninstructive and barren. Little indeed can she do to illustrate Nature to us, whose breath every hour is drawn by surrender of Nature to necessity—little, unless it be to exhibit the success with which the divine can be temporarily dislodged, and the dreariness of the gigantic desolation left behind it.

Duchatelet says, "It is difficult to believe the trade of prostitution should have been embraced by certain women as a means of fulfilling their maternal or filial duties—nothing, however, is more true. It is by no means rare, to see married women, widowed, or deserted by their husbands, and in consequence deprived of all support, become prostitutes with the sole object of

Nature, our everlasting, and, so far as we are patient in application to her, and intuitive enough to read her aright, our infallible, teacher.

I shall be obliged to study brevity, and hence, if some statements are left unproved, or are not fully illustrated, the reader will kindly bear in mind that this is not an Essay on Prostitution, but simply an appeal to it for its testimony of Woman.

We know how widely society, in nearly all times and conditions, has separated Man from Woman in its treatment of each touching these relations. In this, society rudely and clumsily works in accord with Nature. Both make the relation inconsequential to Man, and both make it momentously consequential to Woman. Why society does so, apart from this sufficient cause of following Nature, has been already shown in treating of the affectional qualities of Woman.

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saving their family from dying of hunger. It is still more common to find young girls, unable to procure from their honest occupations, an adequate provision for their aged and infirm parents, reduced to prostitute themselves, in order to eke out their livelihood. I have found too many particulars regarding these two classes, not to be convinced that they are much more numerous in Paris than is generally imagined."

In another passage he gives the results of his investigations into the cases of 5,183 prostitutes in Paris, in the following figures:

Driven to the calling by parental abandonment, excessive want and actual destitution,	2,696
To earn food for parents or children,	89
Driven by shame to flee their homes,	280
Abandoned by their seducers, and having no other means of obtaining subsistence,	2,118
	5,183

Of 2,000 New York prostitutes questioned as to the cause of their becoming such, Sanger gives 513, a fraction over a fourth, as

But there are still other reasons, based upon laws of the broadest application to life, which *compel* the social action so bitterly, and generally it would seem so justly, complained of by Woman and her advocates. In its cruelest position toward Woman, society is acting in the instinct of self-preservation—unenlightened, blind, tyrannical it is true; but, until a more advanced day than it has yet seen, the best it is capable of. Its most priceless possession is imperiled in Woman's purity, and if it knows no better method for defending this than by torturing her whose personal loss is already torture unspeakable, even this must be adopted. There is a law of our common nature—which accounts for much of the social action on this as on other questions, and I will beg the reader patiently to consider it with me, in explication of somewhat that is yet unaccounted for in this social phenomenon.

Enjoyment according to capacity, is the recognized

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answering that they were led by inclination. But when it is known that these women were questioned by a man—a police officer—it will at once be seen how strong their temptation would be to falsify themselves in their replies, and make themselves appear to be *worse* than the truth would prove them to be. Hardness and self-degradation are the only armor left to the female nature when so questioned, and every observer has seen how quickly and adroitly it can be assumed on occasion. "How came *you* in this place?" asked a hard-looking dogmatist, distributing tracts in one of the lowest houses of New York. He had addressed a beautiful young girl from the country, who had just been telling me the true and terrible story of her seduction, by a physician, practicing in her father's family. She had been shaken and almost suffocated by the violence of her emotions in talking with me, but the instant she saw his face, she dried her tears, and to my astonishment, answered his question with the utmost nonchalance, "because I liked to." "Why did you tell him that?" I asked, when he had gone. "Because I couldn't knock him down," was the reply.

right of every being and thing that is created. We respect it as the intent of the All-Wise and All-Loving to life, whatever its form. To the inferior lives it flows infallibly with the elements by which they are, and by which they subsist. Life and Enjoyment are here synonymous; but the enjoyment is low and never varied by the voluntary or intelligent action of its possessor. Crises of access and diminution are unknown.

The ascending scale shows us the power of the creature over its own enjoyments—the means of increase and reduction coming more and more within his control, as he attains a larger freedom of perception and action, till, at the point where humanity appears, we find immense, almost as it would seem, infinite capacities of multiplying the simple satisfactions which are inseparable from the phenomenon of full, sentient life—with, of course, a corresponding capacity for temporarily destroying them. The ability to do the one, could not exist without a certain measure of power to do the other. The creator can be the destroyer as well, and a proof of human power to act to the highest earthly degree in both ways, is found in the fact that man is the only being who commits suicide.

The right to enjoyment being universal, all creatures naturally seek it, according to the constitution which Nature has given them; and human beings not only do, but may, devote themselves to it in all legitimate ways, without forfeiting self-respect or the respect of their fellow-creatures. Indeed, so entirely natural do we acknowledge its pursuit to be, *i. e.*, so in harmony with God's designs for the employment of our powers, that we are more apt to measure the value and success of a life, granting that the enjoyments it seeks seem worthy in our eyes, by the harvest it gathers, than

by any other single result of it. Human nature is not patient with the ascetic. He would extinguish the sunshine which its best hunger craves. It does not accord its highest respect to the self-renunciatory—the wearers of sack-cloth and hair-ropes; because those acts in themselves are so violent a contradiction of Nature's plain intentions, that they can by no stretch of bigotry, be imputed as meritorious. The best acceptance they ever get, is when they are features of a career in which good works almost cover them from our view. For humanity recognizes, consciously or unconsciously, a higher loyalty to nature than self-inflicted pain, and nobler virtues, as her due from us, than self-abasement.

Enjoyment is to be won from within or without. But from whichever source, let it but seem worthy, and the soul will be valued by the courage, and skill, and energy, and persistency which it brings to the conquest. We judge the worthiness long—it may be nearly our whole life-time—from our own standards chiefly, (which in a majority of people are but slowly replaced by standards of the absolute, highest and best); and these may so warp our judgment, or blunt our perceptions, or harden our finer sensibilities, as to make what is truly worthiest, nay, even the divinest, seem poor, weak or paltry to us. Or a severe temper in a small class of religious feelings may dispose us proscriptively and bitterly toward the lighter, but equally legitimate enjoyments claimed by the more external affections. But no standard, save that of the grossest ignorance or the most intolerant and darkened bigotry, can quite empty the soul of its natural respect for the right to the pursuit of enjoyment; nor fully suppress the acknowledgment that *sacredness inheres in the right*, from the simple *possession of capacity.*

For a capacity pre-supposes all requisites for its employment, as necessarily as the eye pre-supposes light, and the ear atmospheric vibrations; and every capacity is both source and guarantee of a divine, inalienable right in the life of which it is a part, to such action and relations as it demands for its just satisfaction, its harmonious development, its equipoised play among its co-related powers. Wherever human nature is understood, and man rationally—not formally—acknowledged as made in the likeness of the Divine, this sacredness of the *right to enjoyment which every one of its capacities for enjoyment gives*, is also acknowledged. And progress in the individual or society is proved by nothing else so broadly and nobly, as by that intellectual and spiritual preparation which is found going forward, here and there, in these days, to provide, according to Nature and the truth of Nature, for the enjoyment of each and all of these rights. The individual or the community that arrives at this clear view of God's designs, and this rational faith in Nature, as His work, is forever done with slavery.

Enjoyment, which is thus seen to be the use and satisfaction of Capacity, is like all generic phenomena, compounded of a higher and a lower. It lies in the meeting of capacity with its means of action, and in healthful relations ensuing between them. It must as necessarily, therefore, be compound, as these are various.

There is no need here for nicer distinctions than the broad one, which the intelligent world recognizes more or less clearly, between Happiness and Pleasure. The former belongs more to the Spiritual—the latter more to the Material capacities; and both are equally legitimate when legitimately sought. But as Spirit is

higher than Matter; as spiritual demands are more exalted and exalting than appetites of flesh and sense; as Spirit is loving and universal, while Matter is self-loving and limitaneous, it turns out, practically, that our highest respect is reserved for the seeker of Happiness, while the seeker of Pleasure, according to his methods, is respected in a lower degree, is only tolerated, or is altogether contemned as a Perversionist.

Happiness is the high, rational, consistent, harmonious, pure fact, and its pursuit the like exercise of a just, loving nature. Pleasure is comparatively low, as it is the object of capacities more nearly allied to matter, and is therefore, in its best nature, more perishable, transient and narrow. And though not necessarily irrational, inconsistent, inharmonious, or impure, it runs with alacrity into these characters, by reason of this, its position in the scale of enjoyments. The pursuit of pleasure is the poorer exercise of natures capable of injustice, selfishness and impurity. The Happiness-seekers, therefore, are the world's true leaders—its Christs, Seers, Sages, Saints, and the vast body of its average Women; the Pleasure-seekers are the rank and file of *Man*kind, and the small minority of Womankind, who are below the average of their sex's goodness.

Happiness is pursued most successfully when most nobly—in self-forgetfulness, that is: the spirit being intent upon larger good and more expanded enjoyment than self alone can include. Pleasure is sought and won in self-consciousness, and that not the most exalted. The pursuit of the one is obedience to the largest and most liberal claims that life can recognize; that of the other is obedience to personal claims—to the demands of the hour—of the moment even, forgetful of cost to others, and of the demands of succeeding hours. Thus

Pleasure is, in some form and degree, the attribute of all Sentient life, while Happiness belongs to the world where Affection reigns, and is proportioned to its amount and real nobleness of character.

The right to enjoyment is sacred in everything that lives—as sacred as life itself; and neither is more so than the right to capacity for it; for without the one, the other cannot be; and existence then becomes a curse, in which its Author is profaned by the subversion or mockery of His intentions. We prove the loyalty to Nature of our instinct herein, in that we regard that condition as unspeakably calamitous from which all enjoyment is gone—so calamitous that it is unnatural, impossible; and we refuse to believe it of any but ourselves, and even of ourselves, save in some brief hours only, of fearful affliction or utterly morbid darkness. Enjoyment and life are so intrinsically wedded, that they cannot be divorced, except in those very rare cases where capacity is obliterated or congenitally non-existent. Thus there is but one condition more deplorable than that to which enjoyment seems lost, and this is the actual loss or lack of *capacity* for it. We instinctively believe so much in God and in the completeness of His work, that while the mortal capacities for enjoyment remain, our faith remains unbroken in its return to any state, how dark and hopeless soever it may be for a time. But when the capacity is destroyed or wanting, then that has taken place which shows humans as gods, for destroying what God only can bestow.

This is the source of the peculiar emotion with which we regard the lowest Idiots—it gives us the painful feeling we have for the hopelessly insane, and for the victims of confirmed melancholy, to whom organic

unsoundness prohibits the return of self-poise—also the tender pity which flows spontaneously from good hearts toward those, who, neither idiotic nor insane, have still been deprived, in their composition, of some of the powers or organs which go to a complete human creature. It is the deepest commiseration the soul is capable of, which exercises it toward actual lack of capacity for enjoyment, whether the lack proceed originally from others or be self-caused. And on the other hand, the riches of the material globe massed into one possession, would not entitle its owner to the gratulation we can offer that soul which, lacking them all, is yet possessed of every human capacity for enjoyment in its full measure.

But extremes must meet in moral as well as physical circles, and we find them here compacted in a union the most incongruous. For except it be a wise, as well as a loving and tender soul—except it have the clear, divine insight which discerns germs and latent powers lying by, waiting their day of bloom, certain to reach it in time—and knows, therefore, that ultimate completeness belongs to human life, in its degree, no less than to God, and cannot be wanting in the spirit which He gives, however it may in the form which earth gives, neither can altogether go out of it when once it has been embodied; except these, I repeat, temper and purify the commiseration, it will be more harsh than tender; more oppressive than sustaining; it will partake more of disgust and horror than of divine pity, and lead us to shun instead of seeking; to loathe instead of loving; to hate instead of helping; to despise and contemn instead of winning and leading, its object. For Nature in us, as well as out of us, demands perfection—at least what we can accept as such, according

to our standards; an average which is fluent from body to body, from soul to soul. And if this fails in the material, and we are too blind to discern it in the spiritual, we shrink back into our own limits, close the walls which sympathy had parted, and hug ourselves in our own possessions filled with self-gratulation, or gratitude to God, or fate, that these at least are mainly as we would have them.

And thus we feel ourselves authorized, in a certain sense, to turn away from what we esteem an unnatural being. When the insane were believed to be possessed of devils, they were shut up, or sent wandering, abandoned of human sympathy: Idiots were put away and left in the coldness and darkness of an outer world, to grow more idiotic and brutal.* We lay down certain lines around the objects of our sympathies, and absolve ourselves from going to those who are without them, on a plea, which we avail ourselves of secretly, when we do not utter it, that we *can* do nothing for them; that Nature, so fatally shorn or so long and deeply outraged, will not, cannot co-work with us. We have so long regarded the material as not only a testimony of perfection, but *as perfection*, that few, even of the most advanced, have the spiritual perception to see clearly beneath it, and the faith always to trust the occult, and work as if it were the seen—to rest in the imperishable completeness of the internal, whatever its visible form before us. Who can employ this language in expressing his or her own inmost feeling for any of the monster classes?

* Neither could the average be safely exceeded. Standards are very arbitrary till knowledge of Truth, of realities for which they stand, supersedes them. Thus the Saviors were crucified; the Saints burned, the Seers drowned for witches.

"I saw the face of the most smeared and slobbering idiot they had at the Asylum,
And I knew for my consolation what they knew not;
I knew of the agents that emptied and broke my brother.
The same wait to clear the rubbish from the fallen tenement,
And I shall look again in a score or two of ages,
And I shall meet the real landlord, perfect and unharmed, every inch as good as myself."*

Very few I fear, and it is this incapacity of the human mind at its present stage of development which accounts for whatever is cruel in our social treatment of all the incomplete and denaturalized, especially this *most denaturalized of all*, Prostitutes. For we cannot, without an almost heavenly love, forgive this worst of moral suicides; this most fatal and frightful of all deformities to which humanity can be subjected, which has benumbed or stifled every capacity for real enjoyment—apparently killed the soul and left the body, defaced, blotched, hideous, corrupted, to walk before us, a repulsive sign of something that, to all available intents and purposes for the present life, *is not*. Instinct withholds pardon because of the enormity of the offense, of which both offender and offended being quite conscious, the relation between them comes finally to involve every element of condemnation and loathing on one side that the human mind can exercise; an account which the outcast balances by defiance, hatred, and revenge in every form that her depraved nature can exhibit them.

Life is but a means to enjoyment. It is impossible for us to see or feel it otherwise, from the moment when we shake off the thraldom of systems and creeds, and find a living and sufficient Faith in God and in

* Whitman.

Nature incorporate in our souls. We can thenceforward only conceive of life as an opportunity of enjoyment, of development and of Good; all which, in their highest significance, are synonyms. These are manifestly the end of God's Being and Doing. Can ours be other—either different or meaner, except in degree, if we are in His likeness? It is because we are in His likeness that we are free as no other creatures are, to cultivate or stifle the capacities for enjoyment, which He has given us.

Now the highest of these in any being, are those which individualize it, separate it from other beings; make possible to it exclusive experiences. The highest in Man, therefore, are those which make him master of the pleasures and happiness of Manhood. These separate him from all beings below him. The highest which belong to Woman, are those which make her mistress of the pleasures and happiness of Womanhood. These separate her from all beings below her, including Man. Because, above those experiences which are common to both, and springing from them, are the individualizing, holy, inspiring, creative, maternal experiences which are the very crown, the fruit, the end, of all the pleasure and happiness which Man can share with her.

The more exalted the capacity, the more sacred; the more sacred, the greater the profanation—the more profaned, the greater and more lasting the evil done and suffered in its destruction. Behold then, the Prostitute, the most loathed, despised, accursed, and dreaded of human beings.

So terrible is her lot, to herself, that she is obliged to live a demon's life to support it. Intoxication from excitement or stimulants, (to which a few months, or

even weeks, before, she may have been as great a stranger as any pure, self-respecting female), is the only condition on which it can be borne. But for the relief this devil's refuge affords, the Woman-soul there is in her would agonize for annihilation, to escape her fate. She must let herself utter no Womanly feeling or sympathy, for so it might touch her Womanly consciousness and break the spell of the awful education she is receiving. "Do you think we could live the lives we do," asked one, "if ever we allowed ourselves to think? Don't suppose so—for we are human yet, and Women too; and to be as bad as men would have us, we are obliged to make believe that we are neither, but almost fiends. So the new ones have to watch themselves and to be watched too—for if they are caught weeping, or sad, or thoughtful, it is bad for the business; and they must be got to drinking, joking coarsely, swearing or quarreling as quickly as possible. In fact, a middling woman, if she takes to our business, must keep herself drunk, one way or another, for three or four years, if she lives so long. After that she will be bad enough perhaps, without it, though she will then drink from love of it. But you are a Woman, and must know that there is not one in a thousand of us that comes into this life, in the first place, or stays in it after we get here, for the same reason that men come to us; and then you know we *could not* endure what we have to, if we were sober."*

* To most readers, it will doubtless seem labor wasted to add anything in proof of the assertion that women do not become prostitutes from sensuality in themselves; but here are a few remarks from the article before quoted in the "Westminster Review," which, for their clearness, courage and utter truthfulness, are well worthy the attention of even the most thoroughly convinced:

"Women's *desires* scarcely ever lead to their fall—for the de-

Such was the fearful account given me by one who had passed a two years novitiate, and reached a State Prison—the natural goal of her short race. In substance this statement is confirmed by every one of her class whom I have ever succeeded in bringing to any calm, earnest view of her life: all writers on the subject affirm the same, and *à priori*, every Woman who has had a Woman's birth and early start in life, and who has therefore ever known the feelings natural to her sex, knows that it must be so. Men can be wicked, depraved, degraded, vile and low, yet be men, in many respects; sustaining their relations in life, holding many bonds outwardly unbroken between them and society, friends and family; their consciences little wounded by their consciousness of wrong; their self-respect appa-

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sire scarcely exists in a definite and conscious form till they have fallen. In this there is a radical and essential difference between the sexes: the arrangements of Nature and the customs of society would be even more unequal than they are, if it were not so. In men, in general, the sexual desire is inherent and spontaneous, and belongs to the condition of puberty. In the other sex, the desire is dormant, if not non-existent, till excited—always till excited by undue familiarities: almost always, till excited by actual intercourse. Those feelings which coarse and licentious minds are so ready to attribute to girls, are almost invariably *consequences*. Women whose position and education have protected them from exciting causes, constantly pass through life without ever being cognizant of the promptings of the senses. * * * We do not mean to say that uneasiness may not be felt—that health may not sometimes suffer; but there is no consciousness of the cause. If the passions of Women were ready, strong and spontaneous in a degree even remotely approaching the form they assume in the coarser sex, there can be little doubt that sexual inequalities would reach a hight, of which, at present, we have happily no conception."

But with all who have preceded him, (or her), this writer fails to see, or at least to intimate that while the exciting cause of prostitution is sensuality in man, its proximate and immediate causes are no less in the universal and sustained dominion of him, the lower, over her, the higher being.

rently not burthened with any weight of shame or self-condemnation. It is not necessary that they become monsters in order to be bad—the natural distance between them and evil is not so great that they must needs become utter aliens to their nature to know it, to wear its colors and serve in its ranks. But a Woman belongs far away, to another land, another atmosphere; and the suffering she must endure in becoming naturalized and acclimated here, is too fearful for even the moral strength of her sex. She must escape it through excitement, or death comes early to her relief.* Or she may shake it off and redeem herself—an experience this, which society has not much allowed her, as yet.

After the fierce conflict of initiation is past, there is a better opportunity afforded for the returning expression of some of the most enduring and noble traits of Womanhood! The outworks of doubt, fear, shame, sensibility, self-respect, have all been carried—the surrender is unconditional and fixed. Now she can sometimes be amiable and like a Woman, in the expression of those feminine feelings which are not to be wholly extirpated, even by the holding of her terrible position. She has passed the barrier, and, thanks to the rigorous, vigilant, relentless enemy she has left upon its other side, there is no chance for her return. She grows fast to the horrors she has embraced; so fast and inseparable from them, as well by habit as by the awful hight of her self-sacrifice to them, that some natural acts of kindness and good-nature will not now shake her. She can help a companion in distress, provide for the edu-

* The average duration of life among these women does not exceed four years from the beginning of their career.—"Sanger's History of Prostitution," New York, 1859. See also "Duchatelet's History of Prostitution in Paris."

cation of a child or young sister, appropriate the wages of her degradation to the comfort of a sick or suffering friend, give her daily thought and care to the nursing and support of such an one ; indulge a personal affection for some man, and satisfy it by sacrificing not only her personal independence to him, but all her means to his pleasure and comfort ; and so, gloriously and divinely, out of the darkness and mire around her, vindicate the ineffaceable *goodness* of her mutilated Womanhood. "Kindness and mutual helpfulness," says Sanger, "seem never to be extinguished or materially impaired" in these Women.*

It will be seen that the strength of the individual woman for this lot, is in the completeness of the abdication of her proper selfhood which I have thus faintly sketched, and in the reign of that evil selfhood to

* I know there are so-called virtuous women whose vices of the heart—petty sordidness, cruelty, falsity, treachery, selfishness, indolence, and tyranny, make even these poor creatures, with their kindness, sympathy, generosity and occasional delicacy toward each other, seem bright, almost angelic by comparison. Many persons will remember the woman, I am unable to recall her name, who tortured a poor little orphan girl to death a few years since, on Long Island! by freezing, burning, beating and starving her. She was a strict church-member, and sustained a spotless reputation for *virtue*. Contrast her conduct, which is not unparalleled in the respectable walks of life, with this of some women of shame in London. I quote from the article last referred to :

"A poor girl, who, after a few years spent in infamy and wretchedness, was rapidly sinking into a decline, had still no means of livelihood but in the continued practice of her calling. But, with a mixture of kindness and of conscience, which may well surprise us, under such circumstances, her companions in degradation resolved among themselves that, as they said, at least she should not be compelled to die in sin, and contributed, out of their own poor, sad earnings, a sufficient sum to enable her to pass her few remaining weeks in comfort and repentance."

which the dominion of man, exercised through his sensuality or his control of her external conditions, has brought her.* She now exults in the attractions which she possesses or can counterfeit, quite as much because they will be the instruments of her revenge as her subsistence. She cherishes an affected scorn for what she has lost, womanly purity, that so she may keep her heart from breaking, in the consciousness of her own calamity. She equally affects delight in all that is unwomanly because coarse, vulgar, foul, sensual; but how long in her career and how grossly, this *is* affectation, if she is of average birth and has been purely, no matter

* "But what," says Dr. Redfield, "can put the higher nature asleep when the lower is awake? My third proposition must answer this question. It is that in this world the necessities of the body are imperative and exercise a commanding control over the spirit. Man holds this power in his own hands. Woman is dependent upon him for the comforts of life, and he can give or withhold them at pleasure. Hunger and cold, nakedness and bodily pain make Woman desperate as they do Man." (Not in the same degree, nor so early in her experience of them). "The best will steal or do almost anything else, to *save life*, and *more* to escape extreme suffering, to which they often prefer death itself. It is not true, as a general rule, that suffering quickens the moral sense. It cries out with a loud cry that drowns the voice of every other monitor. *All* women sacrifice more or less to man, for what their bodily necessities imperiously demand, and this sacrifice has only to be continued by imperceptible degrees, to make all Women in the course of time prostitutes. The *primum mobile* is that very dependence of Woman upon Man which you gave me in your last letter, as the explanation of her worship of him. The spirit and the body reverse positions. The body assumes the higher importance, and the soul takes the position of a suppliant slave. Of course then the soul is prostituted, first to its own body, and next to man's, in the extreme and most revolting sense of that word. The moral sense is speedily reduced to the condition of a slave to its own proper servants. Man becomes the vicegerent of

how humbly or poorly bred, every good woman knows, or can pretty accurately judge, from her own consciousness.

She is called a Woman of Pleasure, which means that she is what she is, for man's pleasure—not her own. Her share is endurance, loathing and disgust, till she sinks below the possibility of these emotions. For, as we now know, by comparison of the two natures, if appetite placed her where she is, it was Man's, not hers; if outraged affections and broken faith brought her there, it was he—not she, who was guilty; if terrible necessity reduced her to this lot, it was because his sensuality keeps always open for her extremest need

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Fortune, and Fortune viewed from the point of Woman's necessities, is Providence—is Deity in her eyes. Man is a being of power, of wisdom, the arbiter of life and death, who, if he do not administer death, is wondered at for his clemency and magnanimity, as if a lion should decline to eat a man whom he could as well as not devour. He is, therefore, easily believed when he tells Woman that he and she stand to each other in the relation of *soul* and body; and that as the soul should govern the body, he should govern her. Especially does she believe this when it comes to her under the sanction of a Masculine Divine Authority. The doctrine that makes prostitutes is incorporated as a fundamental one in all religious and civil institutions, and it is consistent that this vice should be an institution of civil government. What Man wants of Woman, as a general rule, is the gratification of his animal passions, and the command to wives to obey their husbands and submit themselves to them as to the Lord, requires Man's body to govern Woman's soul and body; the spiritual to prostitute itself to the sensual and gross. Here is the 'miseducation' you speak of, and the 'mal-development' follows, slowly, to be sure, in some cases, but rapidly in others—so that in all ages of the world there are not merely prostituted faculties, but prostituted persons, which can only be the case with characters belonging to the superior sex. The love which is the source and continent of all other loves, when it is prostituted carries all other loves with it."

this market. And she is all the more wicked in her degradation, the more studiously and exclusively evil, because it was not for her own pleasure that she submitted to it originally, and is not for that that she endures it. For the mind cannot conceive another condition so intolerable, so consuming, as hopeless degradation for vicious pleasures, in which Nature denies it any share. It would seem that the stoniest devils must pity such.

It is already seen and felt, I doubt not, how such a school must prepare women for the crimes common to the sexes. Crime and penal wrong-doing do not precede this state and lead Woman to it. It leads her to them. It is a statistical fact, that of criminal women under punishment in any penal institution in the civilized world, the per-centage is extremely small, a mere nominal fraction, coming chiefly from thinly peopled or agricultural districts, who have not led, for a longer or shorter time, an abandoned life previous to their conviction. Prostitution indeed seems to be a necessary school to prepare women for the criminality, of various kinds, to which men in the same conditions of life, exhibit an enormously disproportionate inclination, antecedent to, or irrespective of this special form of depravity. So much is this the case, that if no women were prostituted, prisons for females could be so far dispensed with, that there would not be one needed where ten are now filled.

I have thus endeavored to show how prostitution gets into existence; (*i. e.*, its causes, but not their *modus operandi*); and what is the personal condition necessary to keep its ranks filled. It only remains, therefore, to answer the last of the three fundamental questions touching it, with which we set out; namely,

must not its cure as a social evil lie in its prevention as an individual one; and this being true, is not the power practically adequate to this work, lodged in the Woman-nature alone?

Before proceeding to the direct object of this inquiry, I must beg a moment's indulgence, to say a few words preliminarily. Nothing is more helpful to one's judgment as to the value of a proposed measure, than a clear understanding of the nature of that which is to be accomplished by it. The reader may think that the subject of these last pages is fully enough stated to admit of nothing more that will not burthen its treatment, and perhaps his patience also. Nevertheless, I have reserved for this moment, at the risk of criticism, as I am aware, the following definition of Prostitution:

The word means, always, in whatever connection it is used, the *surrender or submission of higher powers, or nobler beings, to base demands in those which are lower.*

It is, therefore, an inverted relation—a usurpation of Nature's order—the violent or crafty, the open or secret taking possession and exercise of an authority or rule, to which the actual right is in another, *and a higher.* The baseness of the prostitution will be measured by the moral distance between the end designed by Nature—that to which the natural use of the prostituted life or capacities would lead—and that contemplated or actually reached by its surrender to the service of the usurper. The lower is never *prostituted* to the higher—for the power or capacity which is viciously employed, must be employed by a power or capacity lower than itself, *if it is prostituted* in the employment. This is the common, universal sense of the word. Thus, we never hear of the senses being prostituted to the judgment, or the bodily appetites to the higher senti-

ments. The lower may be wronged by the intrinsically higher; but it will be oppression, exaction, fanatical, unreasonable denial, or whatever form of wrong, some other than this.

Thus, as between two beings or faculties, prostitution is possible only to the intrinsically higher, more sacred one. And the fact that mankind, by universal assent, regard this form of it as exclusively a feminine condition, settles the question of rank between the masculine and feminine. It is also plain, from this view, that Man's power to prostitute Woman, will end practically with her clear understanding of their relative natural positions. We know already that ignorance among females is the greatest friend to Man in this infernal scheme, and that his chances for success diminish very uniformly in the direct proportion of the common enlightenment of those whom he approaches with this design or with any design that may lead to it. On this and collateral points, the following passages will, I am sure, be helpful to the reader as they were to me. They are from a private letter of Dr. Redfield.

"This leads me to speak of the greater individuality of Woman, as a proof of her superiority, and of its knowledge as a preventive and remedy of prostitution in all its stages. Individuality is the very reverse of Adultery. It is one, separate, distinct, pure, unmixed, uncontaminated, undefiled. All diseases are the result of adulterous habits, or miasmas, and other poisons from adulterous mixtures, and in the degree that they are so, they are contagious and defiling, running from one to another, disregardful of individualities, chiefly among those who are herded promiscuously together.

"Wholeness, wholesomeness, being made whole, healthy, normal, sound, well, perfect, belongs to individuality. Individuality is of two kinds: *perfect*, or ideal, and peculiar, or relative. Perfect goodness belongs to the Divine Being, relative goodness to human

beings. Perfect Individuality is the Ideal towards which peculiar and particular individuals aspire in the degree that they are like it, *i. e.*, in the degree that they are creative, or artistic; peculiar individuality is the degree towards perfect individuality really attained, relative to that perfect individuality, or to the highest conception of it, and to the highest attainment, and to the lowest. The relation of peculiar individualities to the Perfect Individuality and to each other, is that of harmony, in the exact degree that they approach Perfection; and to aspire after Perfection, and to aspire after Harmony, are the same thing. By this aspiration after oneness, after the absolute and perfect Individuality, which is God, the First and Final Cause, including all intermediates, no one individual attains to it, but all particular, distinct, peculiar individuals together attain to a harmonious oneness in their relation to each other, and thus to a oneness with the Divine, who is "one and all things," the one Cause, including the laws of order and harmony which are the laws of Oneness, and including all harmonious and orderly manifestations, which are manifestations of Itself, "*in* which they live and move and have their being." The more nearly perfect individuality is attained, the more peculiar and distinct, *i. e.*, the more perfect, is the individuality of peculiarity and distinction. For example, Woman is a nearer approach to perfect Individuality, to the artist's highest Ideal, his Ideal of Perfection, than Man is, and she has more of that peculiar and distinguishing individuality by which a person is recognized, more of that character by which a person is characterized, more of that which is characteristic of the individual, more of that which a person regards as his character, his good name, which he respects, and which he wishes to have respected, which he labors to establish for himself, and which he preserves with uniform consistency, which he wishes not to have confounded or mixed up with that of any other person, which is his priceless treasure, compared with which all other properties are worthless—which is his own individual immortal self, to lose which would be to be annihilated, or not to know one's self, or be

known. What is proper to Woman, is more 'proper' than what is proper to Man. Acting out of character, would be a greater violation of her nature than of his. She is more pure, separate, set-apart, particularized, individualized, and deferentially recognized, than Man. And to assail her character or person, to violate her purity by word or deed, is a greater desecration than to libel the character of Man, commit assault and battery upon his person, and persuade him to the acts of impurity to which he is naturally inclined. 'Violation' is a crime that can be committed against Woman, as against Nature, because she is individual in a degree closely approaching to the perfect Individual whose laws are laws of order and harmony; but only 'violence' can be committed against Man, because he is not purely individual, as she is.

"It might be said that Woman can be violated, and Man cannot be, because she is passive, and he is active in the love relation. But suppose Man were made externally passive, as he might be by possibility in relation to Woman, it would still be violence, and not violation that he would suffer! Violation is a crime against what is sacred and holy; and what is sacred and holy, cannot violate, but what is vulgar and profane can. It is not because Woman, or what is pure and sacred, is passive, and Man active, that she is incapable of violating man—for she is more active than he in respect to love, love being the active, moving power, and being hers, more than his. Violation is against the spirit more than against the body, but Woman's love is pure, and its activity is felt as a gentle and purifying influence, and cannot possibly violate anything in Man's spirit, as his unregenerate animal love violates the pure love in her. The greatest forces and activities in Nature, in fact the only ones, that are not effects, are occult, and this is the reason why Woman is perverted by the external senses to be passive, and man active, the active cause being in her, and the active effect in him. True, the causative action is not always voluntary on her part, and the effective action is not always unwilling on his, but this does not prove that she is not active,

and he passive in the sense of cause and effect in their relation to each other. The qualities of attractiveness and repulsiveness exist in Woman, and exert their influence on Man, whether she will or not, and *nolens volens* on his part. But voluntariness belongs most to what is active, and involuntariness most to what is passive; and it is a fact that Nature has made the sexual act, as well as all other manifestations and reciprocities of affection, more optional with her than with him; and for this obvious reason, that she performs the higher and more important office, and that his is for the sake of hers—not hers for his. Woman stands more upon her dignity, her separate individuality and independence, and commands when she will Man's services, and accepts or rejects, as she pleases; but Man is always obsequious, waiting upon her will, unless he fall back upon 'brute force,' and in this sense, 'the right of the strongest,' and resorts to tyranny and violence. In all Nature the female is active in the sense of voluntary, and the male is passive, in the sense of willing and obedient. Only in the human race, and perhaps in the case of the gallinacea, does or can the male violate the female. In violation, not in the true sexual relation, Man is active, and Woman acted upon, passive and resistant, like matter."

The great absurdity and cruelty of Society in driving Woman to prostitution, from acts of which the baseness or guilt, or turpitude, whatever it was, was not first hers, but Man's, originated very naturally in the two elements of his self-love, sensuality and love of domination. His career in this respect exhibits the monstrous anomaly of the profaner punishing, with the most fearful severity, the being whom he has profaned: the penalty inflicted being strictly his due, and not hers, but operating, through his administration of it, her total earthly ruin. No career but that of the masculine life, where intellect, moral conviction and animal desire so seldom unite in the Holy Alliance of cor-

sentaneous, harmonic action, that they may be said to be naturally at enmity among themselves, could embody the enormous incongruity, of empowering the same being to make laws; break them with impunity—nay, even with eredit; and enforce the terrible penalties of his own infraction against another, often an absolutely, always a comparatively innocent party. Man acknowledges in Woman more spirituality, and consequently more individuality, both spiritual and personal, than he claims for himself, yet has hesitated not, in his intense self-love and consciousness of external power, to treat her, even while making the acknowledgment, as if she had no soul of her own; as if she were designed to be moved by another's will, and had neither the ability nor the right to think and decide for herself; as if she were properly to be classed with children and servants, and even with animals, in the matter of dependence and obligation to do the will of a "lord and master;" and yet he has held her to the highest moral responsibility for certain wrong-doing in his as well as her own sex. A very rude, cruel, hard fashion of acknowledging the superiority which he could not deny, and at the same time of avenging upon her its possession, by demanding its responsible exercise in situations and relations which made this impossible.

Thus the prostitution of Woman becomes the type, the ideal of every conceivable form of this vice. There is no evil possible to the moral phenomenon of prostitution among the inhabitants of the earth—none indeed possible to any vice but is found included in this lot, "compact of ill." Here are the most terrible personal conditions, both physical and moral, under which human life can be supported. Destitution, squalor, cold, hunger, starvation, darkness, drunkenness, insult, outrage, violence, murder, all have their home in the haunts of

this vice. Here also are blasphemy the most revolting, profanity the most unnatural and wicked; theft, lying, infernal revelry and heart-breaking anguish; hardness and self-loathing—the most defiant, insane frankness of self-exposure, and the deepest, most diabolic cunning for the ruin of the innocent; affected gayety, and unutterable sorrow; feigned indifference covering the horror and despair which no other state of human existence can, for a moment, fully know.

Or, to adopt the measure given before, of all possible prostitutions, this is the greatest and gravest, for the reason that it is the subjection of the most sacred, the individualizing attributes of the most exalted earthly being, to a mere animal appetite in a lower being—the deepest inversion of which humanity is capable. Whereby the greatest falsity of result is reached that is possible to the moral life of our race; the end designed by Nature in endowing Woman with her characteristic power of attraction and her characteristic function of maternity, being at the farthest possible moral distance from that actually reached in prostituting these to the sensual and momentary pleasure of Man. They are the opposite extremes of the longest line of measurement that we can apply to human conduct and its results. For of the true, natural employment of these capacities, the end is life individualized for eternity—the peopling of the universe with immortal beings—the most exquisite spiritual happiness—maternal love and continued growth toward the stature of the Divine or Perfect Individuality—the development and progress of the Mother, the Father and the race. Of their prostitution, the end is what we have seen, waste of the most sacred powers and priceless treasures of life; despicable, fleeting, debasing, polluting pleasure;

and while it continues, a steady dwarfing, and long after it ceases as a fact, a sorely diminished, enfeebled moral stature.

Let us now see what light comes to us from the statements that have been here advanced, touching the removal of this most terrible of ills. I shall treat it here also purely as a moral evil. With its physical features I do not deal at all, for two reasons; first, they are so purely the effects of a definite, clearly recognized cause, that their continuance or removal depends entirely upon the continuance or removal of this cause; or, leaving it in full operation, becomes so exclusively an external, material, empirical, or diabolic office, that I should not feel called upon to touch it, were I even treating of Prostitution with a more comprehensive design than to make it a medium for the exhibition of Woman's part and nature in it.

The masculine treatment of it has always been, and yet continues to be, superficial and material enough to justify any criticism that I am disposed to pronounce upon it, however harsh its first sound may be. But lest I should be thought severe or unjust, I will pause here to show a single feature just now appearing in this treatment, the knowledge of which will exonerate me in any mind capable of a judgment that is worthy the name.

It is too well known to need statement in these pages, how important a branch of medical effort the treatment of the physical penalty of this vice has always been; though it is not so well known to general readers and observers how terrible and wide-spread are its ravages, among the innocent as well as the guilty, both by direct and indirect communication; the victims to the former being wives of contaminated husbands, and

to the latter their unhappy offspring, born to this unmatchable heritage of woe—so that, in fact, many large populations in the civilized world may, with little exaggeration, be said to be universally infected in a greater or less degree at this time.

The evil has always been, as we know, from the time of the Roman Civilization, (and probably long before), of such magnitude and terribleness, and of such steady, persistent growth, as commerce has widened its territory,* and civic life has drawn mankind together in large bodies, that it was worthy to engage a great measure of the medical skill of each generation. It has commanded this, and any improved method of diminution or prevention has consequently been hailed with interest and satisfaction, by men both in and out of the profession. It is well known too, how this branch of practice has grown within the half century past; the advertisements of quacks, and of exclusive practitioners of the regular schools, furnishing incontestible evidence that no one of the subversive features of our vaunted Civilization has kept pace with this most subversive

* If a doubt yet remains on the mind of any reader that I have stated truly the part of the masculine as cause in this terrible phenomenon, let it be considered how Man has always *introduced* prostitution in every country that he has visited, and every Island of the Sea. Does any one believe, for example, that if the voyages of discovery and trade had been made by women instead of men, to the Islands of the Pacific, this scourge would have been left as the testimony of their visit, so that in a few generations, the populations native there, would have fallen a literal sacrifice to their sensuality, as they are actually falling to Man's at this day? There is no comment needed on the illustration I am sure. The common sense of every reader will furnish the best comment, and answer the question correctly.

one. So that nowhere else are real remedy and true help so sorely needed at this time.

It has come. So says masculine judgment. It has found, as it claims, the climax of wisdom and success at last, and I am inclined to the opinion also, that in the direction where man is seeking help, he has found the limit of possible—degradation. The reader was prepared, perhaps, to hear of some noble method, of whose efficacy humanity would be proud, whose powerful appeal would lie to the self-respect, the calm judgment, the moral sense, the regulating power of Society—especially of its masculine element—and he finds it difficult to see how a means of preventing or curing a terrible malady like this, could properly be characterized as degrading. He shall know.

In Paris, the metropolis of Civilization, the very focus of intellectual and scientific illumination, men announce this great discovery as *an experimental*, and therefore, to their understanding, a sure one. They cry Eureka, and all around Paris, in the Queen Islands, and over the Continent, and on other Continents, the Eastern no less than the Western, the cry is echoed. The glad day at last has dawned. Success has crowned the study and research of ages. The insurmountable is put away. The continent of ill is uprooted, and will disappear, no more to alarm and agonize the souls and bodies of brave, heroic men, who, in spite of it, little daunted by its vastness and firmness of position, have always been faithful to their appetites. Now, when it is dissolved, as it were, carried away utterly, clean gone forever, what joy and freedom are theirs. Is it any wonder that they salute, bowing to each other from land to land, from shore to shore, and from sea to sea? Surely not—for great is the discovery in Paris, the

metropolis. Great, therefore, should be the acclaim, as well as the silent gratulation with which it is received.

The wise men of Paris have discovered that *vaccination with the syphilitic virus* will give *impunity to the libidinist! !*

Among the many memorable contributions offered by Paris, what can possibly be more memorable than this? Especially as one may imagine the clear-eyed, spiritual generations of the future loooking back upon it.

It is orderly that Paris, long credited as the ideal of temptation, should furnish the armor in which it may be safely courted and indulged. This discovery is to be watched, and proved, and reported, and acted upon, *throughout of course;* for there can be no inducement to the first step in it, unless the last is also contemplated, (and the instinctive feeling of every pure nature lacking the motive or the intention to yield to sensuality, would be to put as far away from the currents of its vitality as the universe would permit, the damnable poison), and when all the world of men is placed beyond material danger, or it is seen that they surely can be, then safety and indulgence—the two great desiderata of *Man*kind.

If any clearer proof of Man's materiality was needed than his career through the ages has already furnished, surely we have it here. And if anything more than we before knew, was wanting to convince his warmest partisan that the real cure we are looking for *could not proceed from him*, is not this enough? This is his last, his best. It invites Man—not to tread the hights of purity, but to wallow in the very mire of grossest indulgence. It proposes no virtue, but immunity in vice.

It commends to him no high thought—no motive to self-regulation, but offers the premium of unlimited indulgence in action, to the basest and most degrading emotions and thoughts he is capable of entertaining. It does not propose even the shallowest, most nominal, or extrinsic *show* of obedience to Nature, but like a mutineer, disarms her, and puts her below, to be carried in duress through what violence, piracies and outrages, of every sort, the usurper may seek his pleasure in.

But O men of Paris, Masters in Science, Magi of the Nineteenth Century, is this your knowledge of Nature? Has all your study brought you but hither—disclosed to you but this broken view, worthy a blind barbarian only? Is Nature, think you, to be thus clapped in gyves, like a culprit, by a stroke of your lancet? Believe it not. Your arts may shield the body *for a time*, and because you see not beyond the material, you may think your mistress is safely held where you supposed you had placed her—but beware! That indulgence which she forbade, on pain of such a penalty as you think you have removed, once made materially safe, will strike such a leprosy through the swamped, reeking life, that hell would be realized on earth. Could materialism farther go?

But thanks to the greatness and unity of Nature, whom man cannot circumvent as he would a thief or depredator; nor invade as he would the domain of a neighbor, the scheme is so abhorent, even toMan, whom it is devised to please, that it cannot become universal. Its very grossness will insure its defeat. It is a rebellion against Nature, which the human mind and heart refuse to entertain, and therefore, the wise men of Paris, the Metropolis, will have to fold their banner by-and-by, and retire from the wall, to give place to

those who study that they may learn how to obey, not to defy her; who delight reverently in her ways—who love her as a Mistress, *in whom alone is perfect Freedom;* and who know that She, and Truth, and Love, are the grand Trinity, whom to know, trust and follow, is to insure all of happiness that the spirit or body of Man is capable of.

The world has grown too wise to look to material means for the efficient cure of moral evil. Humanity has lost, or is fast losing its ancient trust in tortures, scaffolds, and stone-walls, as incentives to virtuous conduct. And that which is superseding these instrumentalities of old Society, is the moral power that is in the human soul. Daily the confidence of humankind turns more and more to its own interior capacity. Daily we hear more of melioration and less of punishment. Daily the evidences multiply around us that humanity is beginning to recognize its spiritual selfhood, and trust it for the bringing of good and happiness. Everywhere the teaching of the Church, of the State, of Society, of the School, of the Home, looks more decisively to the prevalence and sufficiency of spiritual influences, of moral causes, instead of external, legal and punitive measures.

Prostitution is an evil which can only be dealt with, *for its doing away*, by these interior forces, and *in a time of their supremacy.* Because its root being "in an inextinguishable (?) natural appetite of man,"* and he being legitimate sovereign in the purely external, we can expect no adequate help to this end from him or his measures, even if a remedy of the kind needed

* I quote the words of Sanger. The interrogative only is mine, and questions, not the appetite, but its inextinguishableness as a root of evil.

could possibly proceed from his nature. But I have failed to make myself understood, thus far, if the attentive reader is not by this time prepared to see and acknowledge that it cannot.

For the moral power adequate to deal effectually with a moral evil, can be lodged in no lower life than that wherein the evil itself exists. This is as self-evident as that the greater contains the less, and the whole the parts. Therefore it is idle to look for any efficient remedy or prevention from Man. Not only is it his pleasure, or, as he very generally acknowledges, his necessity to support prostitution, but, laying altogether aside his personal desires as being the origin of it, he still lacks the moral status to touch the subject with higher than a meliorating hand. Accordingly this is, in effect, all that we hear of from him. He believes that the vice must continue, till, by some supernatural shedding down upon the race, of a purity and virtue not quite native to it; a semi-miraculous, millennial state of society will appear, in which this, and some of its grossest resulting vices will, by no self-denial or self-regulation in him, but rather by some spiritual legerdemain, prove to be wanting. Meantime, knowing the sensuality and selfishness of his sex, and the almost unlimited power it has held and still holds, in most countries, over the other, his best hopes look only to reducing the number of outcast women, and mitigating some features of the condition. A few less starved; a few less murdered; a few less driven to suicide, "weary of breath"; a little less profanity and drunkenness among them; a little shading down of the indecency, the outrageousness and terribleness of their lives—these are about the sum of his hopes—the aim of his efforts. But can these content the heart of Woman? Are they cure?

I have said that its cure as a social evil must lie in its prevention as an individual one.

Let us distinguish here, between what we call cure and prevention. The popular adage does not exaggerate the difference in their value—which is even greater in morals than in physics. The former is the masculine method of dealing with the ills of life. It runs through every department of masculine action, and culminates in its Theology, where the costliest scheme of Cure ever entertained by the intellect of Deity or Man, is set forth as the *final* help which the Infinite Wisdom can devise for us. That cure has been the highest Moral Idea and Hope of the Masculine Era, is too plainly evident from this, not to mention its great working methods in lower departments, to admit of doubt. It was unquestionably the best, possible in any large practical measure to the powers and forces of this era. We respect what is practical, but only if we are good and aspiring, revere what may be dimly seen above it, reserved for a later and better time.

Cure, as a method, commands the confidence of Man, because, though it may, and in fact generally does, leave the sustaining root and vigorous trunks of the evil it proposes to remove, unharmed and fruitful, it assaults with sound and fury its branches, stems and foliage. It deals only or chiefly with the proximate, seen causes of the ills he has to encounter, but aiming at these, he accepts it; while Prevention can only be held in reverence of souls that are intuitive enough to see that, being a higher and better method, it is therefore certain to descend upon and bless the world in a day of fitness for so beneficent an event.

Prevention deals with primary causes (of which all others are but effects, direct or indirect). The proxi-

mate cause of the evil we are considering, is the sensuality of Man. Its primary cause lies, not in any desire or appetite of the feminine, but in the conjunction of this nature in Man with Woman's ignorance both of herself and it; and in the miseducation and mal-development to which she is thereby exposed, from his superior power in the external, and her consequent dependence on him. Prevention, therefore, must come from reaching the deepest element of this compound cause—Woman's condition. Until she is so enlightened as to see clearly her own true position in relation to Man's; and influential enough to cause him to see it also, she has the strongest motive for pleasing him—even though it be by submitting to wrong—that life can know; the motive of necessity: and it is (broadly) at his option whether to press it upon her or not. Hence, only acquaintance with Nature's design in her constitution, and the strength that comes from the perfect trust it would inspire her with, can effectually release her from this rule, so often made baleful for her, and the society it contaminates through her.

Some measure of Cure for this vice might, I believe, come from the nature of Man, (I say might, because it has never actually appeared), from his own improvement—plans of his devising—the machinery of charitable and moral organizations which he might construct and work to that end.* It might come so; but it would

* I have a conscientious desire to do Man justice in this matter, where his best record is so far from creditable, but it is a fact worthy of note in passing, that nearly all the sustained effort that has ever been made for this outcast class has been by Women. Some of the London clergy have put a hand to it of late, (1863), and I am willing to believe that other men, of whose work I am ignorant, have done the same. But the burthen is left to women

be limited, imperfect, insecure and temporary, at best, lasting but a few years, or a generation. Because he cannot unfold to Woman the truths of her own nature; he can only reflect dimly the light which she gives him here. Hence, how good soever his intentions, how pure soever his heart, he cannot inspire women with the self-reverence or give them the self-knowledge and the knowledge of Nature's design in their creation, that alone will make prostitution impossible to them.

But Woman accepting this lot, from whatever proximate cause of Man's creating, becomes herself a cause, as much more potent in her individual capacity for evil in it, than he, as her individuality exceeds his in the sum and quality of its moral parts. His selfishness isolates her to the evil lot, even though her first steps toward it were in paths that angels might have trod, or were taken through pure force and violence to her nature, or at the decree of merciless necessity which he would permit her to escape only by this dreadful road; and she avenges her terrible wrong upon him by turning to curses the gifts that were designed for his richest earthly blessing.

Prevention then must proceed from Woman, and be addressed first to Woman. To men this will seem difficult; to women who have learned or are learning

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everywhere. Nor is this always to be accounted for by the commonly urged reason of greater fitness, because the subjects are Women. Very much could properly and fitly be done by pure, earnest men, to lighten these heavy labors, if they were so minded, and had the faith that would lead their feet in these difficult paths. But it is only the highest order of men, men with feminine insight, delicacy and faith, who could be welcome and valuable co-workers here, and these seem to be so rare, that I believe women engaged in this field are generally thankful to be let alone in their work.

to act in their own judgment and courage, among the easiest and most natural things we have to do.

Freed from the limitations—often senseless and cruel—which the masculine standards have imposed on her; looking the goods and evils of the moral world in the face for herself, laying hand upon them in her own right of claimant or exterminator; knowing from her own consciousness the internal resources and regenerative powers of the feminine nature, Woman will entertain, and realize *through her action*, the hope in regard to this matchless horror that is their natural fruit. From the hour that she will consider it calmly, and measure in freedom of soul and intellect, *her* capacity to deal with it, her decree will be extermination. She will *feel* and *know* its possibility; and thenceforth all that is pure, noble, loving and sweet in her soul; all that is courageous and faithful in her heart; all in her intellect that is clear, intuitive, perceptive of the adaptation of just means to right ends; all in her moral power that is regenerative, applied to the feeble and straying, all in her functional capacity that is creative, applied to the race, will be felt as so much wealth of resource, so much moral capital, to be employed, not alone in the redemption of erring Woman, but of the sinner Man as well. She will not attempt to break down the real, intrinsic, eternal distinctions which Nature has set between Man and Woman; but she will raise him above the level of this earthly, sensual, devilish lot of his demanding and creating; give him the insight to see, and the human capacity to appreciate Woman, as the pure minister of his happiness—not the vicious one of his base pleasures. She will penetrate the young and the beautiful of her own sex with the light of Truth, that they cannot be led into darkness; she will speak her

words of guidance and inspiration wherever they are needed, with the precision and clearness of actual, known Truth, that will carry them to the mark; she will give to Woman the truth of human relations as the ground of her self-appreciation—her salvation from Man's rule. From Woman, Womankind will learn to know itself, by comparison with Man, divine instead of earthly; nobler—not inferior; sovereign—not subject; in all high things independent, dependent only in material, outward things, as needed service to the higher; in moral and spiritual progress, the indispensable leader; in love the absolute mistress of its rites; in maternity the free, glad artist—not the burthened, sorrowing slave; in Society not merely the conservator of masculine good, but the creator of spiritual feminine good; in life at once a medium and source of inspiration to Man.

And thus Woman will cure, by preventing Prostitution. Self-appreciation, which in our sex will be self-understanding, (for the true Woman is so closely the daughter of Nature, that she no more over-estimates herself than Nature does), will keep Woman from falling into the hands of her natural enemy, the sensual Man. This alone will enable her to keep the moral position to which prostitution is impossible, namely, her true position of sovereign in the love relations. When she shall so learn God's design in herself, as clearly to understand what now she feels in her consciousness, but doubts also, because of man's dominion over her, and of the sensual tyranny in which it has been exercised, that she is the *soul* destined to reign, and not the body to be reigned over; that Man is both in truth and in fact, the material, and that she is both in truth

and in fact the spiritual, and that the material can only rule over the spiritual to degrade it; that it can only judge it to misjudge it; that by its very nature it cannot know the spiritual, and therefore cannot legislate for it in its own peculiar matters and interests, except, as in this case, to wrong, degrade, deprave and pervert it; when this, I repeat, shall become a part of Woman's knowledge of herself and of Man, and of the relation between them, then prostitution will be no more. Self-reverence in Woman will forbid it; the reverence of Woman by Man will forbid it; and the spiritual view of life and its enjoyments, which, proceeding from the deductive, ideal, aspiring, pure, religious, loving nature of the feminine, will replace the material, external, self-loving, sensualistic view which has proceeded from the masculine, will make it horrible, repulsive, disgusting, unnatural and impossible to all, as now it is to true Woman wherever she is found; and to the few men who are already capable of this view.* .

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* Since writing the above, I have seen that there is a still deeper and more definite reason for the severity of Women toward the "fallen" of their sex, than any there named. It is a misjudgment of the Woman-nature, consequent upon their ignorance of it, which imputes to disgraced or unfortunate women, whatever their condition, the same motive that rules the masculine nature in these relations. WOMEN ABHOR SENSUALITY IN THEIR OWN SEX. It is so unnatural that they think of her who unequivocally exhibits it as a monster, who can excite only their loathing. But in general Women take their thought in regard to those they call fallen, or believe to be such, whether branded or not, from men; and *they* rarely suggest any other cause for the initiatory step or the continued experience, than the appetite which is potent over themselves. The bare suggestion of this to a Woman, as touching a Woman, excites a repugnance, an absolute disgust, which only a very divine nature can wholly overcome: or perhaps ought to, where it is justly placed, since the abhorrence

This view, thanks for existence in the day of its possibility to many souls, shows us not only the triumph of Humanity over this greatest of its wrongs and curses, but it also shows us their victims, made whole, and clean, and bright again, in the mansions of the Divine, Maternal Love, whither we all go; these unfortunate wanderers here, no more lost there, than is a grain of

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which our evil appetites awaken in the moral nature, is one means of their correction and wholesome restraint.

It is this feeling of Women that gives its potency to that magic word Virtue, as belonging to the sex. We know it can make almost illustrious, if sufficiently paraded, the most cruel, hard, false, treacherous, mean and selfish female; and there are such, who rely upon its power to preserve, in certain societies—(which are both civilized and Christian)—character and standing, which they have disgraced by all these vices. On the other hand, not to be virtuous, (no matter *how* she is not), is to cause that every other human excellence be forgotten in the character of a Woman. To lack this, is to lack all. One protests against this practically because of the monstrous wrong it involves. But there is much in its root to reconcile us. For it is the evidence of Woman's eternal antagonism to sensuality, and of her reverence for true Womanhood as being absolutely free from this low taint.

When Women understand the feminine nature better, they will not be taught by Men respecting it, and then they will never believe that sensuality is a characteristic of it. Hence, they will judge no class or individual from that point of view. The skepticism of men too, which smiles with an infernal coldness, hardness and *triumph*, when the seduced or wronged woman is referred to, will disappear—for the sexes re-act on each other. Reverence of Woman by Women will be her sufficient protection—her fortress against such wrong from Man. The roué, the dashing rake, the gentlemanly debauchee, are nowhere so completely neutralized, deprived of their individuality, and imprisoned, as in a circle of earnest Women, who believe in themselves and their sex. Such an atmosphere is the hell of this Man. He can only breathe sneers and disbelief—here he is stifled.

If it be asked how the superiority of Woman is reconcilable

sand when it is melted in the furnace and cast in the goblet; or the diamond when it is ground to dust on the lapidary's wheel; not a whit more ruined, in the final sense of being lost to the compact good which is the ultimate of the universe, than is the saint by her goodness, or the vestal by her purity—only the day of

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with this estimate of her by Man, and hence by Woman, I reply that he has, for the most part, only a *Sentiment*, and that very imperfectly developed, of her greater purity. Until he is himself well advanced, or has a wife or daughter, he rather likes to *believe*, in spite of his Sentiment, that Women are no better than he is. Out of his Sentimental phase, he is a terrible democrat in morals; and when he descends from this to the common level of masculine thought, he refuses to Woman the higher faith which, in it, he religiously accorded her—quarreled, if need were, to get acknowledged. And it is this state of *mind* in men, not their hidden Sentiment, which acts upon the weak, unformed women with whom they have social relations. Hence, *they* judge the women who have lapsed, from the masculine point of view, and attribute that to them as sensuality which may have been, and often we know is, the very farthest extreme from it, pure love; or the force of unchosen circumstances, or of downright ignorance, or a child's innocency and lack of power to suspect evil, till it overtakes and destroys. If any man doubts that much of Woman's proscription and severity toward fallen women, springs from her abhorrence of the sensuality she imputes to them, he may convince himself of his error any day that, in the presence of average women, he will assume an earnest, manly tone of sympathy toward such persons, as victims of masculine sensuality—not as sensual in themselves. He will shortly see how beautifully compassion will take the place of harshness—sympathy of repulsion—tenderness of disgust in the listening mother, wife, daughter or friend. The whole lot is a fearful and terrible mystery to them. They assume his better knowledge of it, and are ready to be influenced thereby. But the day comes when women will know their own nature and judge of it for themselves, and then the baleful night of these terrible errors will vanish without the help or consent of Man, if they are not freely given.

their realization farther removed. Sorrowfully, painfully, wastefully removed, to a great distance; a distance which to our earthly apprehension seems infinite, but which to the Divine Love, and Wisdom, and Resource, is no more infinite than is to-night, from this hour; or the spring days from this bright Christmas noon.

The certainty of Ultimate Good to all Living! With what rapt, burning, irrepressible adoration one realizes it—with what unspeakable love and gratitude toward the Great Love. Among all our high privileges this seems to be the chief, that we live in a day when the soul that would teach, must teach this glorious truth, or get audience but of stocks and stones. So far along the road of progress have our earnest footsteps won. More—he who would reach the highest audience, and keep it longest, and carry it farthest, must teach his truth confidently, not feebly. He must tread, calm and strong, the serenest hights of Faith; not stumble in the valleys of Doubt.

Greatness in Religion, in Art, in Philosophy, and in practical, humble Life, will mean, henceforth, seeing in the direction that God sees; believing as He plans and works; feeling, in our human measure, the same divine love that moves Him, and entertaining hence, an utter, calm, unshakable confidence in the ultimate good of every possible result of Life. For such are the inevitable conclusions to which the grand premise, that Creation is the product of Omnipotent Wisdom and Love, lead the spiritual reason.

In this light one sees that lines like the following, may be written by a man great to the Vanishing era, but not to the Coming one:

> "O, yet we trust that *somehow* good
> Will be the final goal of ill,

To pangs of Nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

"That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

"Behold, *we know not anything;*
I can but *trust that good shall fall*
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.

"*So runs my dream:* but what am I?
An *infant crying in the night:*
An *infant crying for the light:*
And with no language but a cry.

* * * * * *

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And *falling with my weight of cares,*
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through *darkness up to God,*

"I stretch lame hands of faith and *grope,*
And gather *dust and chaff,* and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And *faintly trust* the *larger hope.*"

But here is a soul of different temper to this—a man who has left the shadow of doubt far below him. How else could the grand confidence, which alone can inspire such words as these, come into his soul?

"All parts away for the progress of souls,
All religion, all solid things, arts, government—all that was or is apparent upon this globe or any globe, falls into niches and corners before the procession of Souls along the grand roads of the universe.

"Of the progress of the Souls of men and women along the grand roads of the universe, all other progress is the needed emblem and sustenance.

"Forever alive, forever forward,
Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbulent, feeble, dissatisfied,
Desperate, proud, fond, sick, accepted by men, rejected by men,
They go! they go! I know that they go; but I know not where they go.
But I know that they go toward the best—toward something great.

* * * * * * *

"Tumbling on steadily, nothing dreading,
Sunshine, storm, cold, heat, forever withstanding, passing, carrying,
The soul's realization and determination still inheriting,
The fluid vacuum around and ahead still entering and dividing;
No balk retarding, no anchor anchoring, on no rock striking,
Swift, glad, content, unbereaved, nothing losing,
Of all able and ready at any time to give strict account,
The divine ship sails the divine sea for you."

Not insensible to the struggle of Progress either, but welcoming it, as Nature welcomes her throes, pains and dissolutions, as the means by which alone, harvest worthy the greatness of Life can be realized. Witness the following statement:

"Now understand me well. It is provided in the essence of things, that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary.

* * * * * * *

"You shall not heap up what is called riches;
You shall scatter, with lavish hand, all that you earn or achieve;
You but arrive at the city to which you were destined—you hardly settle yourself to satisfaction, before you are called by an irresistible call to depart.
You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those who remain behind you;

What beckonings of love you receive, you shall only answer with passionate kisses of parting;
You shall not allow hold of those who spread their reached hands toward you."

Before the courage and clear moral vision of such a soul, the grim phantom we have named "eternal perdition," fades to an invisible shadow.

Thus we approach the close of our long argument for Woman. None will probably feel its imperfections as clearly and keenly as I feel them; certainly none who do not occupy my stand-point. But I beg it may be remembered, that I have nowhere aimed so much at completeness as suggestion. The theme is so vast and many-sided, that it forbids the former to any one mind. And it is so fertile in resource, so inwoven, root and branch, with the grand problems of human progress, past, present and to come, that generations must rise and pass away while it is attaining complete development. I but announce here the work of those who will come after us.

Yet while so much is left unsaid, I trust that enough is here set forth to define a certain new, clear and inviting ground for the occupation of Woman; and enough also to justify the conclusion from the premises laid down. To present this conclusion here with its due weight, I shall very briefly recapitulate the evidence on the premises.

It cannot be necessary that I should stay to restate, in any form, the little that was said in support of the major premise. No one will deny that the power for good or evil is in direct proportion to the exaltation of the life. It is too self-evident to bear proof. We will therefore at once proceed to the proof that has been offered of the minor premise—the testimony to

Woman's greater power in both good and evil. This we have seen to consist of two kinds, direct and indirect. Under the latter head may be classed all those expressions of feeling, sentiment, perception, and intuition which humanity has unconsciously embodied in its systems, religious, social, and civil; in its arts, and in personal conduct—expressions which, accumulating from age to age, from the beginning down to the present time, constitute a large, an irresistible body of evidence in favor of the superiority of the Feminine.

Of these several departments, the civil systems of the masculine ages are least penetrated with this long occult truth, because they are more purely the product of the *intellect* of Man; and because the spirit in which they were created among any people, from Moses downward, has been always the external, logical estimate and balance of the lower motives against each other. As Legislators and administrators of Legislative law, men are more eminently masculine than in any other system of action to which Society has given rise, because they are here more intellectual and less emotional than anywhere else, except in Science.

Moreover, as the Jurist, in contradistinction from the Artist, deals with masculine forces instead of feminine, his department must needs be barren of that testimony in which the other abounds. The function of the Artist is to inspire Faith in the Ideal—to create a belief and trust in it which will tend to make it the actual. The unseen and unproved True, Beautiful, and Good are his themes, and these are found in the feminine form, life and sphere, so much more than elsewhere, that he lives there chiefly. But the office of the Jurist being the restraint of the vicious or too selfish tendencies of human nature, his acquaintance with it is

mainly through the masculine. In his calling he rarely touches the finer sphere of the feminine, save to preserve it against wrong, invasion or harm from Man.

More than half the best intellect on the earth, in every age till we approach our own, has been employed in the Church or the Senate, on the Bench or at the Bar, in making and executing laws, whose object, forcibly and briefly expressed, is to keep men from each other's pockets and throats. And with but indifferent success too, as things look now. Nevertheless the glory has been great; next to that of war, the most highly appreciated among mankind, because dealing the most exclusively with masculine motives and interests, and with masculine life, where the restraints were needed.

In this career it seems to me not at all discreditable to Woman, that she should have been held to have no part, and have been classed with the helpless and innocent—idiots, infants and lunatics, for whom no enactments were needed, except such as were designed to shield them from the selfishness and injustice of Man, and compel from him some measure of respect for their acknowledged rights. I know that many advocates of Woman are very indignant at this treatment of her by the law-makers and society; but it seems to me to have been the only way in which these men could have expressed the dim perception they had, that Woman was naturally a subject of grace rather than of law, like themselves. Their darkness and blindness are more pitiable than censurable. They knew masculine humanity best as a dangerous enemy to human welfare—a power to be restrained, as wisely as possible; but whether wisely or not, effectively, as they valued the highest considerations they could entertain, pertaining to social good.

They saw that feminine humanity was not controlled by the same base influences, and being unable, by reason of their ignorance of Nature, and incapable, by reason of the self-complacency of their ignorance, of conceiving that anything nobler or higher than Man could exist on this earth, they very naturally concluded that wherein Woman was apparently purer and better than Man, she was in fact only weaker; and that wherein she had less need of restraints, she was in fact only less able than he. Hence, the Civil and Penal Codes of the ages are less fruitful for our inquiry than the religious and social systems.

Of these we have seen how both those which served the Heathen and the Christian mind, have a general agreement as to the higher character of the feminine; the former in typifying every fine Art, every exalted trait of character, every vital virtue, every noble sentiment, as feminine; and the latter in attributing the PROGRESS, which distinguishes it from every other system known, to Woman—acknowledging thus that the moral insight to discern good, and the courage to make it the possession of humanity, were hers; and still further exalting her, by comparison with Man, in presenting him in the rather cowardly attitude of complainant against her for the step which made men as gods, and which, in complaining, he implied that he would not himself have taken.

We have seen how Art, the truest of human expressions, because the purest reflection of Nature, has, unconscious of any truth but Nature's, always found its highest studies in Woman and in womanly experiences—what experience so variously, powerfully, delicately, religiously treated as that of Mary of Bethlehem?—how it has drawn its inspiration from her, and

made to her its noblest offerings: how all pure, earnest idealization, as the treatment of angels and of super-earthly scenes, is from the study of Woman and her conduct, as the nearest visible approach to them and their conduct.

We have seen how Poesy treats Woman; how Poesy not only is, like Religion, Honor, Justice, Grace and Love, a Woman, but celebrates Woman as eminently her theme. If she honors Man, it is more his acts than himself; more his achievements, powers, schemes, disappointments, than his sentiments or his interior selfhood.

We have seen how History, neglectful and cold as it necessarily is toward Woman, while its grand themes are Military and Civil Power—the only methods it honors, War and Diplomacy, does nevertheless testify, in its scanty measure, to the super-eminence of Woman in certain high qualities, such as self-sacrifice for noble ends, calmness in seasons of terror and death; nobleness in sympathy for the suffering, the feeble and the helpless.

Then when we examined the direct testimony, we found that in love, the most ennobling and purifying experience that Man can know, he universally, openly and of his *deepest* conviction, declares her better, purer, more angelic than himself, and delights, during his greatest exaltation in this experience, to prove the genuineness of his appreciation of her, by giving up some indulgence of which her refinement makes him ashamed; by studying, according to his real manliness and worth, how he can liken himself to her, and always it is by purification.

We have seen that his society, acting from this sentiment of Woman, demands of her a personal purity

which it does not require of him—which he does not pretend to. We found that this society reckons that experience in which, according to its judgment, he is little or no wise degraded, a terrible fall to Woman.

We saw that Woman herself, reverences purity, both moral and physical, in her sex, and is shocked at its lack in Women as she is not in men of the same condition. For example, the use of tobacco and cigars is tolerated in men; not alone because it is so nearly universal, but because their natures are really less defiled by these things than the purer natures of Women would be. There is a nearer relationship between the life and the stimulants: the former is not therefore so much violated by taking the latter within the vital domain. We saw too that the greater necessity of purity of thought, emotion and sensation, to the completer feminine character, is recognized wherever the girl-child or the maiden is shielded by the universal instinct of humanity, from vulgar, foul, shocking sights, sounds and examples which the boy would, at least with much less pain, if not with indifference, be left to witness. The care for the female is the instinctive, reverential acknowledgment of the higher and purer interior nature.

We saw that Women love and reverence Women in proportion as they are womanly—feminine and not masculine in their proclivities; spiritual rather than worldly—good from within, not regulated by restraints from without. We saw that the Womanly Women, like Florence Nightingale and Queen Victoria, are revered and beloved because they are seen to *remain Womanly*, through all experiences—never approximating or affecting the masculine, and that it is to

their undiminished Womanliness that the reverence is paid, as constituting their very highest claim to it.

But it is in the nature of Woman—the actual qualities of affection, sentiment, moral purpose and intellect, that we find the weight of our direct testimony for her. Because here Nature speaks for herself and for Woman, without employing Man or Society as her interpreter. This branch of evidence will not be complete till we have examined the character and use of Woman's highest power—the maternal—but leaving that for its time and place, we have thus far seen that Woman is loving, while man is self-loving—that she is spiritual and self-forgetting, while he is sensual and selfish; that she is pacific, while he is combative—that she is yielding, and illustrates the divine teaching, "love your enemies," where Man is aggressive, resistant and revengeful; that she is aspiring, while he is ambitious; that she is general or regards the common good, where he is personal, regarding only his own good; that she works for moral results in faith, from her own conscious goodness, where he cannot entertain them because of his conscious self-love and need of restraint —that she balances his physical courage by her superior moral courage, his capacity of corporeal action and endurance, by the more lasting, reliable and grand quality of moral endurance flowing into and sustaining the physical when called upon; that he is made, by his capacities of body and mind, for the lower, the external and material theaters of action; she, by her greater spirituality and physical delicacy, for the higher, the more removed, refined, interior and protected positions—of which the immediate fruits are moral and spiritual, not material and external results; that she subordinates self and the pleasures of self-

indulgence to larger good and the happiness of others, while he overlooks the happiness and rights of others in furthering his own enjoyments and advantages; that Man, in so far as he is influenced in a paramount degree by unperverted Woman, is made in some measure purer, more generous, refined and aspiring by her; that he *rises* above the masculine in approximating her spiritual status, while she *descends* from the feminine to reach his; that she is neutralized or becomes worldly, external, ambitious, superficial, diplomatic, formal, crafty, false, or depraved and perverted, in proportion as she submits her Womanly judgment, her motives, her methods, to be overruled by his, or her individuality to be temporarily dethroned, that his may reign in its stead; that she becomes dull and dispirited or gross and sensual, in proportion as she permits the demands for his enjoyments and pleasures to be the rule of her life, and to quench her own more spiritual cravings for relations of the mind and affections rather than those of the body and sense: finally in this department of her nature, that the highest human excellences, those which typify angelic purity—reverence, aspiration, devotion, self-sacrifice, tenderness, compassion, love, are acknowledged as characteristics of the feminine; that hence, Woman is the ideal of goodness because her primal selfhood, that by which she is spiritually Woman, is the dominion of these in her nature, as the primal selfhood of Man, that by which he is spiritually Man, is in the dominion of self-love, ambition, corporeal courage and executive force.

Of Woman's Intellect we have seen that the acknowledged characteristic is the highest intellectuality that belongs to the human mind. We have seen that

she is deductive, or truth-seeing, while Man is inductive, or fact-seeing; that she is with Truth, and faces away from it, toward its signs, in her pursuit of knowledge, while Man is with facts, and has to find his way to Truth before he sees and knows her; that hence, Woman is on the synthetic, or orderly side, and Man on the analytic, or disorderly side of the line which divides the kingdom of Truth, (realities), from the kingdom of facts, (signs); that Woman is therefore, the calm announcer, while Man is the agitated disputant, controversialist and partisan; that Man is only Scientific and inventive, while Woman is Wise and Artistic; that in wit she is more spontaneous and delicate than he is, and in Humor inferior to him because she is not essentially grotesque, absurd, unbalanced and inharmonious as he is, but approaches the Divine in being the opposite of these; so that while Humor is a source of enjoyment to her, it is never a method, because it is too low for her earnest, artistic, harmonious nature.

Lastly we have seen that on the other hand, Woman no less excels Man in her evil than in her good; that being the type of the one, she is not only necessarily, but *de facto*, the type of the other; that her evil includes all other evils; her characteristic vice unites to itself all other vices, and makes them, in the union, but subordinates to itself.

Thus Woman is acknowledged and has been shown to be, the type of the highest good, and of the greatest evil known to humanity.

Wherefore she is the most perfect embodiment of the mortal or earth life; is its sovereign *de jure*, and destined to become its sovereign *de facto*.

PART FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

WOMAN IN THE KINGDOM OF USES.

In Nature, Organ, Faculty and Office, (Matter, Spirit and Use), are infallibly distributed and co-ordinated. So that the most perfect, *i. e.*, the most complex, varied structure in any being, proves, *à priori*, the most perfect, *i. e.*, the most complex, varied body of Faculties; and each severally and both conjointly, prove the most extended, influential and exalted body of Natural Offices or Uses.

Woman has been shown to possess the most perfect, *i. e.*, the most complex, varied, refined, beautiful and exquisitely endowed organization, composing, with its corresponding faculties, the most susceptible, sensitive yet enduring constitution; and also the purest, most aspiring, progressive, loving, spiritual nature of any being that inhabits our earth.

Therefore, Woman is created for, and must perform the highest Uses delegated to any human being.

It cannot be necessary to argue either of these premises in this place. If their truth has not been already established, I fear that nothing which could be

said now, would do it. I shall, therefore, confine myself mainly to the Conclusion; and in its treatment shall aim less to establish an abstract truth, than to develop the actual character of the feminine Uses, and to show in what they consist, and how they are to be performed.

We have seen Woman in the Organic Kingdom, as indisputably the most richly endowed of its members. We have seen her in the Kingdom of Faculty, or Spirit-Nature, as indisputably the highest, purest, divinest of its earthly inhabitants. We shall now see her in the Kingdom of Use, to which each and both of these point.

On the very threshold of this inquiry, we are confronted with the questions, of late so widely and earnestly discussed, What are the Rights of Woman in the World of Action; what Sphere is truly hers? And here as elsewhere, I shall take Nature's plain testimony first. When that is set down as candidly and fully as, in the light of the present time, we are able to array it, little more will be needed.

Powers are, in themselves, rights. Commission to do *anything*, lies in the possession of the natural power required for its doing: so that there can never be a question of Natural Rights in any living being, after we have learned to read correctly its whole natural constitution; for we shall find therein deposited the incorruptible testimony of its Rights. The question of Rights settles itself in the true statement of Capacities.

Rights are therefore narrowest where Capacities are fewest—broadest where they are most numerous. They increase from the simplest, the right to the conditions which support life, (because of the capacity, given those conditions, to live), to the utmost limit of endowment.

It is plain then, as between masculine and feminine, where the most expanded circle of Rights will be found; and equally plain, the absurdity of man, the narrower in capacities, assuming to define the sphere of Rights for Woman, the broader.

But the greater circle of capacities must necessarily include the less; for all that begins here, continues. The meanest is never struck out. The primal capacity which the lowest of living things possessed, remains in the highest also. It lies fixed as the corner-stone at the base of the foundation, and succeeding endowments are super-posed upon it: when we have reached the polished cope, they every one remain each in its place.

So the lesser circle of Rights is included in the next greater, and each added capacity is not only an *added* Right, but it becomes also the characterizing, distinguishing, individualizing capacity and right of its possessor. Now value is not in Life alone, great as is the privilege of being lifted out of inorganic darkness and silence by its glorious presence. In myriads of forms it is poor and low beyond the power of Reason to estimate or Imagination to conceive; but value comes in what is given to individualize Life.

Thus the lowest plant is a living thing; it is separated from dead matter by the power of the vital principle, and in that simple fact has its character and individuality. The Mollusk is more than living matter. It *is that* by virtue of the life which it possesses in common with the plant; but it is more by virtue of that wherein it exceeds the plant. The beetle is both plant and mollusk in capacity, and something more than both. The more makes him beetle instead of either plant or oyster. The bird is all three, and bird by what is over; the quadruped unites the capacities of

the four, and is quadruped by what is added to their sum to make him this; and the human unites in its animal department, all these gifts, and crowns them with the purely human attributes, which in their lesser measure constitute the individuality of Man, and in their larger the individuality of Woman, whose circle of Capacities and Rights sweeps all within its lines, vegetable, zöophyte, mollusk, insect, quadruped and Man.

Thus we advance from Life, the general, to Capacity, the special gift, losing nothing, however insignificant, but gaining at every step of the way; multiplying Rights with the increase of Capacities, till in Woman, who unites the greatest number of capacities, we find ALL the rights that are possessed by any living creature on the earth.

But Nature, in varying the forms of life and grades of capacity, secures also, variety in the choice of those rights, whose exercise shall constitute the usefulness and happiness of the individual; its ruling activities and permanent character therefore. This power of choice constitutes the freedom of the ascending types. It is always on the side of the higher, permitting its descent to the lower, but never the opposite movement of the lower toward the higher. It is greater in the noblest brutes; greatest in the Human, where its indefinite breadth is named, in the nomenclature of Moral Science, Free Will. But Free Will is limited in the direction of the lower possibilities. We cannot escape from our Humanity in the downward direction. No brutalizing makes a brute of the human being. The wolf-bred children of India retain the germs of human improvability.

The object of Nature in her various grades of

capacity seems to be the establishment of bonds of ATTRACTION between life, in its different stages and forms of development, and the universe external to it; and in *these attractions is laid the basis of the practical rights of every grade and type of life.* The capacities which elevate one being above another in the scale, are the interior root of its practical rights; their results in the visible or felt life, are its exterior—blossom and fruit.

Now, it is plain that as Woman's capacities include Man's, she is the natural possessor of every right which is his; but it is equally plain, that, having capacities, and therefore rights, above this common level, she can no more descend to live in the exercise of those which are characteristically his, than he can descend to live in the exercise of those which belong characteristically to the type next below him. And it is equally plain that Woman's practical and characterizing rights will be those springing from her feminine capacities, both corporeal and psychical. For these were given her that she might be Woman—not Man. In the kingdom where they can be most fully realized and practically enjoyed, she must be at home—free, artistic, happy; power limited only by her development—in the other she can have no business or place that will not diminish her value here. In the actual exercise of these rights, she is following the nisus of Womanly development. In the actual exercise of those she is returning upon Nature's track, descending and deviating into the line of a narrower development. In the first, all growth is possible to her; in the last, growth only or chiefly in the direction of the masculine, which, dominating the feminine nature, denies, stifles, and impoverishes its finest attributes.

So we find, notwithstanding the contempt into which the word has fallen, that *sphere* of action is the nearest surrounding circumstance of every life—a circumstance never escaped, from its beginning to its close. And Woman is no more exempt from it than fish, bird, beast or Man. She too must recognize the lines laid down in her natural constitution and walk therein.

There are two human spheres of action, as there are two orders of human capacities, masculine and feminine. The one is common to both sexes; either in fact through identical capacities, or so far as the higher may, through slavery, constraint, error or perversion, occupy it; the other is, in certain features of it, exclusive to Woman, and in others approachable by Man, through her, or by her aid and influence. And it is curious and instructive to note that while Man repels Woman from his sphere, both for her own and the general good, Woman seeks to invite him to hers, for the same reasons; and that Society is degenerate in proportion as she is not repelled from his, and refined and elevated in proportion as he is won to hers, retaining in the movement, his characteristic nature, purified and molded by the influences it casts about him.

We will first consider Woman in the lower of these circles.

The laws which govern physical action in masculine and feminine, are very nearly one. We have seen (in Part I,) the most essential points of difference between the male and female structure, as affecting capacity for physical action; as the lesser size of the female frame, its pelvic instead of thoracic type of development, the finer and more delicate character of its muscular fiber; the larger relative proportion of nerve-tissue and also of the adipose, which confers beauty at

the cost of mere strength (in the same size) and hence is Nature's unequivocal certificate that Woman is more the artist than the laborer; and that according to her (Nature's) design, her daughter is to be a material producer only in the indirect and higher sense of being an inspiration to the more rugged physical efficiency of man, *the* producer.

We are therefore prepared to see why, if he by his greater physical capacity is fitted to be lord of the external, Woman cannot share that sovereignty with him except as a pretender, an inferior, or a slave. But we are not prepared to see why, having a material body, in which she must dwell while on the earth; on whose perfect action the value of her super-material action and growth are but little less dependent than man's on his, she should feel herself entitled to look for success in either, through ignoring its claims, and the laws of its development and preservation. For, as touching physical no less than moral powers—the feminine not less than the masculine—the law is one, and may be stated in the three words, USE and HAVE.

This formula covers alike the law and condition of possession of all classes of personal capacity. Jesus perfectly illustrated it in the parable of the "talents." For it is a universal truth of all the natural powers, that "to him that hath, (that useth), shall be given, (shall come by growth), and from him that hath not, (that useth not), shall be taken away, (shall depart), even that he hath." Woman is no exception to this beautiful law in respect to any class of her powers—no more in muscular vigor, and the health and soundness which make life a joy and delight, than in the finer spiritual capacities which are her separating attributes.

It may be repeated here that by his superior develop-

ment of size in the thorax and its appendages, man is placed on the throne of the external world. It is no assumption to call himself lord and master there; for he has a sovereignty which will be vainly, if at all, disputed by Woman. Natural offices are *not interchangeable*. Vicarious action is imperfect action; it is of Man—not of Nature; for she suffers no vicar to *fill* the place to which she has appointed a principal. As the competitor of Man in action upon the material world, Woman's inferiority is fore-ordained, as his to the camel or elephant for bearing burthens, or traversing the desert. She can no more escape it by willing or acting in violation of her nature, than our moon could become a sun by wheeling into its place and imitating its motions.

It is further to be noted that by her superior nerve-endowment and higher sensibilities, Woman, in physical action, is light and versatile as distinguished from Man, whose power comes more from the heavier tissues, bone and muscle. Wherefore it rather partakes the character of that exercised by the useful quadrupeds—is more bovine or equine than birdlike, as Woman's is: so that he is superior in strength rather than in quickness, and niceness of adaptation and evolution; in monotony rather than variety of movement; in repetition, the action of the wood-chopper, plowman, harvester, quarryman, mechanic, rather than in change, the action of the Artist; and he must always be superior in these while each sex retains the constitution which thus far it has, in spite of counteracting circumstances, always exhibited.

It is no mean kingdom to which Nature has thus appointed Man. Productive work is the substantial foundation of social as well as of individual improvement. Human action upon the material, the whole

objective world, is a mighty problem, which it required the not over-fine brain of Man to solve theoretically, and his rugged body, resolute arm and unshrinking will to reduce to practical solution in labor, skilled industry, and the useful arts. Possession of the gifts in which we have seen that he actually excels, proves him to be the worker of and for his race, as surely as his possession of the eye proves him to be a seeing and not a blind creature. He is appointed by them, to the perpetual command and performance of the Industrial activities necessary to the welfare of his species, and the development of the earth as its home. The sovereignty of the soils and of all the grosser elements and forces is his; his the fields where these await his conquering presence; his the largest results in entering there; his the consciousness of power, adequacy, sufficiency for that needful victory over them.

Hence, in all productive industry, Woman, by the law of Nature in her body and soul, must be Man's subordinate; and society therefore does not act *unnaturally* in treating her as such; it only acts *perversely*, *meanly*, *selfishly*, in these generations of her straitness and moral and physical dislocation, in warping Nature's purposes for her exemption to the means of her oppression instead; in making the comparative feebleness which in future generations will be her claim to highest freedom, the opportunity for her enslavement to its inordinate greeds.

But there is an industrial world for Woman—one suited to her capacities as the exernal to Man's, and where her presence and efficiency are no less needed than his in that. It is the interior, the world within the world, the innermost, sacred, social place; the source of social good or evil—the Home.

Primarily the objects of Industry are of two classes —first the getting what is needed or desired from its original sources in Nature's depositories—the creation of raw materials from the rawer elements; second, the transformation, refinement, combination and arrangement of these, for the higher and more ultimate good of mankind. Wheat is good *as grain*, when well grown and properly harvested, but it is more valuable for the wants of growing, improving, and aspiring human beings as wholesome, excellent bread. The grain will support the animal life in man or brute, and is needful therefor; but the bread is sustenance for the life that is higher than animal, and needful therefor. The one is a *necessary*, the other an *artistic product.*

The illustration will bear the broadest application to the respective spheres of masculine and feminine action. Man is on the surface with the crude primaries; Woman in the interior, whither he brings his products to await the touch of her transforming hand. He is the laborer; she the artist for whom and whose work his ruder action is freely performed. And it is because the needs of mankind, in its early stages, are so purely material, and its condition otherwise correspondent to its needs, that Woman, like the technical artist in savage and barbarous society, is less valued, and less valuable in fact, for the immediate and necessary purposes of her race than Man is.

When labor is the absolute condition of support—of existence therefore—and while it remains equally the absolute means of the comforts which advancing ideas make synonymous with life, the ablest laborer not only is esteemed before all, save him who can command the ablest laborer, but he is, in fact, before all, till the moment when he has created capital to take possession

of him, or to control his skill, with the will of a tyrant, or the meanness of a usurper.* Or when this fortune does not befall him, the strength and dignity of his position will remain to him till he has placed resources permanently at the command of the social state—till, in short, by long and intelligent performance, his uses have passed as results into the corporate, organic features of society.

It is because of this slavish origin of labor, in ne-

* I speak not in the spirit of enmity to capital, in the relation between these two; for while I mourn the oppression of the laborer, and give him my most earnest sympathy, I recognize the relation as a universal, and therefore, until the better ages of the feminine, spiritual ascendency, an inevitable feature of social development. It is unquestionably the most efficient means of utilizing the indomitable Self-Love of unregenerate *Man*kind, wherefore we must accept it in its day, and hope and work, patiently, as well as faithfully, to develop the condition in which it will disappear. Labor is the direct means to human development, and capital is at once effect and cause to it. Capital is not therefore the enemy of labor, but only of the laborer, (who is comparatively insignificant here), and it is the most potent auxiliary of the social forces which Mankind has yet created.

We shall grow more peaceful, let it be hoped not more apathetic, in view of the enormities that have been involved in this relation, if we take wide enough views of Nature's schemes to see what gigantic sacrifices of present to future good they seem to involve; and if we behold these in the rational, religious faith that finally there is no sacrifice. In the last result, as the Chemists say, all will be found to have come over and incorporated itself in the great end sought. The real greatness of this must always overbalance what seems to us to be sacrifice, in attaining it; and the perfection of Nature's methods, which is a divine, all inclusive economy, makes real sacrifice of one thing to another impossible—what seems to us to be such, being only the utilizing of a present, visible means, to the development of an unseen end.

cessity, the very opposite of free, artistic action, that it falls into early disrepute among mankind; is escaped by every possible avenue, and finally left, among every people, to the spiritually and intellectually feeblest and most helpless. Thus it becomes the social sign and proof of an inferiority which all men hate to acknowledge; which they are ever striving to put away from themselves, and which they count it *the* victory of life, at last to trample under their feet. But it is not less a sign and proof of near relationship to primary states, and forms of action; to the material, the foundational, inartistic stages of development. The Constitution of the Laborer, is, therefore, the badge of an inferior status in Nature. For, as surely as there has been a higher position for man to escape to, as surely as he has pressed up to this, measuring his dignity and success by the distance at which he left his bondage—the breadth of the territory of riches, honors, ease, pleasures, and power across which he might survey it—so surely there is a higher natural constitution than Man, the Laborer's, and a higher natural condition than that in which he, by virtue of this constitution, can reign sovereign.

The developed, able Man of civilization—the conqueror from the Normandy of disciplined brain and trained muscle, may be proud of his achievement, in shifting the ungraceful burthens of bodily toil wholly from his own shoulders to those of undeveloped Man, the conquered, despised, exploitered Saxon, and walking abroad himself in the grace of freedom and the joyful consciousness that necessity can never rivet a fetter upon him. But he may see before him, from this or any day when he will open his spiritual eyes, the organization of a more exalted condition than that in

which he can wear the robe and crown of sovereignty —the artistic state to whose noblest glories and uses he will be in the humbler relation of laborer to those of his. It must be so, for if Nature has decreed such freedom to him, in the capability of physical conquest and brain-triumph which she has given him, no less by the same law has she decreed the higher freedom of the Feminine in the capabilities of finer conquest and spiritual triumph with which she has clothed Woman.

But because her sovereignty, from the possession of these gifts, will be true; spiritual, not material; loving, not self-loving; he will not be humiliated as he has humiliated; enslaved as he has enslaved; but will find his own unprecedented freedom, his ample and satisfying relations in service to the life (and its ends) that will reign over his, rather as an Influence than as a Power; rather as an Inspiration than a Law—and move upon him in a divine spirit instead of the earthly, exacting, coercive one which he has exhibited.

Thus it begins to be apparent, (does it not?) from our growing acquaintance with Feminine and Masculine, that Woman's relation to labor is rather that of the artist than the producer. First, because of the peculiar feminine attributes of that Constitution, both physiological and psychological which she possesses in common with Man; and second, because Nature has added to this an office, the most momentous, responsible and divine which she has delegated to any mortal being—the office for which all other powers in masculine and feminine exist—the end to which they are means. Maternity, as we have already partly seen and shall more fully see presently, is designed to employ and absorb the Feminine, while paternity is at most but an important incident in the life of Man. The obligations

of the Feminine are IN this office: those of the Masculine rather TO it. The one centers Woman in its actual performance; the other sends Man wherever and to whatever will enable him best to serve it and her who is engaged in it.

Woman, therefore, is to be labored for by Man, that the great end for which she is so wonderfully made and endowed, may be divinely achieved. This view does not contemplate the slavery of Men to Women as we see it in much of the most artificial society—a relation of great moral peril and inescapable degradation to both parties—but a service of Woman by Man, for the sake of Humanity, of which, in its highest and most sacred claims, she is the direct representative to him. Knowledge of the true ends for which we are made, inspires us the more with humility, the more exalted they are; and nothing will so surely eradicate arrogance, pride or exactingness from any woman's heart who is cursed with them, as a clear understanding of her nature and its offices, and hence of the character of the right it gives her to Man's service. She will cease to regard herself as the object of his service, and see that she is only its recipient for the sake of a divine end to which she is the last and highest instrument. Men will find their slavery to women cease, the day that this view of Womanhood can be received by them in soul and brain.

Even Society, with its blind, incohesive ethics, acknowledges this relation of Feminine and Masculine to Labor and the other natural offices. It holds Man accountable for the material support and outward help needed by his race, and Woman for the development and guidance of its higher interior nature, *for* which the external and its wants *are—to* which they are only noblest in contributing. But Society in its present

constitution acknowledges no ethics which prohibit it from compelling Woman as a laborer, when it can swell its gains thereby. It harnesses her unhesitatingly in the field, or the mill, or the home, to productive labor, whenever it can see that mighty and worshipful engine, the dollar, as a possible result of her employment there.

And in doing this by Woman, it has to do worse. It cannot simply work her for profit—however respectful its methods of doing so, without violating the nature that is made for something higher in purpose and action, and insulting her into the bargain. For it treats her necessarily, in the labor which it compels or constrains her to undertake, as the inferior of Man, (which she is here), and hence, enslaves her in one form or another, as infallibly as it employs her. If she is not owned in the cane or cotton-field, or fast-bound in the cloth-mill, or yoked to the plow or the vintage, she is but a little more free in any other department where he will employ her as a productive laborer. (And observe that Man's lawful sovereignty in the producing sphere is in a manner acknowledged, in the universal fact that Woman everywhere enters and occupies it by his leave; if not exclusively as his employee, still by his toleration or sufferance, rather than by her own strength to hold a position against him.) For slavery, in industrial matters, consists essentially in the coerced performance of unpaid labor. It is only the most aggravated form of it wherein ownership of the laborer's person is assumed, as a perpetual discharge from obligation on the part of owner. But depreciated and half-paid service is also slavery, though in a milder form; and this is the universal condition of Women in all the fields of what we call free labor.

Woman is nowhere paid at the same rate as man, except in California, where a temporary and very unnatural social condition secures that advantage to her, at frightful cost of many other conditions due to genuine womanhood. In most countries it is true that a still greater amount of labor by a woman, will bring her but two-thirds or even half the compensation which a man will receive for the lesser. And wrong and cruel as it seems, and sore as is the oppression it practically operates, of our sex and of humanity through us, one cannot but be happier for seeing that it has a true foundation in the respective natures, and that "low wages to Women," is the warning set everywhere over the gates of Man's dominion, Productive Labor, to discourage Woman from entering there. For so she will the more readily turn her eyes elsewhither. I grant its cruelty, its selfishness, its meanness if you will, and the terrible waste of womanhood which it often involves; when women and their children are suffering hunger and destitution; or when, not in these fearful straits, but still self-dependent for support, they go into the world's vineyard at the first hour, yet are paid but half what the man receives who comes at the eleventh. The violation which the Woman-nature suffers in the necessity, is apparent—the insult it feels in the treatment no less so, yet still I see a wholesomeness in this contempt of Man's (which is doubtless the best expression he has yet been able to give of his estimate of Woman as a laborer) that is the sure promise of a sound conviction by-and-by, and of her just, harmonious treatment, in ultimate exemption and release thenceforth. What is *felt* in one age, will be wisely *thought* in a succeeding one, and what is both felt and thought, becomes in its time a law of action.

Let me be understood. I withhold no measure of honor that any can pay to the women who, in this or the past time, have striven to labor profitably for ends of noble use. I yield my homage to her who, having none but herself to depend on, has devoted her years and capacities to getting money that she might rear her fatherless children; educate an infirm or gifted sister or brother; secure herself against dependence or destitution, or devote herself in some way to the increase of human happiness or the augmentation of human good. These are motherly, artistic, angelic ends, perfectly consistent with Nature's designs for Woman; and as long as means for their furtherance can be commanded only through the use of her earning capacities, inferior though they be, I respect, as all must, their employment for such purposes. But I also clearly see that it is misemployment, and must therefore result in certain detriments which neither she nor surrounding society may detect—which may, to the individual, be greatly overbalanced by the good she gets or accomplishes in the noble doing, but which, weighed against her highest possibilities, are nevertheless detriments, and so prove that a diviner way is, and of right ought practically to be hers. Business, productive labor, the exacting, careful, eager thought of gain entertained and acted upon by Woman, must harden, cramp, narrow and chill her nature. It cannot be otherwise, one concludes, on becoming acquainted with that nature—it is not otherwise one sees, in fact, when it is tried and proved as experience.

The noblest woman I ever knew, who had lived a business life, in order that she might educate her fatherless children and leave them prosperous, confessed at sixty that language was inadequate to convey the deep

sense of the higher loss she felt in looking back upon that career—the *failure* she actually found in her imputed *success*. The divine proportions of true womanhood became visible to her as old age drew on, and measuring herself by that pure spiritual grandeur, she saw too clearly how great had been her own deprivation as well as theirs, in that untimely death which left her to be both father and mother to her children, and the sacrifice of the higher to the lower to which it had constrained her through all those years.*

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* I trust I shall not be misunderstood as commending to any woman a state of uselessness or unwilling dependence, in preference to productive industry, or to any womanly effort that will release her from the one or remove from her soul the blight of the other. The money-getting spirit in Woman, is a worm at the rose's heart: it will consume the sweetness and despoil the beauty. But a sustained sense of uselessness in this God's world, where use in some form, exalted or humble, is the law of all worthy relation, and real self-respect, will give you no rose at all. It is only an overgrown, yet shriveled and rusty bud that you get under the hand of this pinching gardener—it is an abortion. For Use is characteristically the spirit of the Feminine, because of its divine constitution. It must proceed from the Woman-life as a stream from a full fountain, or it chokes and runs to waste thence; what might have been fair, pure currents of living power, carrying blessing in their course, cut off thus from their natural channels, spread out in dreary stagnation that swamps the soul. I know nothing more calamitous, among the many calamities which the world keeps in store for the refined young woman on her advent into its social arena, than the motto which it pins to her sleeve, and compels her to adopt before she is permitted to count herself among its accepted ones: "I am useless, therefore I am elegant;" nothing except that condition in which these hard terms are aggravated, by the necessity of submitting to them in a state of dependence which is either secretly grudged on one side, a grim, ungracious concession to pride, or unwillingly endured on the other—or, more painful but a little less humiliating per-

But if this be so where labor or money-making is followed for true ends, which can only be accomplished by such efforts, how incomparably more calamitous the career in which they are adopted in the masculine spirit of mere gain. A money-loving Woman carries about her an unnatural and repulsive atmosphere, which Women and finer Men instinctively shrink from, even at its less repulsive points. A female miser is a monster seldom heard of, and when found, she is very likely to have hoarding less at heart than a man of like condition; and to have more in view, in those warped, distorted faculties, and that dumb soul, a legacy to her child or friend, if she have one, than the mere increase, over which the male miser gloats with such eager satisfaction. A female sharper is a being to whom language fit for a pure page, can do no adequate justice. They are very few. In a large acquaintance with women in America, I have known but two entitled to be branded with this dishonorable epithet.

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haps, where neither of these feelings exist; but straitness of means takes the place of both, making life a poor, undeceptive, slavish masquerade in cheap, rusty habiliments, with an empty plate before it, when it might be a generous emulation for mutual help, with plenty at the board—freedom in the soul, and self-respect in the heart.

What I deprecate in Woman, is the acquisitive spirit—not the spirit of Usefulness or of self-dependence, even in those worldly matters wherein I think she is ultimately to receive all that she requires from Man, in a spirit alike honorable to each; the privilege being counted rather to the giver than the receiver, and its reception being not unto idleness and poverty of the inner-life, but unto a still larger and more exalted measure of usefulness. But that time is not yet, and meanwhile those women and maidens are to be honored of their day and generation, who accept in a cheerful, hopeful, earnest, womanly spirit, the lot of self-support, rather than one of grudged or straitened support from any.

But the clever, active, shrewd, calculating, business women are more numerous, though this also is a small class, in our country at least. When a woman talks of her property as property—of her gains as gains; when she takes a lively interest in commercial matters, with an eye to worldly profits, from the knowledge; when in a social or earnest conversation her attention is immediately withdrawn by hearing on the opposite side of the room the current words among men: "stocks, funds, prices, exchange, rates, sales;" when she watches decline and advance with a greedy feeling for chances that might have been improved, or that may yet be; inquires eagerly for opportunities to get the highest interest on money—has in her eye the cold, business look, when money is mentioned, which banishes the Woman thence, we every one instinctively feel, if we do not clearly know, that womanhood in her has been shorn of some of its finest bloom and beauty. Her character may be spotless—her general conduct blameless—her intelligence satisfactory, but the serene, sweet, attractive, upward-looking life which we name by no other name but womanly, has been extinguished, or dimmed, or distorted in her, so that we feel she *could* fail us in the very strait when womanhood would prove itself richest and divinest.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the question of work and wages, of self-support by Woman, is one of immense importance to her and to society. Not alone because of her necessity to live, but because of what I had almost named her greater necessity, to escape dependence on Man, in his present half-developed condition. For when this relation is not spontaneously assumed and sustained by each, what moral ruin and slavery spring from it. There is no need to enlarge on

this too obvious feature of every social state on earth. I only wish to suggest that it is temporary, and like every other evil, has its root in the undeveloped nature. What now we call the dependence of Woman upon Man for support, will in time be seen to be dependence of Man upon Woman for permission to support her, and co-work with her to the divine end of human development.

We shall reach this state when we become spiritual enough to prize the soul above the body, and give to the spiritual and material supplies of life their true relative value. But a long period stretches between this day and that grand era, and in the meantime all the millions of unprovided Women are entitled to every help their position can command, in compelling justice at the hands of Man and the masculine order of society. Woman's right to labor inheres in her physical constitution, as do her capacities for it. She has physical necessities which only labor can supply. If not done for her, it must be done by her—and alas for that society which requires it at her hands.

It is a right which her higher nature will lead her to forego as soon as the grasp of necessity is loosed from her life, because higher rights are super-posed thereon, in whose exercise her individuality is specially grounded. Woman is not a creature of necessity. Her finer nature hates its iron rule—she does not need its caustic stimulus to do her best, but does this rather at the invitation of Freedom—in artistic choice of the most beautiful, most exalted, most excellent. That stern law is for the less artistic, divine and grace-full life. This is one reason why Woman will never be Inventive. The fundamental law of Invention is truly expressed in the current proverb of its genealogy; for it is true that

they who know no necessities beyond those which are supplied as they recur, accomplish no invention. But Women are not made to face necessity. Their position is one of reception on the material side—not provision. Hence, I look not for invention at Woman's hand, but for inventors rather—not for mechanism, but for the power that will create mechanisms, and play with their profoundest combinations and evolutions as lightly as the boy with his spinning-top.

Man need entertain no fear or dread of Woman in any of these fields, whatever her general power. She is no rival of his in any department that truly, *i. e.* naturally, belongs to him. And whatever her temporary effort or occupancy there, she will leave him exclusive possession and glory, whenever he is noble enough to see that it is *his* shame to have her there. But until that bright day comes, every Woman owes her sex the obligation to see that it gets at least the justice of reward for the labor it is compelled to perform.*

Nor in the better state at which these views hint, will Man, the supporter, be enslaved to Woman, the supported. Slavery goes out with the Masculine. It is Force—a Man: Freedom comes in with the Feminine. It is attraction—a divine Woman. It is for Woman to free—not enslave Man. Nature is ever wise, harmonious and self-adjusting. What she ordains, as we see in the respective constitution of the sexes she has ordained this relation, is inevitably *to be* in due

* I am glad to see that this question is enlisting the attention of not a few earnest-minded Women, who honor their sex and accept championship of it in these weary fields. Among several who might be named, are Mrs. Jameson and Madame Bodichon, English women; and Mrs. Dall, of our own country.

time, and to be in the most perfect way. It may look forbidding at a distance—that is only because we cannot see its nicer proportions and more detailed features. It will be fair, sweet, inviting, the very best when we have come into its presence.

I love and honor Woman and Women; but I would not to-day trust the sex—not the most enlightened nations of Women, to assume unquestioned this relation to Man.* They can better afford to suffer injustice than to do it. No, Woman must grow, at once noble and humble enough to be fit for this high trust, before Nature will develop the relation that is to vest it practically in her. Better Man's disgrace of himself in the oppression of Woman, than the opposite, as unhappily we sometimes see, in individual cases, in our more artificial societies. As the true relation is

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* Let not our temporary dangers from half-seen truth be overlooked. From this true, natural sense of material dependence on Man, exaggerated by cultivated weakness of body and mind, (making it slavery instead of freedom, which it is designed to be to Woman—freedom to be served in material things with no forfeiture or taint, either of self-respect or of conscience), from the unbalanced ambition and the inordinate vanity of many daughters of civilization, made more unbalanced and inordinate by the unguided self-love of Man, we get those social phenomena which are the opprobrium of society, the shame of Women and the dishonor of Men, namely, wives bought for a price and paid for—not at the auction-block, but in the marriage-settlement. How can any Woman, honoring her sex, hear of those transactions without feeling her cheek burn and her heart throb with indignation for insulted Womanhood? Yet the Women capable of those bargains, either as the purchased wife or the trafficking mother, are just the Women whom our most Conventional and Masculine Society delights to honor, provided the "operation" proves successful. A poor affair indeed is it reckoned among such, for a rich man's daughter to marry only a Man, and him

approached, Women will realize, in a sense at once noble and humble, what at present few can, their right, because of their constitution and offices, to be supported without productive labor or business schemes; and Men will realize in a sense at once strengthening and chastening, their right to give support—not as a tiresome duty, not as an onerous obligation; but as a privilege, whose use will bring freedom instead of slavery—power, not feebleness—good, not harm in any form. For thus only can the divine order of Nature be fulfilled, which has appointed both to contribute to the highest ends, the ennobling of humanity; Man in Doing that he may Be; Woman in Being that she may Do.

Is Woman then absolved from all obligations in worldly practical matters; in industry, economy, the attaining of material results? By no means. She too, has a field of material occupation, and one scarcely less

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only for the Woman's love she bears him. Society sits at the feet of the wife who has been bought, like a cargo in a foreign port, in the palace which is a part of the "consideration," and listens to her poor, shallow or dishonest speech, with an homage equally shallow and dishonest, thus making itself more foolish than is she who thus befools it—for she has at least achieved what she attempted, riches in exchange for self-respect, honor, purity, and peace; while the social monster can but look enviously, longing for a like opportunity.

It is difficult to say fairly which is the heaviest reproach and burthen to Woman, this purchased wife or that sister Woman who is also purchased, of whom her scorn is barbed with a peculiar and merciless bitterness, which comes from a secretly enraging sense of inescapable relationship between them. They are cousins, and the unnamable lot humiliates and stings the nominal wife the more, the more it reminds her of her own, which her remaining Womanliness loathes and despises, under all that worldly smiling and dainty simper behind the gloved hand, that could stab, were but the gilded fan a dagger.

important than Man's. It is to his what the edifice is to the foundation. Until she enters it, society does not rise above the foundation; burrows there in those narrow, rude, cold, cheerless, unsunned compartments, waiting her readiness and preparation, to ascend into the spacious saloons and fair chambers which she has caused to be prepared for its reception.

Woman's true industrial sphere is the Home, and her function is wisely, economically, artistically, beneficently, to use what Man gains and provides; so to apply it in the every-day affairs of life there, that the purest, noblest and most enduring results shall prove the wisdom of her labors, and the earnest spirit in which they are prosecuted. I know how narrow this sphere of action has seemed to many thousands of most noble Women, first and last; specially to those of the present generation, looking beyond it more clearly, firmly and bravely than any who have preceded them. But I venture to suggest that it has seemed small only because its full dimensions were not seen. The world was a circumscribed plane to the ancients, with definite, narrow bounds: Fejee is the world to the Fejeans.

Great is the hope from dissatisfaction in any given lot: it is the first argument of a better to be won by the dissatisfied. Protest by Women, against the visible bounds of the sphere of industrial action assigned them, is good and wholesome; the sure augury of one of two events, either the conquering of another, or the enlarging of that. Nor need we demand that it be first wise, prudent, infallible. Begin with protest; afterward, in its time, will come the correction of errors in its demand or tendency.

The material sphere assigned to Woman is small; her acts in it seem severally and even collectively

insignificant. Measured by Man's stage, hers is a prison—by his thunder of achievement, her Industry looks, from the outside, like a girl's play in a doll-house. Four narrow walls to beat against—a roof above, shutting darkly between her and the heavens she would look into—seeing the grand results of Man's action as from year to year they rise before her, in the cleared, cultivated and embellished earth, the organized government, the powerful church, the wondrous invention, the miraculous art, literature, science, accumulated knowledge, I wonder not that Woman protested against that imprisonment, and solemnly affirmed that it could not, should not endure. To patter over the floors or carpets; to keep well cleansed, clothed and fed, the bodies of her household; to mix and bake the bread of a family; to churn its butter, roast its joints and potatoes, make its deserts and its beds, is certainly not an expanded circuit of action for any human soul. Nor will the husband's sweetest smile over his good dinner, or his delicious breakfast-toast and butter, make the bounds that were narrow and mean yesterday, seem broad and grand to-day. The walls do not retreat before that smile—the roof is not absolutely lifted by it. Prison is prison, despite gentle words and affectionate commendation of meek deportment therein.

Feeling thus stifled in the dead atmosphere of her narrow courts, looking longingly out upon action, though it be in noise, and dust, and strife, and din that repel her; in wrong that shocks, in foulness even that disgusts; Woman naturally sighs for that liberty, seeing no other: says, strong in her conscious goodness and moral gravitation toward the pure and the noble, "Let me go there too. I shall make what is bad better by my presence; and at any rate, here I cannot longer

stay. O for a breeze from the mountains to sweep over and through my being—O for loving, free communion with dear, naked Mother Earth; for companionship with her forests and plains, her seas and islands, her towering desolations and blooming valleys, her purling streams and great deserts, brooded over by the invisible shadow of Silence; her gardens, fields, hillsides, flowers, even her weeds—my sick, imprisoned, straitened soul yearns for them all. I pine and grow feeble here—let me go. I am a prisoner, and must escape to strengthen and enlarge myself in freedom."

These are the two motives which impel Woman to escape from under the household thimble—necessity of a larger sphere of action—hope of elevation and growth in it for herself and humanity, which she sees, the more she looks without, to be in sore need of help from her. True and worthy motives, both. But let us inquire into the direction of their action, immediate and ultimate.

The study which we have made of Woman's physical constitution is little better than thrown away, I fear, upon any mind that is not prepared by this time to see that the narrowness of Woman's material sphere is deference to her finer material being, and the order by which Nature subordinates physical to spiritual action in her life. Entering on her distinctly spiritual era, she starts from this vantage-point of exemption as touching production for her race. How could she otherwise become its spiritual leader? We could not excuse the grain-growers, the manufacturers, mechanics, and mariners, to leave their callings for conferences on matters touching the super-material interests. To say nothing of their inability, from lack of natural fitness, to work profitably and to the most enduring results

here, they are needed imperatively where they are, and must remain, for the fundamental requirements of the race.

In the scheme and economy of Nature, Woman finds herself materially limited by the home. It is because she is endowed for a higher and broader sphere than physical action, that this small, light, and seemingly unimportant department of it is assigned her. And she asks for a place outside of it, only because she does not yet understand herself or her offices in it. When this knowledge shall come to her, or shall issue from her own unfolding soul, she will turn her eyes elsewhither for what she is seeking. Confess that home is narrow, as an Industrial theater for Woman; that the action it permits is poor, thin and insignificant compared with Man's outside it, and you have stated the relation of the sexes to the *physical* needs of Society. With a granary well filled, you *can* dispense with mills and ovens; the wheat will subsist you. The miller is an artist; so is the baker, and each works in a circle incomparably less than the fields where the grain was grown. Finest results are accomplished in small spaces. The studio may be a mere closet, yet it is as wide as the world—the whole earth and the stars and clouds of heaven lie orderly within its walls.

It is the unfolding of the inner faculties that converts narrowness to breadth—a prison to a palace, and lets the light and air of heaven come freely into the expanded soul. How softly, when this comes, limits vanish away! You laid your head down weary, with a sense of confinement—you rise up to find that only the walls of the universe contain you. Space has become yours in that moment—magnitude as familiar as the morning air—immensity is your chamber—great-

ness as much yours as any Man's or Woman's; its taste no more exciting to your nerves than the breakfast you took this morning. When this experience comes to Woman, home is a dear, coveted, cherished place of rest to her. She will never find it narrow again, or poor in privilege, or stinted in opportunity. It now demands of her all that her mind can plan, more than her executive faculties can accomplish. She wonders how she ever thought that insufficient which now is so much; acts to be mean which now are glorified; results poor which now have such richness of character.

Could she now desire to go out and labor with Man, share his business schemes, strive for place or fortune with him, or look with envy upon his opportunities? Impossible. She sees impoverishment, not growth, in such experience; misapplication, not true effort—descent to earth, not ascent to Heaven, in it.

But let it be clearly apprehended what this state is. It is not the rest of apathy or selfishness—not that which comes simply from struggle, abandoned either in hopelessness or weariness. Rest in the home is less rest now than it ever was. Her life is one unceasing outflow, as the stream from the unsealed fountain. Realizing the subordinate character of her industrial action, she no longer lives and chafes in it as before. It remains, but the fetters it clasped and riveted upon her, are loosed and gone. She cannot find them. She labors more spontaneously and harmoniously than ever before; neglects nothing, but rather redoubles her care; patiently considers wholesome and beautiful food as necessary—household purity as a divine means in her hands—works cheerfully for such artistic effects in dress, furniture, order, ornaments, as she can feel or command, and realizes that the application which these

details require, is rather a privilege than a task, because she is looking at the end which has been shown her, and now has a keen appreciation of every means which conducts her to it. Labor is gone—it is opportunity now—every act a step forward toward her aim. Even physical feebleness, that before hindered her, is partly put away or overcome by the strengthening, divine presence that has unfolded to visible stature in her life.

How grand, how sweet, how harmonious with her whole nature—nay, how entirely fortunate—she now finds her Womanly position. Its separation and quietness are among its best privileges. For it is only here, with them, that she can Be what she must be; Do what she must do, to fulfill her great mission to humanity. These are what have been prepared for her from the beginning; the wise, divine, essential conditions of success to her. She is shocked and startled to find how near she was to disclaiming them, and thus putting away her most sacred, inalienable right. For if one Right of Woman could be named as more sacred than another, (excepting the right of Motherhood), it is this Right to be in a home. Exchange this for the right to mingle in that noise and strife, pomp and bluster? Not for the universe.

Now she loves Nature no less, but even more. The earth is more beautiful to her than when she yearned for it; for then she had seen but its dull outward husk. Now it is a glorified earth. There are radiant, inner mountains and valleys; streams that flow with a finer than liquid tone; gardens that bloom with a more exquisite beauty than she was wont to see. Life in short is become a victory, whose silken banner is filled by *every* breeze that blows around her. No more real work or care; no more exercise; no more waiting

for time to pass and better to come—for the better is always lying just there before her; she has but to stretch her hand out to take it; and the hand is never withheld, and the good is never lost. Material splendors pale their ineffectual fires in this light; luxury is to its possessor as if it were not: pride and arrogance flee away. Poverty loses its pallor; destitution its exceeding deformity and hardship. A softer light tones down the forbidding rudeness of the pictures. Hope warms and Faith penetrates their dark places, so that they are dark no more to her eye.

The Queen, the Duchess, the splendid dame of the Republic, whom lackeys serve and the great world bows down to, may have to struggle up to this peace, in which their humblest neighbor-woman, the waiting maid at their elbow, or the oppressed, insulted governess may dwell serenely. Here at last is a kingdom under a peaceful sovereignty. If its visible bounds are the walls of a home, whether grand or mean, luxurious or naked, so much the better; so much the more dear to the Woman-soul which craves this inner theater the more, the more it becomes conscious of itself, its powers and privileges. And home is scarcely home till this peace comes into it from Heaven, through the mediator, Woman.

We will now turn to examine the sphere of Action wherein Woman is exclusive, viz.: that growing out of the characteristic feminine organs and the capacities which go with them.

I do not propose to myself the Physiologist's task here; and in what I say, shall speak little of maternal function, but much of maternal Use. Does any one

ask to be shown the difference? I will endeavor to make it apparent.

In its largest natural sense, Function is the inevitable action of matter, or of some created, definite form of it: In the physiological sense, it is the proper, natural action of a living being, vegetable or animal, or of some material part of such a being.

Functions multiply with ascent in the life-scale. Functions are said to be the actions of organs. This is the view from the organic or masculine side, and we have grown familiar with its statement, because it not only enters into the formulas of Science, but also pervades our common language. But the view from the deductive, feminine, spiritual side shows organs, not as causes of functions, but as their instruments. So that the ultimate definition would seem more truly given in something like the following terms: FUNCTION IS A POWER OR CAPACITY OF ANY INDIVIDUAL LIFE, WHICH, DURING ITS CONTINUANCE IN THE MATERIAL FORM, REQUIRES AN ORGAN OR ORGANS, AS THE INSTRUMENT OR INSTRUMENTS OF ITS PERFORMANCE.

In Physiological Science, functions are voluntary, or automatic, or they partake of both characters. In the action of the voluntary and mixed functions, intelligence can be employed so as to modify the character of the action, and consequently of its results. *That life, therefore, is most elevated in itself and its uses, in which there is the largest amount of voluntary and mixed function; for so it has the largest intelligent hold on results.*

All Voluntary Function, whether mixed or pure, either is Use, or is capable of being raised to that character.

In the sub-organic sphere, that of the vegetables

and lowest animal types, function is wholly automatic; no higher force or method being, with our present means of investigation, discoverable there. It seems at least safe to say that function greatly dominates throughout all this wide realm; and even up to the human point in the scale, its reign is undisputed, so to speak, by any intelligence which either sanctions, guides or questions, performance. And freedom of performance or non-performance is reserved to human life alone. Here the kingdom of Use, as a voluntary or purposed action, opens; and we enter it practically by the exercise of our Will and our Intelligence—the Will in electing between performance and non-performance—the Intelligence in choosing between times and methods—a narrow line stated in words, but one, the passing of which, operates mightier moral results than language can convey to the mind.

USE, THEN, IS THAT CO-EMPLOYMENT OF FACULTY WITH FUNCTION, WHICH SECURES THE MOST OBEDIENT, FAITHFUL AND PERFECT ATTAINABLE ACTION OF BOTH, AND CONSEQUENTLY THE TRUEST RESULTS OF ACTION.

Thus Use lies within the kingdom of Motives—Function below. Use springs from the Will to be obedient; and its method is according to the Purity and Wisdom which choose the highest seen paths of obedience—in other words, it is the offspring of a union between our subjective power of performance and all such objective forces and agencies as we can discover to be divinely co-operative to the highest end. This is employing not only the Wisdom, Truth and Love there is in us, but it is uniting to these whatever of Wisdom, Truth and Love—of the Divine therefore—is incorporated in the objective world for our support and help. Use has moral character—function is below that level.

Hence, it is plain that Function belongs more characteristically to the Material, and Use more characteristically to the spiritual phasis of life, whether in different grades or the same grade or individual. Function is the lower life, or, the lower side of the same life; Use the higher. That is Masculine—this Feminine. That is simple—this artistic. It is also plain that the Highest Use must crown the life that is richest in powers, most varied in capacity, and finest and most complex in the instruments it affords for the employment of these eminent gifts.

Do we not see Woman and her crowning Use, Maternity, in these outlines, poor and rude though they be? It is a fair and sweet kingdom, that of Use, and verily Woman has been enthroned and crowned therein by Nature, or else her plainest edicts are mere absurdities, her noblest order and harmony mere chaos and discord, her most deeply grounded purpose too inferior to be held to for final execution.

I said Woman had been enthroned and crowned sovereign in the kingdom of Use. Not yet, however, is this actually done. Throne is vacant, and crown empty, till Nature's grand designs get a little farther unfolded. Man has reigned in the kingdom of Use, because his uses are foundational, and must, in the order of development, take precedence. What he has done, was needful to the development of Woman's higher kingdom, as the laborer with spade and barrow, and the mason with line and trowel, prepare for the architect. But when all have done and passed away, it is the architect who stands recorded in the work.

Man and the over-ruling order that he has created and sustained, have at once furthered and hindered Woman's progress toward her place—furthered in

making indispensable preparation in all the work that we name Civilization to-day—hindered in ignoring or forgetting what was to come after, as end to which this was but means, and so in turning Woman's eyes away from where they should have discovered the aim that would have led her to cultivate some internal fitness commensurate with the external grandeurs that must usher her to her regal seat. Seeing no more exalted sovereignty than his own, recognizing no more exalted aims than his powers might be reckoned on to compass; counting Woman, for all uses that he could estimate, his inferior, Man has forced, constrained or allured her to look downward instead of upward; and has so far succeeded, through ages of this blind leading, in warping Nature in her from her original character, that he now finds it difficult to believe this when presented to him. Nature's designs in Woman are sorely shorn of their perfect proportions, because she neither can or will perfect anything that is not begun and carried forward in fair, open, loyal treatment of herself. Slavery is the rudest and lowest of Nature's methods; the farthest therefore, from the end, (which we call perfection, because it is the best we can see from any given stand-point), and Woman's lot thus far has been one of slavery, either to the master, Man; the tyrant, Necessity, or the inexorable police corps, Society. How could Nature perfect Woman for the reign of Use, under such usurpation over her? Surely we could not expect that she should.

But she is always in the dominant, however we may fancy at times that we have defeated her, or are achieving a success in spite of her. And because she is always thus sovereign over us, Life, in masses, is true to so much of her grand designs as its consciousness

is equal to unfolding. It is therefore ever aspiring toward unity and union with her, whether its action be Functional or Useful. Hence, the inevitableness of human progress; the steady movement from lower to higher action, from mean to nobler functions; from Function to Use—from imperfect to perfect Use.

Now maternity being the crowning action of the Feminine, can only reach the character of Use in the highest human freedom. That society is far advanced, where the character of this Use, and the means to its best performance, are earnestly discussed among Men and Women: Australia, Africa, Lapland; perhaps many more favored countries, are yet a good way below the plane of these inquiries. During the masculine ages they remain in the dark—many feminine ages do not reach them. Maternity is there simply functional, in human almost as in quadruped: birth is of matter—not of spirit; it employs the maternal body, but the maternal soul does not co-work; perhaps, to the extent of its little power, works against it.

The great features of human progress have harmonized with this character of maternity. In its first occupation of the earth, the race had need of numbers and physical power. It was surrounded with enemies, inanimate and animate; invasive winds and waters, fires, famines, brutes, hemmed it in; wintry, scorching, or stormy heavens bent above its head; a dumb, crude, uninstructive soil lay beneath its feet—it had need of all the help it could enlist. What was required of Woman then, as of the gentle, serviceable animals, was that she should bear offspring. Her children could not be less than human, and they were required to be that only in a very general conformity to the type.

Accordingly she was most honored whose maternity

was most abundant. For this period demanded masculinity in its most intense character. Man was to reproduce himself for those rude, coarse, hard, hardening strifes, slaughters, cruelties, abominations of every sort, and Woman was only an instrument employed by Nature for the development of these early features in her design. Hence, it may with truth be said that mankind is more the child of its father than of its mother, even now. For our most feminine conditions have not as yet reached the point of embodying the female principles and elements, save in the few exceptional characters that appear along the margin of the ages; thrown out as lights on a bewildering shore, to guide the feet, to sustain the courage and keep alive the Faith—the Confuciuses, Jesuses, Platos, Swedenborgs. It is owing to the same causes that the most powerful feminine souls have appeared in masculine forms, thus far in the human career. What could a Woman have done in the atheistical atmosphere of Judea, full of law and logic; learning and bigotry; narrowness and hate; what but give birth to the son who could enstamp that society and that religious sensibility with his feminine manhood?

Such men as these are born of the Woman-life. All the ages recognize them as feminine in the characteristics that perpetuate and endear them to mankind. The shadow they cast is more Woman than Man. We have not known their origin—the inmost root of their inmost, which is what makes them immortal and precious to us, but we recognize their Womanliness, and love and follow them when the great masculine Man, Xerxes, Alexander, Jenghis Khan, Napoleon, is remembered only in our ambition as an example to it, or in our reflection as a destroyer, a scourge, or at best a

tempered calamity, which the race has been able to absorb, as the living system a foul humor, which perhaps has left it barely the measure of vigor that will support life.

The advantages alloted to humanity in working out its destiny are of two classes, correspondent to the sources whence it derives its existence, and they are like these, Masculine and Feminine in character. For want of better terms, which may serve this discussion at some later day, we will name them here, Capacity and Opportunity. Capacity must precede opportunity. It in fact creates it in the human sense. The primal opportunities are an earth to live upon, with its contained and embracing elements and resources. Out of these, Human Capacity must create for itself what it would enjoy and grow by. Opportunity is the outcome of executive power applied to the primal resources of Man, physical nature.—Capacity is that inner force which moves his executive faculties to application. Opportunity therefore is father, Capacity is mother, to any human condition, individual or general. Opportunity comes from Man; Capacity from Woman. See how rich humanity is in the former—how poor in the latter—how nobly its father has endowed it—how scantily its mother. What vast corporate advantages wait around, which it lacks the *in*corporate capacity to appropriate.

All the social, civil and religious power with which Organization has clothed Man; the miracles of Invention and Art, the secrets of Learning, the riches of Knowledge, the mysteries unfolded into Science, the privileges won by Discovery and Commerce, the acquaintance with material nature, and the clear,

inspiring hints at the Inner Essence of Forms and Phenomena which have been gained through Geology, Astronomy and universal Physiognomy; all these and the myriad nameless advantages of combination, development and product of every sort make up the vast system of opportunities which Man, as Laborer, Worker, Schemer, Organizer, has provided for his race.

Capacity equal to them would lie in the interior Power—the Will, the Motive, the fine Intelligence, which would fully appropriate them to the good of humanity: not to personal benefit and material success, but to universal good, which is the divine or spiritual success. This Capacity is just what the race lacks; and lacks because its mother has not risen to the voluntary, artistic, spiritual character of her separating office, maternity. It is not yet made Womanly—only human—not Use-full, but only Functional. Masculine has so far left Feminine, in the practical, determining work of the ages, that it may now wisely rest from its characteristic pursuits, leaving its triumphant methods to go on accumulating desirable results, and apply itself to opening the way for the spiritual utilization of what it has already achieved. In other words, it can find nothing so profitable to humanity now, as that service which will clear the path for Woman to ascend to her highest sphere of Use, and provide there, so far as they depend on him and his doing, the conditions which will enable her perfectly to fill it.

And here at length we come face to face with the great question of the human ages, the Improvement of Mankind. The wise and good have been forever asking "How?" and forever waiting, thus far, for the answer that would satisfy the high hope of their souls. Waiting because all proposed methods of accomplishing it have

been either purely speculative, hypothetical, visionary and *contrived*, or else narrow, coercive and antagonistic to Nature, or baseless in Truth, or joined only by fragmentary and detached relations to the end sought.

Is the employment of Woman in Maternal Use, a method free from all these and other forms of objection?

I reply that it is, *because it is Nature's method:* the one for which all other methods have been instituted and carried forward, to which they lead. That it is Nature's method, none who have read the preceding pages candidly, will, I hope, be disposed to deny. But as pre-conceived opinions, established theories and half-beliefs of the ages have a deep and powerful hold on the mind, I will restate in another form the central Truth or Idea on which this belief must rest, viz.: that in Artistic Maternity, or MATERNITY AS USE, THE FINEST AND MOST EXALTED HUMAN POWERS ARE EMPLOYED FOR THE NOBLEST AND MOST ENDURING RESULT THAT THE HUMAN BEING CAN PRODUCE.

This perfect harmony between the character of the feminine powers and the result sought, seems to me conclusive on the question whether or not Nature has designed this as *the* method of human Improvement. We have seen what the feminine attributes are: we *know* deductively, therefore, that an office of corresponding grandeur, power and beauty awaits Woman somewhere. In the vast resources of Nature, every faculty, as well as every life, has its ample and satisfying sphere of action; it may be long reserved; the more nearly its character approaches the divine, the longer will its development stand postponed. BUT IT WILL COME.

The Woman-nature has never found its ample and

satisfying sphere of action; cannot find it anywhere in Man's dominions—could not, even though, retaining all the Woman, she were prepared to place herself beside Man as an equal in every one of his fields of triumph. These do not afford the place or the action required to give her attributes their full play. The office which can do this, must be an interior, not an exterior one—however great or imposing; creative, not inventive; artistic, not mechanical; spiritual, not intellectual; synthetic—as creative work always is—not analytic. *But these are leading actions of life.* The being to whom they are natural, must approximate most closely the highest—for we attribute no diviner powers to human existence than are implied in these grandly significant words. No more God-like action than must be their employment. The life in which they appear is Principal, not Subordinate; and the divine Use for which they are given, lies *in the life they enrich*, and not in another. To suppose this, were as unreasonable as to suppose that the final labors of the architect—the exquisite traceries, pure proportions and lovely lines of cornice, capital, corbel and finial, lay within the scope of the laborer's plan when he excavated the foundation of the edifice.

This Use, if it exist at all for Woman, exists for her as sovereign in it, to whom Man can be helpful most as an obedient, loving, willing subject; but hers it must be without dispute or question. She is not even to conquer it. Nature will open her kingdom to her, and enthrone and crown her *in* it, since she did create her *for* it. It will not be in spite of Man, but by his ready help—with his finest and most courteous behavior. And Woman as a dutiful daughter, as an artist loving her work and delighting in its perfection, will joyfully

embrace the design of her Great Mother, as soon as the darkness in which its features have been hidden, shall be dissipated from before her, and the pressure which has withheld her is removed. Preaching and exhortation to its performance, will be needless—nay, insulting to her whose nature is faithfulness, goodness, ardor, hope, constancy and love of perfection.

There is a notion among Men who admit in Woman a larger measure of these noble qualities than they claim for their own sex, that *they* are their proper objects. They love to think of her as enriched by such sweet attributes for their sake, that they might the more willingly consent to be helped upward by so attractive a being. But they deny any higher office to Woman, or any more fundamental use for her finest gifts than such service of themselves. One doubts not that this is a legitimate office of Woman, and one much needing to be filled at all times; but to claim that it is the only or the chief one, for which all this spiritual wealth is incorporated into her being, is about as reasonable and consistent with Divine Economy in the adaptation of means to ends, as, to the mind informed of astronomic truth, is the old idea that the sun was made and the stars sprinkled through space, and all the heavenly mechanism set in play that *we* might be duly lighted and warmed; sent to sleep and awakened.

I. Let us now see what are some of the general conditions and methods of the employment of these qualities.

The first condition of all true, wise, sustained, harmonious Use, is Consciousness of Power in it.

Whatever precedes this mental state, is of blind instinct, whose irrepressible action at certain times

advises its subject of power, but which must be at best fitful, wasteful, inefficient; without any sure guaranty for right direction when acting most intensely. I think the erratic, unbalanced, unhappy exhibitions which Genius has in past ages often made of itself, may be traceable to the lack of any abiding, deep, tranquil, assured consciousness of Power in its possessors. It is the first element of repose, indispensable therefore to true artistic action in any sort. It has been denied that Woman possesses Genius, because she has so rarely figured upon its desolate stage. But the true reason, it seems to me, for her absence, is that intrinsic separation which the fineness and harmony of her nature operates between her and the positions suited to Man, wherein Genius has, as yet, found almost its only opportunities. The world has never been prepared to employ, or even to recognize, *the* Genius of Woman. It has rather been to this what the barbaric condition is to Art, or the finer intellect. Having no use for them, barbarism does not acknowledge their existence, and so Art and fine intellect in barbaric society rarely exceed the fragmentary expression they get from individual lives, like Confucius and Zoroaster, because the numbers who may possess in a more limited measure the one, or capacity for the other, never arrive at any consciousness of power in them.

Men fear this state for Women; even good, reverent Men, who would be altogether faithful and loyal to Nature, distrust it as a possible cause of defeat instead of success, in the end sought. Nor ought this to excite our wonder—for both the power and its use are mystery to them, and it is natural in us to dread what is at once mysterious and potential, till we have proved it beneficent. Men in general can comprehend of this

only so much as addresses itself to the understanding—the intellectual, formulary, legal aspect. (If they get beyond this, it is by virtue of what is Womanly in their natures; and they are few who are at present arrived at that stage of development). What is over, exceeds the masculine perception, and will chiefly provoke skepticism or doubt, till facts make the truth patent. And here we see clearly how every added power broadens the relations of Life with Truth: is a door through which she enters the soul, and hence how Woman, by this Power of Maternity, is so much more at one with Truth than Man, who has it not, nor anything that is its equivalent.

Women know this truth—many without a hint thereto, from their own interior light: Many more see it on the barest suggestion; never doubt it after, and seek acquaintance with it, not for proof of its existence, but that they may better know themselves and their work: And the great mass of Women, I believe, whether savage, barbarous or enlightened, need only its plain, calm statement to see and feel that it is real and may become practical in their lives.

Men on the contrary, from the necessity of their constitution, require careful, nice, elaborate statement; logic, arguments, facts; and, the affirmation being proved or granted, then explanation of *how* the end is to be accomplished. And if this is not clearly and fully made, to *their* understanding, the doubts come flitting back like swallows at night to their old barn, and perch in the clay nests again.

Explanation of the *modus operandi* in a work so purely artistic in all but its most general character?

Explain, if you please, how Nature makes a blade of grass to grow in one form rather than another—pale

instead of dark green—the clover to be red instead of white: how she tints the innumerable roses, the geraniums, sea-shells, clouds, human countenances! Explain beforehand the precise method by which the artist will put his picture on the canvas; state its exact intensity of emotion and depth of thought; measure the precise glow of imagination, and fancy which will shape these objects, develop that breadth, color this sky, idealize those mountains, lay in yonder depth of shadow and bring down this light. Then when you have set forth the spiritual work of conception and mental development, tell me how many strokes of the hand, twists of the neck, turnings of the head to this position, then to that; movements to and fro before the easel; openings and closings of the eye; choosing of brushes and colors, will be necessary to execute it all. If you cannot do either, shall I therefore, doubt that Nature will produce certain forms and colors, or the artist a picture, and be proud of my skepticism till both are placed before me?

Partly the artist's work is, in a sense, functional or necessary. He must paint a tree as a tree, in form and colors, not as a building or a cliff. He cannot mix tree, building and cliff, but is bound, by necessity, to the general forms and laws of each in their individuality. But Nature does not lay the finger of necessity upon every stroke of his; and it is this divine release which makes him an Artist, whether he work at the anvil or the easel. She leaves him a margin—broad in proportion to his worthiness to be trusted—in which he is at liberty to set down, not the exact form before him, but that which his inner eye sees as interior to it—hidden lineaments, which he loves the more, the more he has to search for them, and finding, realizes

Nature's confidence and trust in him as her worthy representative. He is great, yet most humble, before his own soul, from the hour when this interior relation is established, whatever he may be before the world, and the road of progress lies visibly endless before him.

Just this is Woman's art in maternity. Necessity goes a certain distance in the accomplishment of her work, as of the artist's. It is functional up to a certain point in organization, colors, forms, proportions and endowments, both physiological and psychological. And it may stop there, as the artist may paint you, in severe anatomy, a solitary tree, a naked rock, or a detached cloud—creation in its poorest, most meager form; the merest functional work, in which you cannot feel art, still less the warm, throbbing aspiration toward perfection which characterizes the developed artist.

But the margin of choice in Artistic Maternity, is as much wider than that allowed the grandest Painter, as the most exquisite ideal of human perfection to-day is finer than the rudest original man of Congo or Guinea; perfection in result attainable by her, is as much higher and more enduring than his, as humanity is of more intrinsic worth than its best portrait; society more valuable than its richest art-galleries. Partly, dimly, men also see this, and attempt to act upon it; or rather they desire that the discipline, effort and self-denial which *may* end in good, shall be tried and proved, *by the mothers of their children.* The inner speech seems to me to be "if good comes of it, it will be well for the child—if it fails, the inconvenience, loss of ease, or pleasure, or indulgence, will be trifling, and I shall not feel it, if she bears them well."

Started a little way on this road, led by ambition rather than love of Perfection for its own sake, men

will sometimes assume authority in these things, and require obedience, putting themselves in place of the artist and treating her as a mechanist, subject to orders. The absurdity of this attitude is that of the vulgar, rich merchant, who, wishing to hang his walls with paintings, should assume to order the artist how to compose, color, and tone the pictures he is to pay him for.

Are they not to be my pictures, and shall I not have the privilege of saying how I wish them to be done, and what like? Yes; but if you will have pictures, *give your artist his subject and leave him free in the handling of it.* If he is unequal to that, your orders will not make him equal. A sign-painter or mechanic, you may *control* in his shop to execute your idea, but the artist must work from his own interior. In the studio you at most can only help, and your help will be most effective when it trenches least upon the subject, or when it is conveyed in the most delicate, vague suggestions; hints rather at resources than expressed wishes as to their employment. And even so if they are not in harmony with the artist's interior conception, they had better be entirely withheld, since their utterance can only create confusion, and lead to defeat of each by the other.

Much more in this divinest of all Art; the development of this highest and most sacred of all human conceptions, the mother's, must there be freedom from all sway, authority and domination, whether harsh or gentle, that can be felt *as rule:* much more must the help here be that of delicate, suggestive sympathy, moral appeals, and inspiration of mind or soul. The mother is not going to execute a piece of mechanism to your order, be it never so clearly given, and strongly enforced on her attention. Create or suffer the permanent

presence of circumstances around her which over-rule her maternal or individual power, and you may get work done the most calamitous and afflictive that you can imagine. Men stop in this, as in other interests, too much in the external, the plain, the manifest; what they are apt, in the arrogance of their intellectual pride, to call the "matter of fact part." They will by-and-by believe all that I would here assert, because facts will compel their belief, but until so compelled, more love of the truth and less of self; more humble questioning of Nature and more faith in the wisdom of her designs for the practical salvation of humanity, would save ages of pain, grief, struggle, idiocy, imbecility and darkness, to millions of human beings.

When Man is able to see, as a fact, what he can never feel in his consciousness so fully as Woman, without the fact, feels it, that the subtile, delicate, enduring, artistic, spiritual constitution of the Feminine, which is its genius, may be trusted as the Artist, to know itself, rely on itself, and be made fully conscious of its power for the greatest human work, he will act in harmony with Woman and with Nature, gladly co-working that she may become the actual minister of capacities, truths, and things spiritual, unto humanity.

We can now see the wisdom shown in implanting in the masculine soul the Sentiments of Reverence and Loyalty toward Woman. For it is only in the trust which real reverence inspires, and the prompt, glad service in which natural, unforced loyalty delights, that Woman has received the help needful from Man for the little that has been artistic in the motherhood of the ages. Nothing weaker than these sentiments could overcome the self-love we have seen ruling him; nothing less pure and delicate could disarm his forceful nature,

and cause it to lay itself down in full self-surrender and ardent desire to serve, at the feet of Woman.

Moreover, when was the consciousness of his power reckoned a disadvantage to the Artist, the Intellectualist, the Teacher, the Student, the Discoverer, the Organizer, the Administrative Worker, the Inventor, Artificer, Laborer—to any being in short, of whom Use, whether high or humble, is demanded? Never, certainly. Wishing an elegant edifice built, will you insist on a total unconsciousness of power to design, direct and execute, in the architect you employ? or a landscape painted, will you require it at the hands of a man who is absolutely without conscious power to handle the elements of a picture? If you do, nothing is more certain than that he will confirm his own conviction and disappoint you in his work.

And Nature, who is wise and tender, is uniform, no less than she is either. If it is good in her plans, for the smith at his forge to know the right arm strong that is to wield his sledge, it is surely no less good for the Statesman, at his bureau, to know that there is capacity in the brain, which must digest and solve the problems of national welfare; or for the Artist at his easel, to be conscious that he may trust his memory, fancy, and imagination; that his soul has insight, his hand skill. And equally profitable to her and her work must be the Consciousness of Power which is Woman's in Maternity.

To know herself artistic there, instead of simply functional, is to feel herself trusted by Nature, and *therefore empowered to do the divinest and most enduring work delegated humanity.* And are not these the conditions of the noblest performance that any life is capable of? The offices to which Nature appoints

us, she endows us to fill. Announce what she requires of any being, and you announce the qualities, capacities and constitution of that being. She takes no *available* candidate, but makes the absolutely *fit* candidate. True she may be long—generations, ages, perhaps, in fully developing that fitness, but the office also stands postponed meanwhile, and, pending its full discharge, the scantiest true hint that it *is to come*, and *whither it is to come*, will clothe the deductive mind with prophetic power to foresee both the actor and the results of action, with a clearness that astonishes, bewilders or exasperates cotemporary blindness, waiting and groping for facts.

Even now as to Artistic Maternity, the question with intelligent Men and civilized Women, is not so much, "does it exist as a fact in human experience or possibility?" as "what is its extent, and how shall it be accomplished?" A question more of degree than of original intention or law. For we have seen somewhat of it through the ages, from Olympia's Alexander, Agrippina's Nero, Mary's Immanuel, Monica's Augustine, Letitia's Napoleon and later mother's children, down to our own day, till it is patent that mothers *have power* over the nature of their unborn children: much or little; for good or ill. The mothers who have borne the great and good souls that have illuminated the ages, and kindled the beacon fires of hope and faith on the unscaled peaks that border the rugged, wild, devious road of human progress, performed their great maternity through an awakened or inspired, perhaps a very fleeting consciousness of Power therein. Consciousness was deepened in them for the time, till it reached and brought to the light this hidden force, which, employed for a few weeks or months, left its

great result behind it, and retired, perhaps never to see the light again in that bosom.

Each epoch broadens a little the trust mankind feels in this power. We look more and more for its help, from generation to generation. Enlightened people believe much in it since the last half of the nineteenth century opened. Everywhere, in America at least, we find more or less confidence reposed in it as a means to certain average or common ends in the organization and endowment of progeny. But what is this but the acknowledgment of validity in the largest claims that human reason can make upon it? For the natural power to do a certain small thing proves a latent capacity for the largest doing which calls for but the same kind of power in fuller measure. It becomes simply a question of degree. The solution of every problem of La Place, is in the brain which is equal to the understanding of that law of space which makes it impossible that the sum of any two angles, which one straight line makes with another, should exceed 180°. And there is no algebraic quantity or relation of quantities, not ascertainable, at some stage of its career, by the mind that can comprehend that $2 \times 2 = 4$.

If "the world spheres itself in a drop of dew," no less does every ultimate degree of every natural power declare itself in the meanest particled measure in which it can appear. Positive and Negative, too, balance each other throughout the scale.

No admission is more common, among enlightened and vulgar, than that the mother has power to protect her unborn child from harm through her experiences. It is indeed a requirement which society makes upon her, and which it denounces or pities her for failing in, as for something quite avoidable had she been enlightened

or faithful enough to see or to do what was requisite. But if you have power to save from harm, a little further exercise of the same will be service for positive good. If the mother is endowed to resist for her child, hurtful shocks and evil impressions or influences, whether moral or physical, there can be no limit set to her power to act positively for its benefit, *save the limit set in her human or in her individual constitution.*

In the authorization of that negative service, Nature has issued her warrant for all above and beyond it to which the human or the personal capacities are equal. She therein declares whom she elects to be her minister, and the nature of the things she will subject to that ministration. Its practical value, its hight and depth, length and breadth, she leaves for individuals, generations and ages to realize, according to their development and light.

Thus we see the perfect wisdom of Nature in making Man with the Constitution that fits him to precede Woman, to prepare the way for her; and reign in the outer kingdom of Force, Contrivance and Labor, which must be well administered for her sake, that her work may be divinely done: and making Woman as she has—the mother-nature such as we have seen, and appointing it to this highest office. Looking forward to the glorious human results that are visible even from this early day, the faintest glimmering dawn of the Feminine Era, we see how richly Humanity could afford the long postponement and preparation that have been needful for its coming.

This is the power of Womanhood. No individual, family, nation, generation, age or ages of Women need be finally received or rejected as witnesses for it. What matter that all mothers, from the beginning, had failed

to give us so much as one illustration of it? Given the constitution of Woman and the faintest glimpse of this as a possible Method of Human Improvement, could we fail to deduce the relation—could intuition, common sense, or even the logical organ which exhibits a fearful obliquity at times, fail to see that the finest, most artistic, interior, creative human power must be designed for the noblest, divinest—the eternal results of human action?

II.—Next to the Consciousness of Power as a condition of Artistic Maternity, is

FREEDOM IN ITS PERFORMANCE.

All that has gone before must have prepared us for this demand by Nature in behalf of Woman.

I. It is her right as the highest being on the earth.

II. It is equally her inalienable right as actor in the highest Use on earth, *the* Artist, whose work can only be done in freedom.

It is important to go forward from this point with as clear views as we are able to get, of what is meant by Freedom.

In the highest philosophical sense, Freedom is the liberty of living according to the Constitution which Nature has given; in the Use, that is, of every capacity, FOR THE END OF HARMONIOUS DEVELOPMENT, GROWTH TOWARD PERFECTION. Thus the constitution of every creature is its law, and the measure of its Freedom. In the world of inferior life this definition is of perfect application. Constitutional law is the law of action among plants, fishes, reptiles, birds and beasts; and each creature enjoys under it, the freedom necessary to its development and to the performance of the Uses it is designed to serve.

Why does not this law, which is present in the human world also, serve it equally well? Because it *is* human. It is the great distinction of humanity that it cannot be so served from the *first*, else there would be with it, as with the brutes, no *last*, and no more a human than a bovine or equine *career*. This law fails humanity, not because of intelligence or affection, which the inferior creatures also possess, but because of a moral character attaching to every voluntary human act. The human life shoots up, by its moral faculties, into the super-earthly sphere, and it must blend the two at their borders, into a perfect tone of harmony, before its constitution can be its actual law of Freedom.

The stronger animal and intellectual nature, standing always arraigned before the Spirit's Tribunal, and generally under condemnation more or less grave, maintains a ceaseless struggle for a freedom which the latter perpetually refuses, for the individual as well as the collective safety of mankind. This attitude of the powers brings us to look at the freedom so steadily denied by the best of them, as at once disgraceful and calamitous, could it be achieved. Its very name becomes odious, used in any deeper sense than that in which we express the character of political and religious institutions. For human nature has not justified itself in making the claim, and until this is done, its denial is always to be honored, as both just and wise.

Our faith in human nature is also very far from justifying it. We base our decency, honesty, virtue—almost our purity—too much upon law, as yet, to find freedom wholesome. The idea of transcending law, or leaving it out of the motives to behavior, because of motives nobler than law, is very shocking to the mas-

culine sentiment of society, which weighs the law against the individual, and finds the latter scale always going to the beam. Law is all, and the individual nothing. We expose the weakness of our faith, not only in Man, but in Nature, in entertaining such views; but it must be set down in extenuation of their infidelity, that the Masculine Era has furnished but slender grounds for any more generous theory. Men wisely fear to trust themselves and each other. The very essence of masculine wisdom and order is expressed in the calm, reasonable, patriotic and moral determination to adopt the decisions of the coolest and most deliberate hours as rules for less favored seasons. "Now the enemy is disarmed; let us clap him in gyves, that when he rises again, we may be safe." Thus man treats himself, warily, adroitly, as a sudden or cunning foe, whom he may next day have to subdue or be subdued by.

The spiritual nature reaches into a higher world of motive than the earth, but it is not yet strong enough in the race to achieve its actual freedom; so it does the next best thing possible; it allies itself with the Intellect, and they concur in certain laws which grant all the freedom that can be accorded to this three-fold being, the Animal, Intellectual, and Spiritual Man, for whom it is, at last, responsible. It gets a good many hard words and blows in the course of the unpleasant legislation. It is held for the best results possible; but is often roundly abused while working to secure them. It is treated by Man very much as Woman, its representative, is treated by society; namely, made responsible for the highest good, yet oppressed, trampled on and often despised, when Man and society are in the humor for a lower good, and choose to sneer at the higher.

Freedom, applied to conduct in life, is so much liberty to act *in conformity to the natural constitution as its balance will make contributive to* REAL GROWTH, AND ACTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE HUMAN NATURE INTO THE CHARACTER OF ITS SPIRITUAL ATTRIBUTES. If freedom has been impracticable to Man and to masculine society, (by which let me be understood always to mean a society springing predominantly from its masculine source, and controlled by masculine motives and elements), it is because that in both, the spiritual is so far dominated by the Animal and Intellectual forces, that its sovereignty is often practically lost for a period, and at best can only approach the character of permanency by alliances renewed from time to time, with the Mental Power, the Intellect.

We must not wonder if Man comes out of this experience disposed to look askance, or with suspicion, at any idea of Freedom for Woman which he has found impracticable for his own sex. To his thought, it means for her what it would have been for him, opportunity for corruption, grossness, self-indulgence, degeneracy, in some form or other. He sees a danger whose presence arouses all his fears. He arms for opposition at once—for is not he the active guardian both of their common and separate interests? How can this be good now, in her case, which would have been so evil then, in his case? One to whom the freedom you would claim, means license instead of order, grossness instead of purity, will resist your claim, if only for decency's sake; and is pretty likely to reckon himself quite the immaculate one of the two, for his position.

I demand freedom for Woman as Mother, in the broadest sense, as Nature's representative; speaking for her, that her high designs may be realized. I mean

by the demand, the planting of that idea in the social soil of Christendom, which, a mere seed now, shall be a great overshadowing tree to the daughters of the near generations, through whose spreading branches the rude north winds or the westerly airs may blow, while they repose beneath them, secure in the noblest of human privileges, that of a divine, creative maternity. Consequently the demand is not an exaction for this day and this hour, though many thousands, perhaps millions of Women are fitted to do far better work, as mothers, in unconditional freedom than in the bondage they now live in. But Nature makes no such abrupt changes, nor can we desire them. With the growth of the Idea, in Woman and in Society, there will occur a gradual fitting of her, by education and self-education, to come into her birthright; and a gradual uplifting of Man, to see in its actualization the great, substantial, enduring guaranties that human purification, growth and progress shall come; that the divine shall indeed be *manifest* in the human—not rarely or doubtfully embodied, a wonderful tale to be told with bated breath, and heard with heart palpitating between hope and fear; and that the Christ-nature shall be the daily, familiar expression worn by humanity—not its shadowy, distant, questioned or apparently impossible type.

Conceived of the Holy Spirit! That is the divine fortune of any individual soul. That is what Freedom in Maternity implies, to every child of Woman born. In that Maternity the Holy Spirit enters into the glad, rejoicing, grateful, religious Woman-soul, and takes up its abode there. It is another, more interior and heavenly mother to the child. For a glad, spiritual maternity is Woman's highest religion, as an earnest, pure, searching love is that of Man.

There are some practical features to this question which at once present themselves before the mind of any Woman, whether enlightened or ignorant, thoughtful or vacant. Perhaps the first of these is her right to *freedom in choosing the times* when her maternity shall be performed. This freedom will impress even the shallow Woman with a sense of responsibility in the office, when she has chosen it, from which now that very large class is too apt to hold itself almost or quite absolved, a state of things which is much aggravated when the shallowness is complicated with luxury and social dissipation; or with extreme poverty and physical dissipation, whether of vice, or of labor that is unnatural to Woman. Dissipation is waste, and all power is wasted that is not devoted to its true uses, whether the waste be through vicious intention or terrible necessity. Hence, the obligation of Man to free Woman from physical necessity, that her power may go to its legitimate office.

Maternity coming with choice to an undeveloped, lean-souled Woman, would have a very different influence upon her inner nature from that it would have coming in spite of her choice. In the one case it would appeal to her selfishness, giving her the right to feel herself injured and oppressed, and so maintaining a most unhappy, inharmonious, *uncreative* state of the mind and affections; in the other it would naturally appeal to her highest sense of obligation; stir the pulses of her most generous affections, and move the noblest currents of her nature to such sweet, harmonious and fruitful play as they are capable of. Poor it may be at the best, in such a woman, if circumstances do not greatly aid her, but best is always better than worse or worst.

Another feature that Woman will gladly see in this freedom, is that of *a choice of helps in it; i. e.*, of circumstances, persons, influences and objects that may be made co-operative to the highest and most perfect results. Without such choice, all the events and experiences of life may hurry past, in one wide, confused panorama, and nothing be held till it has yielded the instruction, the help, the light, the strength it might afford her. Books, persons, social or affectionate relations, experiences, art, travel, with its stimulus for the intellect, the imagination, the seeing eye and the responsive soul; religious privileges, that are such—not wearisome forms merely, fetters concealed under velvet and satin, stultifying the spirit—sympathy that feeds and kindles the fire of the soul, lifting it into a higher appreciation; love, that distills every emotion, noble or ignoble, and leaves only its pure elixir in the heart; aspiration, that gladly sees the golden peaks of the distant mountains, cloud-tipped, inviting ascent, and laying the life under tribute for its achievement; asking toil of body, brain and spirit, that it may be won—all—all are aids provided for the creating mother. She ought to be the chooser of the time when they can be most liberally united for her help. Her fine judgment and feeling of her own needs, make her the best authority in such a momentous work as Nature leaves in her hands in this case.

A third feature, and a far more important one, is *a purpose of maternity.*

Purpose is a condition precedent of all moral action: The higher the character of the action, the stronger the element of purpose in it. The Statesman, the Teacher, the Artist, are all men of purpose in the action which characterizes them. Understand that Purpose is the

broad, general motive, in the execution of which much may very gracefully and profitably be trusted to impulse. Details are left to the laws of accident: they fall very naturally into the margin, where we are free to accept or reject, while the great Purpose binds us and all that we have and are to its execution, as steadfastly as the sun binds the wheeling planets in their orbits.

The first thought in regard to this, as a feature of Maternity, in many minds, will be of instant rejection. It is objectionable to unreasoning and to some reasoning persons on the same grounds that Consciousness of Power is objected to. Calculation, they say, will spoil all. Granting that Nature has reposed in the mother all the trust you claim, do not make a Babbage's calculating machine of her—for so, the desired result must surely fail. Moreover, since the whole human race may be said to have originated and been brought forth in the absence of any such aid in the Maternal action, how can it now be necessary?

For two reasons, among many others, which might be named: first, that as we advance in development, it becomes necessary that we do intelligently (purposely) what we may have done before automatically (functionally); and second, that Maternity, as Use, is distinguished from Maternity, as Function, most of all by just this character of purpose, which is the very essence of voluntariness, and without which it can never fully and completely appropriate the objective resources created for it. An office purposely assumed, pre-supposes an intelligent sense of right to act in it, and a deliberate intention to claim and appropriate whatever is furnished to contribute to the most perfect results of action in it.

It will be difficult for most men to see what will

be plain to nearly all women at a glance, the nice shades of distinction between the mental states hinted at here, of purpose and no purpose. (There is another state of purpose against the office, which, being violated, in its accidental or forced assumption, has all the effect of rebellion embittered by conquest suffered, and whose calamitous effects are abundantly reported in our large dangerous and perishing classes; but of this, I cannot speak at length here). These states belong so purely to the inner nature; are so deeply hidden beneath the strata of what we call the inner life, even, that only Women, and of these only such as have become self-acquainted, through seeing the depths within the depths of their own Consciousness, can fully comprehend all that is meant in the words, a "Purposed Maternity." I use them in their highest sense, meaning not the mere purpose of satisfying the maternal instinct, which the quadruped feels and acts from, as well as the human, but the intelligent, artistic purpose, (to which the maternal instinct is a fundamental motive), to act in harmony with Nature in producing the most perfect being which the powers and resources employed, can bring forth. This, one sees is the highest purpose the human soul can know, as its result is the highest possible to the sphere of human action.

We talk of moral purpose always as an interior phenomenon of life. It may be the purpose to pay a debt, to discharge an obligation of any sort, to make a generous effort for the happiness of some one or many persons. It may be a purpose of self-improvement or of help to the improvement of others; it may be a still deeper purpose to awaken some slumbering or some torpid soul to a sense of its vanishing opportunities for growth—to arouse it to stretch its drooping wings, so

long folded that dust and cobweb are rank upon their shining plumage, for a glorious flight to the empyrean of Truth. All these are moral purposes—interior actions of the nature. Men and Women alike know them, are familiar with their origin, progress and ultimation in act; Women more than Men, doubtless; but by no means exclusively. But these are outside, common experiences, compared with that here spoken of. They are the conceptions and plans of the Common Artist or the Fine Artisan, compared with those of the highest creative minds, the Raphaels, Angelos, Da Vincis.

For this purpose of the Woman not only moves her inmost life, but it plays every chord in it, in that divine harmony which *absolutely absorbs discord*, and makes it impossible to her. Given such a purpose in the life, and there are depths stirred in it whose strong, calm, majestic outflow, no tide of mean circumstance can seriously check or ruffle. Its subject is superior to that, which, in less exalted experiences, might *make* her happiness or misery. The necessities of her body supplied—food, raiment and warmth—she will make her other circumstances from the life within. She will live in the sunshine of interior peace and victory, though without may be only conflict and apparent defeat. The inheritance of such a birth cannot be weighed against any earthly advantages, in estimating the elements of a human career. The treasure of East and West massed into one shining globe, would go to the beam in the bálance. For here is the Absolute Good—there only a poor external means of attaining it—which also may prove the means of losing it, for a long time.

Is it objected that few mothers are capable of endowing their children with this priceless legacy? It may be answered that few women yet know that

divine phenomenon, Womanhood; and of those who do not, the number is but small who are on the road to an experimental acquaintance with it through this Great Experience. With such powers and opportunities vested in Womanhood, such uses required of it, nothing is plainer than that the primary object of all education of females should be self-acquaintance. Other knowledge as means to that: that as means to Being and Doing in these exalted capacities and methods. But schools are bare deserts. As well send your daughters to Sahara to learn Botany, as to our schools to learn Womanhood.

Different standards of value in schools, as in character, will come in with the advent of Womanhood, as a power, upon the stage of life, and a true estimate of its exclusive action, as a Method of Improvement for Mankind. And here we reach the third primary condition of true or Artistic Maternity, namely:

Spiritual Development in Woman.

The feminine is the spiritual. That is its essential character. Woman is feminine in proportion as she is spiritual, and the feminine side of a Man is his spiritual side—his best side. An unspiritual Woman is masculine, and is felt to be therefore repulsive. It is the character of the feminine intellect to be dominated by the spiritual, which values Truth and knowledge not for themselves or for the sake of their possessor; but as the Divine values them, for Ends of Use—Beneficence. God is the source of all Truth and knowledge. If He valued them for the glory of their possession, or for the Power they clothe Him in, it is quite clear that we should be His subjects or slaves, rather than beloved children. Because His relation to us, would be through

Omnipotence, rather than Love—through Pride of dominion, rather than Beneficence.

The more we read the designs of Nature in the human, the more clear is it that the Masculine is the minister of the Material, and of Force, whether intellectual or corporeal; and the Feminine of the Spiritual, and of Power, in its finer and higher relations of Divine Use. This being so, the Manhood of Man lies in his fitness for action according to the *highest aims and methods* of his characteristic attributes; and in a certain pure susceptibility to the influence of Woman, which is his response to the spiritual in her, perpetually inviting, and gradually operating his ascent into its finer atmosphere.

And the Womanhood of Woman equally lies in the development of her spiritual into confirmed, permanent ascendency over the other elements of her nature, and consequently into that fine sovereignty over Man and the human life, which, in one form or another, it is her prayer to get, and the prayer of society that she should get. In the light of these truths, we see why youth is the masculine period of the female life. It is yet in germ, imperfect therefore—has its life in, and chief appeal to, the Senses. It is also plain why the middle period, that of corporeal fruitfulness, or personal Motherhood, unites masculine and feminine elements in a more even balance than they hold in youth—the appeal being to the purer, more refined and less passional love of Man; and why the post-maternal period, that of Universal Motherhood, is pre-eminently the feminine one. Womanhood cannot be known till it is studied or lived beyond these portals, which have heretofore closed, to shut it, in coldness and darkness, out from the shining circle of human sympathies. But to

be this, here, it must have reached this stage not by years alone, but by the road of true development—growth from the youth of spirit as well as body, through the education of divine purposes, faithfully, unselfishly, lovingly executed. Spirituality is the characteristic of the maiden compared with the youth, as of the Woman compared with the Man, but the years which make him more masculine, must make her more feminine, (spiritual), or no other development whatever can give her a true, divine, creative maternity.

This is the reason why many Women, distinguished for ability, acquirements and profound knowledge; honored for work which makes their names familiar in intellectual circles everywhere, are often less honored in their children, than some humble artisan's wife or laboring mother, whose spiritual eye has been opened to the divine radiance of the inner world. The children of such mothers are often triumphantly quoted in refutation of the theory of Maternal Power. Their poverty of mind and soul are set down as conclusive against it. But in fact they are confirmations instead. If a Woman eminently unspiritual, no matter how able in thinking power, could create the noblest order of sons and daughters, that would be a proof that the feminine elements were of small account in the Maternal office. Intellectual the offspring of such a mother may or may not be, according to the circumstances that co-operate with or oppose the natural maternal action in her life; but superior, in the higher, more artistic, perfect sense which a distinguished mother's fame and real power would seem to justify the world in expecting to find them, they scarcely can be. For intellect is not, *per se*, creative in the maternal office. A help it certainly is, or if harmoniously employed, may become, to the noblest

ends; but there is nothing in mere intellect that will save a Woman from the most ignominious defeat in Maternity, if her subjective condition is unfavorable, or circumstances operate powerfully that way. Intellect is not artistic; it is only a means to artistic results. Intellect is not a source of the deepest calmness in the life. It may be a help thereto. Intellect does not achieve the grandest victories. It will co-operate to gain them, but is always subordinate in the battle when they are won; perhaps nearly as ready to serve the false as the true cause. Intellect does not soften Man, and uncombined with the spiritual nature, it hardens Woman. It is a source of Pride rather than of Humility, and makes its possessor the subject of law rather than of grace.

But as intellect is the chief source of fame to Man and Woman; as whoso becomes illustrious, (except the Christs and Saints), must become so through it; and as spiritual development, the primary source of creative power in maternity, is so purely interior and private, a light hidden in the deeps of the life, or at farthest rarely shining beyond the personal circle, its presence is a fact of which the outside world can take little cognizance in estimating the mother's worth to her children. To learn how a woman never heard of, has produced a noble child or family of children like the Brontë sisters, you will go, not to libraries or philosophical societies, but to her neighborhood, her circle, her family, or better still, if possible, to herself.

What is spiritual development? I hear some sensible reader ask. I am afraid the question implies an existing state of mind which makes an intelligent, clear answer difficult at this time, but be not discouraged. If you are a Woman, repeat it every day, and on some

one not long hence, you will be joyfully surprised to find the answer there in your mind, though no voice has uttered it to you. If you are a Man, go straight to the most earnest, intelligent, clear-headed and *loving* Woman—wife, mother, sister or friend—of whom you can ask it, and put it to her Womanly conscience, heart and intellect, to help you if she can. In either case, you ought to know what it is—as a Woman, because it should be your possession and power in life; the instrument of your best work: as a Man, because you want to find it, and know and honor when you find it, in the Woman whose children will call you father.

It is not many years since I lived in a town where a few persons spoke often of these things. A highly accomplished, elegant woman of the world sojourned there for a season—heard these words, occasionally offered to take some part in the conversations in which they were current, but made a sad, humiliating failure as often as she attempted it. She had been in the great world, a spectator and actor in its shows for near thirty years, by no means the dimmest of the stars in her little system; brilliant in repartee; prompt in reply; full of courage for the exigencies of her social sphere; always sufficient for them, here was a sheer puzzle; and defeat too, unless she could solve it. Poor soul! What an acknowledgment of poverty was it, after all that seed-time given her, to have to go to a thoughtful maiden, yet in her teens, and ask plainly, "What do these people mean by the inner-life they talk of? I hear the words, but find nothing that is real or sensible in them, since they do not refer to the lungs, or the stomach, or the heart. I wish you would tell me what it is." Yet the Church had had her under its instruction from childhood. She had never been deprived of the "stated

preaching of the gospel," and had tasted the symbolic bread and wine, monthly, from the age of fourteen upward.

Well, what is spiritual development? How can I tell you? Will you tell me what gravitation is? What is the inner-life? Will you tell me what Chemical Affinity is? Gravitation draws the lesser to the greater, you inform me. Yes, and spiritual development draws the lesser toward the greater life—the poor, thin, lean souls, to the great, rich, strong ones, and these to the Great Soul. Still your question remains unanswered, and mine also. Chemical affinity draws atoms together, and binds them there, till a stronger one dissolves their union. Yes, and spiritual development draws human souls together. They are attracted and cohere in proportion as this experience has descended into them—the savages least of all, the barbarians less, Men more—Women most. Still our questions stand.

Shall I presume to answer what seems so nearly unanswerable? If I do, it is with a humility which I hope may exempt the almost inevitable failure from harsh criticism, and in the hope of receiving as well as giving a little help.

"We acknowledge spiritual faculties," says some impatient reader, "and spiritual development means, of course, their unfolding into activity in the life. That is all. So that we become religious, or moral, or good, or affectionate, where before we were the opposite of these. Nothing is more easily stated." Pardon me. Spiritual development does mean these surely, or something like them, but it also means more. These are features of spiritual development, but they are not *it*. Forehead, nose and mouth do not make a face. They are indispensable to it; but the face is not complete

because they are there. There are good people who are scarcely more spiritual than their maternal cows, or patient oxen. There are moral people who have no more of the odor of spirituality about them, than the cabbage has of the rose. There are affectionate people, but there are also affectionate quadrupeds—dogs for instance, whose attachments outlive those of many human friends. Nay, there are religious persons—church-members of years' standing, of stainless records, who have no more spirituality than lamp-posts.

Spirituality means something more than these. It includes them as parts of its completeness; where it is they must be; but it is the higher element—the solvent, which reduces them all, and causes each individual trait to be forgotten in its own universal sufficiency. It is the development of the spiritual faculties, but it is also the establishment of the one sovereignty whose reign over the life is Order, and Harmony, and Peace. It is the alliance of the being with the Divine, and sympathy and practical unity with His Purposes; the opening of communication between the Great Fountain and the little spring whose sealed margin its flowing current has passed, but will now feed with the eternal waters. It is the rising of a sun upon the soul, which is not to be clouded, or clouded only for moments, that vanish away as the shadow of an April vapor from the landscape—the shadow less felt than the enhanced brightness and warmth following it.

The spiritual is the Creative power in the soul of Man or Woman. It is this by virtue of its oneness with the Great Artist and Creator. It never lacks resource—is not daunted by any array of circumstances—for is not the Infinite its all-sufficing support: knows no despair, sees no failure; knows that failure is impos-

sible, because its aims are one with the Divine aims, which cannot fail. Its object is growth, real growth into the character of the Divine, whether for self or another—not the furtherance of a creed, a system, a belief, a form, a ritual, but the opening of the inner faculties to the reception and love of absolute Truth; the inspiration of all the powers to serve humanity in the pure spirit of actual Love, of which Truth is the body; and of this effort it knows that success is an unfailing result, as growth from germination, maturity from bloom.

This is perhaps the broadest manifest distinction to be taken between spiritual development and action, and those of any other branch of our natural tree. The passions have their objects, but often fail in the effort to grasp them; the affections strive for what they desire, but the most earnest and persistent striving does not always win: the intellect defines its aims, and moves toward them, giving all its power, subtilety, stratagem and skill to their achievement; not unfrequently to find itself foiled at the last step. And when failure comes, these currents regurgitate upon their centers, and create bitterness, confusion, discord and despair in those desolate places. It is disappointment, the blight against which the human soul utters its most articulate and universal cry of complaint.

But the spiritual nature knows no such experience. Its aim is expansion, and the simplest form of pure, earnest desire secures that. "Ask, and it *shall* be given; seek, and ye *shall* find. Knock, and it *shall* be opened unto you." Truer language could not be employed to describe the privileges of the spiritually developed. What shall be given? Not meat and raiment, even to the most deserving; martyrs have perished

by the road-side, lacking them. What shall the seeker find? Not riches, power or ease, however he may merit them; the noblest have so seldom enjoyed these, that their possession has, through all the ages, been reckoned almost a reproach even to the good—a proof of some moral defect in the soul—presumptive testimony to some complicity with the unwholesome powers, to whose magazine of resources they are assumed to belong. They are not the current certificates of saintliness. What door shall be opened? Not those of worldly privilege, comfort or advancement. These "open but to golden keys." You knock there in vain, if you *but* knock. No hand but your own will open to you.

But of all that may be asked or sought by the spirit for its help, growth, and more perfect action, nothing is uncertain as to its coming; nothing will be withheld. The universe is its storehouse, which the more it is drawn upon, is filled the more for its service; and its great portal of privilege will swing back to the humblest hand that presses for admission there. When the spirit acts sovereignly, it employs the whole nature harmoniously. Sense, passion, affection, intellect, have all and each their sufficient work; when the spirit is satisfied, they too are filled and content. Its perfect sovereignty is—not in their extinction; for it is cherishing, never destructive toward anything that exists—but in their cheerful abdication in its favor. They forget themselves. Hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness are impossible as experiences in this life. They may be incidents in its career—threads in the fair web it is weaving day by day, but not the web itself. The life is superior to them, as the tree to its blighted branch. There is a great inner fullness, which comes not of bread

and meat; an inner warmth, that is not of fireside or ermine; an inner radiance, which the material sun can little affect; an unfailing abundance, which no tide in outward affairs can turn to scarcity.

O heavenly state! O divine victory, which defeat can never dim! Calamity may do its worst. Poverty may come, desertion, coldness of friends, bitterness of enemies, scorn of the world. They only kindle a diviner strength or pity, and throw the soul more completely into the arms of the Infinite. Assurance becomes its daily food. Not that it despises earthly helps. It despises nothing; and finds its help in everything; realizes that the universe is full of service for Man, and has no disappointment for him, save such as it is the privilege of inexperience to leave behind it—the child learning not to lay its finger on the glowing coal. For life is not devised to disappoint the human soul, but to afford it the fullest measure of satisfaction. If the satisfaction is not instant, that is because it could not, in the nature of things, be *both instant and ultimate;* and Nature, of which spirit is the essential, works for ultimates. The wise, loving mother will not give her child, for its satisfaction to-day, what will cause its pain or death to-morrow.

If I have here helped a single reader to a clearer idea of what is spiritual development, than he or she had before reading these pages, I shall feel satisfied with my share of the labor. Assuming the substance of what has been said, as absolute truth of the spiritual nature, we may now hope to get a more certain view of its relation to maternity.

In the mother, spirituality is that deepest possible unfolding of the life of which only the consciousness can take cognizance. It is the opening of the heart of

the rose, whence the tiny, subtile humming-bird may extract the nectar that sustains him. He does not exhaust it—never exhausts it, not though he return every hour of the day. Spiritual power is self-renewing; it increases by diffusion. Give it away if you would enrich yourself in it. Empty your soul every evening of all that you can impart, if you would find it overflowing in the morning. The more the mother is spiritual in her maternity, the more she must needs be so by the increase of the power she gives away. If in her first periods she is truly spiritual, she will, other things being equal, be more so in her later ones.

It is the spiritual which is the creative element of the human mother-nature, as of Mother Nature in the universal sense. Matter does not create. Perception does not create: neither does Passion, except in the low, blind, instinctive sense of brute action. Intellect is only mechanical in creation—contriving, combining, cold, calculating, ambitious, self-moved—not realizing an intimate and instant dependence on the Divine for its motives and resources therein. It helps true spiritual creation : that is its very highest office ; the finding of means and methods being chiefly intrusted to it. It is too cold and proud to be charged with their divine employment when found.

Spirituality magnifies maternity ; sees its real glory, and rejoices in it, as never other sovereign rejoiced in her earthly crown and scepter. It gives the mother at once pride and humility—pride in her great office, though a manger be its theater—humility in herself as an instrument in the Divine hand for its accomplishment. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord ; be it unto me according to thy law. My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Savior.

For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden; for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty, hath done to me great things; and holy is his name." This is the language of the woman whose august maternity has become typical to her sex. The Romish Church has acted upon a true instinct in making Mary illustrious among women. Art, a far truer system than Papacy, has done the same thing. She has been one of its grandest and most fruitful Inspirations—the typical mother and child multiplied in various forms for the eyes and souls of all Women, saying to them, "Go thou and do likewise." And the universal human heart, even though blind and cold, pays a certain involuntary homage to the mothers whose children have acted the Christ-part in their generations. When the shadow falls across the ages, like that of the Nazarene, we acknowledge with more unstinted speech and feeling, the fullness of the Holy Spirit in the mother; and have a worshipful feeling toward her, as its pure, responsive recipient; a feeling which all mothers command, in the degree that they are pure, divine and aspiring in maternity; and will more and more command in proportion as they liken themselves to Mary in becoming *susceptible to spiritual aids therein;* of which susceptibility a profound humility as to herself, and gratitude for the greatness of her privileges, are always among the clearest evidences.

The spiritual mother will be diligent in seeking and fully employing such helps as can be reached by her. She will let no insignificant or even important matter of convenience, conventional propriety, social obligation, worldly profit in any sort, etiquette, ease, in-

dulgence, pleasure, ambition, stand between her child and any one of the many saviors of it that surround her.

"I did not expect to meet you here to-day, because I thought you had visitors from P———," said a lady in a private lecture-room, to a very elegant, accomplished, brilliant queen of society, in one of our American cities. "So I have," was the quiet reply, "but I did the best I could for them, and asked to be excused for a couple of hours. There are sometimes stronger claims on us than those of hospitality; I feel such just now, and would not have missed this hour's instruction to have entertained the Prince Royal. It has helped me to light that I never dreamed of before, and to a sense of privilege and obligation that I am sure will never suffer me to be complaining, or selfish, or idle again while I have a Woman's life to live."

The awakened mother will demand all that is the right of maternity—not for her own sake, but for its sake. The fretful Woman will become serene—the peevish, irritable Woman, calm; superior to her petty trials; forgetful of them in the greatness of those momentous days. The larger her success in her work, the calmer and more majestic will be the flow of her life. "When he has his greatest pictures in hand, he is always angelic," was said by his wife, of an illustrious painter. True motherhood will very often absorb the subjective hindrances of an evil temper, selfishness, idleness of brain and heart, irritability, petty jealousies, envyings, strifes, and make her, for the time, magnanimous and sweet. These I believe will be the quite constant results, in average Women, of maternity undertaken in the consciousness of creative Power in it, and freely assumed. The *purpose* intelligently enter-

tained, will lift the hitherto groping or groveling life to quite miraculous hights of self-abnegation.

As to objective hindrances, the intelligent perception that they are not only hurtful, but irreligious and wasteful, in a worse than profligate sense, invests the mother with wondrous power for putting them away, whatever their nature; or if that be impossible, going aside from them. She who was before meek and submissive to authority or difficulties; who felt that her highest duty consisted in fitting herself to them as best she could; bearing whatever was put upon her; assuming all burthens; quenching all higher desire that outward convenience or the will or wishes of others prohibited, becomes quickly, from the inspiration of such a maternity, self-invested with more than the responsibility of a guardian; it is that of a creator. She grows earnest, resolute, even defiant, if need be; will not be defeated where victory is necessary to that eternal good she is developing; will not be shamed, taunted, humiliated, worried or bullied into unworthy conduct or unhealthful emotions. Says calmly, "No," to all that would invade the inner kingdom which she has cleared, organized and put in order for her work.

Conscious of her power; Free in its employment; Spiritual in her Methods, the Mother stands, mediatorial or resistant, to the whole objective world, watching over her unborn child. After the moment of organic origin is past, all the good it can get must come *from* or *through* her. No Woman can feel this tremendous responsibility without rising some way toward its adequate discharge. We have seen in how many ways Nature has fitted her to do this.

I.—By her physical susceptibility, which refines

and multiplies her mediatorial capacities as to the material world.

II.—By her affectional constitution, her loves, sympathies and aspirations, which are a body of spiritual susceptibilities relating her to the super-material world and its forces.

III.—By the nobleness of her intellect, which makes her a recipient and interpreter of Truth in its higher and diviner characters.

IV.—By her constitutional fitness to be free; to be trusted therefore as the Artist, both in the use of her own powers, and in the employment of Man's capacities for the service of the race; and

V. By the exalted character (deducible from all these) of her individuality; which, being of the spiritual, identifies her more nearly with the diviner orders of life, and makes help from them an absolutely realizable experience in her maternity.

These are some of the basis-Truths on which the Maternal Method of Human Improvement is commended to the acceptance of Mankind. They exhibit this Method, (in which some measure of power is always acknowledged), as capable of being proved, in the purposed, intelligent employment of the finest human capacities, in the noblest earthly being. Only the *fullest efficiency* in the Method could make it the *commensurate office of the powers invested in it*, and so exhibit the law of co-ordination which is everywhere laid down in Nature. For one, I cannot covet the vision that sees not the hope of humanity in this Method, and that does not recognize a certain worshipfulness in Womanhood, its trusted executor. Such recognition is a condition precedent to the true practicalizing of the Method. And it must be of Woman,

for Womanhood, as well as of Man. For so only can she be recognized as the source of that Capacity which we have seen that the race needs, for the full and worthy appropriation of the Opportunities which Man has created for it.

It has been said that Capacity precedes Opportunity: it is, in fact, its primal source. Capacity in bird and bee create the Opportunities needful for their species. But in the human career, Opportunity may outstrip Capacity, as we see that it does to-day; because the source of the one, in the masculine life, is developed, active, fruitful, while that of the other is a shriveled, torpid root, from which symmetrical boughs and abundant leafage cannot spring; a shrunk fountain, whose slender flow proclaims the inner channels choked; some perchance dry and dusty.

I have omitted elsewhere, in the statement of Woman's gifts for this method, some things which it will serve her case to bring to light here, under this general consideration of maternity. One of these is her capacity to entertain ideals. It is a gift always attributed to her, or rather, unemployed as it has mostly been in any grand work, it is imputed as a weakness to her by man, who is apt to regard himself with favor because of his exemption therefrom.

But what does the Capacity to idealize mean, in the life where it has place? What is it but the Sentimental side of the Deductive nature? To idealize, is to see the True beyond the Actual; to trust fully in its existence in advance of visible, sensible proofs thereof. It is to look farther than the hostler or plowman can —with the vision of Poet and Artist. A Woman idealizes the Man whom she loves, to the wonder or amusement of her friends, who see him as he is, and as

quite a different being to the one she recognizes. Well, which is the Man? The visible, material form before you to-day, with its dull mind, its warring passions, desires and motives, or the Man who will, fifty, a hundred or five hundred years hence have grown out of this one? You see and acknowledge this Man, and you laugh at her ideal portrait of him; but when time has passed, hers will be the real, existing being, and yours a vanished dream, which you will gladly forget in presence of the nobler reality. For the ideal is only the latent Man. It is impossible for us to imagine *all* that the least developed of human creatures is destined to *become;* much less can we transcend his ultimate reality; and idealization is only honoring the hero, or saint, or artist, before his sensible arrival to others. The tendency to idealize, belongs to the truly religious, artistic nature. It is Faith in its esthetic aspect; it is prepaid tribute, honoring alike payer and payee. It is only weak when it treats the acting, present Man in the practical affairs of life, as if he were already that remote, developed one; and it is this failure, which the conduct of Women much oftener exhibits than that of Men, which subjects them to ridicule.

Power to idealize goes always with power to embody. In the working Artist they are not always co-ordinated; but he is no Artist who lacks the first. An anatomist and colorist he may be; keen of observation, apt in form and proportion, conscientious in treatment; but when these and all other excellences have been put into his work, its literalism will chill and repel you.

Now Woman, pre-eminent as idealizer, must also excel as embodier. Her *function* is this, in its lowest action; her *use* is its very highest aspect. Grand ideals

move the quickened susceptibilities of the mother with an increased power. She arrays them in her inner kingdom, revels in their beauty and perfection; her very pulses move to the rhythmic measure which they beat. All her life-currents are surrendered to them, and that *surrender is embodiment*, as surely as the Artist's is his *earnest purpose toward it.* It is often in this way, as has been hinted, that nobility, power, genius and love become incorporated in the human soul; beauty and majesty in the human body.

What will this power do for Woman in Objective Art? It must make her *the* Artist there also; for it can have but one function. But Objective Art in Woman's career, will never be an End, as it is in Man's, but only a means to the perfect ends of her Subjective Art. All manner of development is her right, from whom the highest results are demanded; and so all opportunities are justly Woman's, that can serve her development—whether they be of action or exemption—chief among them, these in the Art-field, where Man has so long held, almost undisputed, the scepter. But the Objective Artist reaches his full development only in becoming universal. Nature must be his. He must possess Science. He must have sat at the feet of History. Industry must marshal her forces and results for his instruction. Human experiences, in happiness and suffering, pleasure and pain, power and weakness, abundance and poverty, hope and disappointment, confidence and doubt; in exigency and calmness, in new and old circumstances, all must become his ready and instructive panorama, prompt to move before his mind, at the touching of a spring, in the secret chambers. If it be not so, he is only a small artist, whom the generations compliment by forgetting.

Much more must Woman be universal for the unspeakably higher ends she has in view. Perfect Humanity is more than Perfect Art, as a Man is more than his picture, and society more than Man in the estimation of Nature. And Woman will serve Art less in being the working Artist, than in affording him a higher inspiration in the more perfect Human that she will be and will produce, on the earth. And in attaining the development which Objective Art is to afford her, her finer susceptibilities, her livelier imagination, her purer fancy and more spontaneous idealism, will stand her in good stead for the coarser powers which Man must employ for the same end. She cannot explore remote, rugged, wild Nature, lacking the able, masculine body, with its less sensibility and less function; but Man can do it for her, and she will see more of it through his pictures, whether they be in words or colors, than he saw in its material self. She will use the telescope only artistically, to look at the heavens as a picture, or that she may know their physiognomy. But when Man has spent months—years of labor, completing observations, discoveries, calculations, statistics, she will look with her inner eye further and more clearly into the scenery of the populous depths he reports, than he with his finest instruments. His work is necessary: without it, hers could not be done for ages—not ever, so easily or so well, as with it; but comparatively, hers has the freedom of the Artist's work beside the mechanic's. The Naturalist must spend years in collecting the observations which are to verify his one conclusion. He must labor in field and wood, upon the mountain and in the valley, on sea and shore: His cabinet must cost him years of labor. All its beauty is hardly won, by "toil of heart and knees

and hands," and when collected, it is the open-sesame by which Woman is brought eye to eye with Nature in all those wondrous fields.

Science is for Man—not Woman, because it is not, *per se*, creative—does not seek to Be or to Do, but to Know. It is only a means to Woman's Intellectual and Artistic Methods; and as means, is valuable rather in preparing Man than Woman for the characteristic work of her Era. It educates Man and gives him a large measure of his faith in the scheme of things, because it is the accurate exposition of external Nature; discloses her uniformity, and so becomes the source—perhaps it should rather be said of confidence than of faith, to him. It never asks to look within the walls of its phenomena—declares emphatically that it has no business there; and stays outside in a professed and cultivated contempt for what is inmost and spiritual—would reckon as its crowning achievement, the reduction of Creator and Created to a mathematical equation; is necessarily cold, legal, formal; prouder of its extremest skepticism, till a truth be proved, than of the truth after its proof—prouder of its accumulated testimony, than of what is testified by it—prouder of its acquaintance with facts, than of any daring flight for truth, to which facts do not pave the way.

Science is *predictive*, but not *prophetic*. It foresees in its own grooves, but cannot glance aside into the broad fields of Truth. It is a rail-car, which will serve you admirably on the track laid for it, but which becomes mere lumber and hindrance, when, having reached the end of that, you would go farther. It has advanced you securely to this point; that is well: be thankful, and remember you had no right to expect more of it. It did not profess the will or the power to

transcend—nay, it expressly turned up its nose at the bare mention of "transcendental," that you might not hope to get beyond the teeth of facts by its aid.

Wherefore the Scientific is the immediate precursor of and foundation for, the Artistic Period—Science ending where Art begins. It is the culmination of the Masculine. Where its work is completed, roads are opened to higher kingdoms; all the chasms are spanned by the solid masonry of facts well-grounded and cemented; but not a foot passes over to see what and whereunto the way leads, till the Artist arrives, and makes that journey. Science has studied and is studying the human being, right up to farthest limit of the laws of structure and material action: but it ends there. From that boundary, of what *is*, into the kingdom of what *will be*, is the study of Art—to produce what will be, her Function.

We are what we are, first, by our Capacity; second, by our Opportunity. The adjunct may have much or little value; but it is adjunct in either case—not principal. Learning will not make a Plato of a fool, nor the lack of it, a fool of Plato. Thus we see the relative importance of the Masculine and Feminine in the future career of humanity on the earth. It is not Opportunity that the race now needs to harmonize it with itself and Nature, but Capacity for the appropriation of its already various, abundant and noble Opportunities; and this can only come *from* or *through* the Feminine. It is destined to enter the human life in both of these ways.

In her *original* maternal action, Woman, as the earthly embodiment of Love, Truth, Beauty, Perfection, Harmony, is their direct source to her offspring. If she individually fail in these elements, they can only come

in mediatorially through her, and will be as much less perfect in measure and action, as the medium must necessarily be less sufficient than the principal employing him. In her *mediatorial* character, there is, of course, the earthly and the heavenly side. Influences, helpful or hindering, enter by each. In the former, the mother represents the mental qualities which can most powerfully impress her—the intellect, the capacity for investigation, invention, organization, combination; the power, force, acuteness, shrewdness, stratagem of Man; his resoluteness, love of conquest, determination to succeed. That is, all of these qualities, which necessarily descend from the masculine, may be made more intense through their appreciation by her, or they may be tempered and harmonized by the more powerful action of other influences on her nature. On the higher side of her mediatorial action, she is the sole medium of whatever can reach her child, as inspiration from above. The heavens and their inhabitants can only enter the silent chambers of that life through the whispering-gallery of the maternal susceptibility to their approach.

As mediator, the undeveloped mother is the *subject* of circumstances or influences, according to her susceptibility; but not their *mistress*. Hence, the least developed Woman is the least susceptible. Her work, therefore, is not a scale with widely divorced extremes of possibility, but a dead average. Savage, barbarous, and very ignorant civilized Women illustrate this truth. There are fewer idiots among them than among any other classes, and no geniuses. The better developed mother, of civilization, is more susceptible to influences and circumstances that co-operate with or antagonize her maternal capacities, and here we have the most varia-

ble results, from the lowest to the most exalted; while in the small class of Artistic Mothers the descending scale rarely, (and only under the tyranny of most unnatural circumstance), dips below a certain valuable average. And it rises, on the other hand, into the ideal, embodying the excellences and perfections that we have been accustomed to call superhuman in a few children, who do not always or often stay on earth to prove their noble gifts, and concerning whom the wrung heart comforts itself in the thought that

> "Perchance not he, but Nature, ailed—
> The world, and not the infant, failed.
> It was not ripe yet to sustain
> A genius of so fine a strain,
> Who gazed upon the sun and moon
> As if he came unto his own;
> And, pregnant with his grander thought,
> Brought the old order into doubt.
> His beauty once their beauty tried;
> They could not feed him, and he died,
> And wandered backward as in scorn,
> To wait an aeon to be born."

Reader, the Ideal Woman sketched in these pages, exists, though you may not find her in your family, your circle, or your community. I draw from Nature, who has kindly sat to my poor skill, for want of a better to employ. I have put in the lines and shades that are visible to me: they seem extravagant, perhaps, to you; but they will be faint and cold to your granddaughters; and the Women of the fifth generation hence, will wonder how their faithfulness and reality could ever have been questioned. For a positive, clear, intelligent purposed development of Womanhood, will bear date from about these years of inquiry and agitation in regard to its capacities and offices.

If we take into the account, in looking at the future of Woman, the broad and substantial basis of recognition for her laid down in Gall's discoveries and the writings of his followers; the great American movement for the securing of her natural rights; which, in a less popular but not less pronounced form, has extended to England; the legislation for her which that country has been constrained to discuss, when not to make; the French movement, of which the most prominent signs visible across the Atlantic, are the books of M. Michelet, very faulty in theory, very unequal in tone, at times absolutely insulting in statement, and fearfully trashy in substance, yet withal, most nobly intended toward Woman, as tribute and service to her—coming from an earnest and devoted champion, and having therefore a high value as one of the signs of the Nineteenth Century; then the later book, more consistent, but less ambitious, of M. Legouvé: when we consider the general breaking up of the old crust of form and thought which has contained Woman, the freedom, in study and action, which she has practically gained within the last quarter of a century, and specially within the last decade—the pen so largely and ably assumed by her—professional positions taken and most creditably and successfully held, under the combined disadvantages of the opposition of Men, Women and Schools, the skepticism of society, and inferior pay for the same service—the moral freedom, so widely achieved, to do anything she is able to do; the increasing respect for her in any position she is moved to take; seeing all this, one sees that the Era of Woman, so long postponed, the dream of the ages, has at length opened. And with no dim, lingering, confused dawn! Right up the brightening sky, dissi-

pating cloud, folding away from its shining front of hope and promise the mists of the earth, comes the clear, advancing light. We had better adjust our eyes to the rays, and be ready for work therein.*

It is beautiful to see that all the effort by the sex, is in one direction—that varieties of theory and feeling among those engaged, give rise to no essential difference of aim—a proof doubly welcome, after all the discord, dispute, war and hatred among men; after all their sneers at the inability of Women to work in accord, that they not only see true ends, more clearly, but are capable of more harmonious effort toward them than Men are.

If it be charged that this portrait of Woman is overdrawn, I can only repeat that it is Nature's—not mine; and express the perfect assurance I feel that Woman will vindicate Nature, and justify this faithful

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* One of the clearest testimonies of the age, for Man as well as Woman, is the noble and intelligent acknowledgment he is beginning to make of her power and value to his best work. He has never been niggardly of sentimental acknowledgment of a higher life in her, with certain values to his moral and spiritual welfare, which, however, he has felt at liberty to ignore or trample on when his ambition, or his love of gain, or of pleasure, prompted him to do so. The acknowledgment of our day is something quite different, of infinitely greater gravity to both sexes, and significant of a future conceded position for Woman, which the men of old never dreamed of.

When the Great Exhibition (at London) of 1862, awarded the Medal for Music, to M. Chevé, as the representative of the New System, which bears his name, its friends gathered around him in congratulation. But there was evidently something not wholly satisfactory to that excellent Man in this recognition of the cause for which he had labored, with a martyr-zeal, for a quarter of a century. What is it? they asked. "It should have been given to my wife," said he, very earnestly. "She has done far more to

interpretation of her language in the feminine life. I know, as well perhaps as any, the short-comings chargeable against the position here taken; but I equally know they must disappear. Thousands of young women will delight in approaching Nature's standard, when it is placed before them, who might, in ignorance of it, be turned aside by the warping influences of a worldly, selfish, masculine, social system; to which, without such help, they naturally surrender themselves, feeling that all they need in life, they have to ask, or receive without asking, at its hands. We defer to the sources of that welfare which seems most needful or indispensable for us, in proportion to our weakness. This is the secret of Woman's servility to Man and his standards. Nor will escape be possible till she recognizes higher ones of her own. Woman can never escape servility to Man by seeking the position of an Equal with him, because it is only in the clear

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develop the system, and give it power to command such an honor at this time, than I have."

Read also this manly, religious dedication of Mr. Mill's late book on Liberty, to a Woman. "To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward—I dedicate this volume. Like all that I have written for many years, it belongs as much to her as to me; but the work, as it stands, has had, in a very insufficient degree, the inestimable advantage of her revision; some of the most important portions having been reserved for a more careful examination, which they are now never destined to receive. Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it, than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivaled wisdom."

seeing of her higher nature, with its more spiritual power and offices, that she can find a balance to his superior power and skill for Material Uses. At the earth-level with Man, Woman must be his inferior, for the same reason that at the lower level of mere muscular gifts, he is inferior to the serviceable quadrupeds. He is unquestionably master of the earth and of the interests, comforts, privileges and opportunities springing primarily from it. And until each recognizes a higher kingdom for her, and her sovereignty therein, it must needs be that her peace, security and comfort—nay, even her welfare, will lie in a deference more or less servile to his views and desires. Not made to dispute his field with him, still less to conquer it, she must wait Nature's own time to develop and open hers.

Woman has accepted her subordinate lot, and lived in it with comparatively little moral harm, as only the truly superior and noble being could have. The masculine spirit, enslaved and imprisoned, becomes diabolic or broken; the feminine, only warped, weakened, or distorted, is ready, whenever the pressure upon it is removed, to assume its true attitude.

Great demands are here made upon Woman—as great as are the promises and assurances to her. For Nature has not exalted her for her own sake only; but for the essential end of all greatness—Beneficent Use. It would little import us that God should unite in His Being all powers, and greatnesses of every sort, if Uses of blessing were not the End of their possession by Him. And is it not plain that Motherhood, not to speak of the lesser uses of the feminine, in elevating, refining and saving Man, in his individual and social life, is the most exalted and sacred of human uses? That to its perfection must go the largest circuit of

capacity that makes up any life; the finest susceptibilities for mediatorial relation between its subject and the surrounding universe; the largest measure of Aspiration toward the Perfect; the clearest spiritual perception of its character and presence; the most pure love of Truth, with the readiest insight for her presence, and the most unwavering loyalty to her, despite the clash of temporary interests, and the mean demands of an exacting self-love; beside the very clearest power of idealization, and the most perfect capacity of embodiment that belong to any earthly being?*

All these, the necessary qualifications of the Mother, are outlines of the perfect Woman's portrait. Describe the office, and you describe the most exalted position and work of humanity; find her who can fill it, and you have found the most exalted being the earth contains. You have found the life that sees with the inner eye, hears with the inner ear, feels with a divine sensibility; that, looking to the future, can ignore the present; that can

* I intend soon to prepare a volume illustrating Woman's power in Maternity, and some of the particular methods of its employment. Herein it seems to me expedient only to state it as a deduction from her nature, organic, intellectual and spiritual. The subject, as the reader has seen, is one bearing so many phases that it would be extremely difficult of treatment, but for Woman's natural fitness to receive and understand it through her consciousness and intuitions. It is not the study of the science of embryology, as taught by Men, that will enlighten and inspire Women to noble maternity. It is very doubtful whether such a study would give much help, even to intellectual mothers; for the material development, in true Maternity, is the subordinate part. The highest Artistic is above that, and is liberally provided for in Woman's endowments. Hers is the only Art-work in which results may be superior to conceptions, because it is that in which Nature joins in the most liberal measure, her own finest forces to the subjective and voluntary powers of the Artist.

make sacrifice of self for the good of others; that is happiest in doing all its part, and counts its privilege in often doing more; that is apt for devotion to all good; full of faith that it is exhaustless and always near at hand; that can give up luxury, elegance, indulgence and ease, and cheerfully assume, instead, when need requires, toil, hardship, self-denial; the rude lot, the repulsive association, the loathsome office, when these are demanded for the help or the improvement of herself or others. You have found the life that *grows*—not *dwindles*—with age; that is consciously more at forty than at thirty, at sixty than at forty—whose Motherhood is more prized than her maidenhood, and whose spiritual period is gladly received, as the crown and joy of a life which noble Uses have steadily enriched and worthily brought to the exemptions here offered it.

Have we reached the conclusion to which our premises were to conduct us? I trust that at least the way is opened and hints given, by help of which the thoughtful reader may arrive there. Has it not been shown (Part I.) that Woman is the most complex of organic beings?

And (Part II.) that she is the most richly endowed in Faculty?

And being these, can she be assigned to any sphere of Use but the most refined, separated, exalted, artistic and sacred that any earthly being fills?

In lōoking at our work as a whole, the first and second Parts become premises to the third, which is indeed "the conclusion of the whole matter." So clear, it appears to me, that such is the relation of those to this, that it would have been no actual violence to the reason to have left the conclusion unargued—a compli-

ment but a little more liberal than that paid my readers in the imperfect statement offered them, of Maternity as the sphere of Feminine Use. Far more is left for them to conceive of it than is here set down; but I hope that somewhat has been done to remove doubts, to strengthen hopes, to confirm purposes and define an aim worthy the acceptance of Woman. I hope I have shown her privileges fully adequate to her high desires for influence; a career that will prove satisfying to the hunger of her soul, and responsibilities commensurate to the great powers she feels moving in her inmost consciousness, asking employment.

I submit that the highest word here spoken for Woman, is demonstrable truth, since by the law of co-ordination, she who is the most exalted in her organic and spiritual nature, is thereby carried to the summit of Use for her distinguishing action; and this position and use, in turn, make her the most distinguished and honored of mortal beings, to whom all lesser intelligence and capacity will delight to pay homage, and find their best profit in doing so.

To doubt, as some may, judging Woman from the Women of any day that has yet been, that she will justify this honoring of her, and meet the tremendous responsibilities it clothes her in, is only a species of Atheism. I could not doubt it if the best Women had never been, or were not, now; if we knew Womanhood through its average or even its lowest forms alone. Because I cannot doubt God nor question Nature. Whatever has been done by either, is assurance to me that it has been well, wisely, lovingly done. Hence, seeing, even so poorly as we have seen, what is the Woman-nature, and what is required of it, I see the future made glorious by her sweet, pure, strong, in-

spiring presence therein; and Humanity divine by her direct gift of herself to it, and by divine influx through her harmonized, effective mediatorship toward it.

Woman cannot escape the grand destiny herein shadowed forth. God has appointed, and Nature has provided for it. She will therefore fulfill it; and it is of small consequence whether the Women of any generation, country, or ages even, are made illustrious or absurd, by its setting forth. Unequal to it the advanced Women of even our Nineteenth Century too manifestly are, but never Woman in any Century. And how rapid, intelligent, and full of purpose is the advance toward it. Throw out of the calculation the Maternal Method of human improvement, which is, of its own potency, sufficient to re-cast the human career, and there are yet left the elements, in the mental activity of Woman, both spiritual and intellectual; in her self-recognition, and recognition by Man and Society, of an improvement whose certainty and swiftness the world has never seen approached. Take this in, and the bright airs of a Millennial Era already breathe faintly over us from the distance.

Daughters born of Mothers penetrated with the divine truths of Womanhood; living them, embodying them in every day's walk and conversation: sons walking the earth who honor Woman as the immediate representative of the divine, and themselves as its children, will constitute a social state, such as rational persons in this day scarcely allow themselves to dream of in their closets. When Motherhood is prized as the divinest of life's opportunities for faithfulness and devotion, its fruits will correspond to its own high character, and society will bear its stamp as now it bears the inferior one of its ignorance, selfishness, idleness and pov-

erty. When it is seen as that opportunity, in which all lesser ones find their ultimation; when all development that can give power and joy in itself, is seen to have a hundred-fold value because of the power and joy it can give in this; when industry, intellectual and artistic culture, and spiritual growth; when every knowledge, and all orders of capacity are advanced, to rank among the means to this divinest of Ends, then Maternity will honor God and Humanity, and its fruit will be social peace, purity and harmony.

If this seems a desirable consummation, I hope I shall not weary any one by repeating that it can only be reached through the absolute freedom of Woman—freedom always implying the *subjective fitness* which alone makes *true freedom possible.* Woman must become universal in her development. All portals must part at her approach—all fields be open to her. She will occupy only such as she needs, and therein be respected. Experience must be hers. No arbitrary or conventional lines must be drawn around her. Going whither she pleases, she will never go widely or long astray. For as soon as Nature's laws in her are read, *faithfulness to them will be seen and felt to be her freedom.* Woman loves freedom, as Nature does, for good—not harm; the harm comes when it is denied her—in the slavery, in the inharmonious reaction, or attempted escape. It is one of the playful reproaches that lie against the sex, that it desires whatever it is denied. A beautiful and true compliment to the universality, greatness, and spontaneity of the Woman-nature.

The stream loves to flow down the mountain-side. If you obstruct it, you will get some damage to your pasture or meadow, unless you enslave it in an artificial channel, where it is no longer an artist; but a drudge.

It may work for you henceforth; but it is no longer the spirit of your landscape. Freedom is the law of Nature, and of Woman as her most perfect representative. In freedom only can the divinest work of either be accomplished. Wanting it, in her maternity especially, Woman leaves her best undone, and society, the church, schools, prisons, and the policeman have to undertake in her stead; with what success let the history and condition of each tell.

I am not afraid to set foot of championship for Woman in any path of Nature. There is not one in which she can be shamed or turned back. Take the deductive thread which Truth puts in your hand as you study her features, and it may be safely trusted to lead through any labyrinth to which it will conduct you. It is no matter that facts attack the position which you reach, if Nature has led you thither. The facts are false, and she is forever true. Thus finding what she has given to Woman and requires of her, you may predicate all conceivable nobility of character, and the facts of narrowness, mental and spiritual poverty, coldness, meanness, selfishness, bigotry and ignorance in the thousands of Women, cannot impugn the strength of your position. It is these that are false—not you, who but forerun the speech of Nature in prophesying the true or ideal Woman. You cannot overstate her, and the more you trust her and prepare for her coming, the sooner she will stand before you.

As my labors draw to a close, I look back along the road by which we have arrived thither, and ask myself, "What that ought to have been said, has been omitted?" Much, I know. The announcement of a truth like this, must necessarily be made under difficulties which one

is constrained to accept, chief among them being the limitations, which, if not self-imposed, are imposed by the subject and its relations to the popular mind. One must hint where the fullest breadth of suggestion alone would satisfy, and suggest where only detailed statement would relieve the mind of its burthen. For an Idea is to thoughts, what a nectarous flower is to honey-bees. They swarm around and upon it, till the mind is wearied with their endless procession, and would fain free itself by sending them trooping into the wide world.

In this case, the audience is not the least of the difficulties. These truths are primarily for Woman. They must first reach her. Wherefore it is a prime necessity to say the most in the least space. For women are not book-students, and will never pile up store-houses of dull, unreadable tomes, and call acquaintance with their contents, Learning. They only want hints, finger-boards, and finding these, will follow them to Nature. The quick-glancing intellect will gather up, as it moves over the ground, the almost invisible ends and threads of thought, so that a single volume may convey to the mind of Woman, truths which Man would require to have elaborated in four or six. Yet even this confidence in her, as a reader already half acquainted with the subject, cannot quite lift the weight from the mind burthened with solution, it cannot offer, or can but hint at.

The Truth we have been looking at, will grow. This announcement of it, is the cloud no bigger than a hand, which will shortly spread over the heavens. I foresee its unfolding in all the myriad forms which ideas, once loosed from their cerements, assume, to commend themselves to the human mind. Already it gleams through our Journal literature in fitful, uncer-

tain rays. Books will follow, both light and grave, expanding it: Art will argue it more openly and directly than ever before. Society will begin, in its chambers and by-places, to adjust itself secretly to its presence. Religion will find its fortress and strength at no distant day, in the Truth which many of its proudest organizations will in this one, denounce as heretical, wicked and dangerous. Humanity will soon embrace, as its hope and spring of forward movement, the truth whose first announcement will be the signal to let fly the sharpest arrows of sarcasm and ridicule that its quiver contains.

Because the human soul is loyal to Truth; and Truth is a wise, delicate guest, who comes not till she forefeels a certain cordial welcome where her home is henceforth to be. This Truth is so far fit for the time, and the time so far prepared for it, that they can profitably meet. In the encounter that is before them, the victory is to the advancing—not the resisting party. Nevertheless resistance must be; for such is the order of Nature's proceeding.

A few words to Man, will not, I trust, be out of place here. If I have seemed to depreciate one sex in exalting the other, I must be permitted to say that it is only in seeming. Let it be set down to poverty of thought or of language. It has no deeper root. (The latter has been a substantial difficulty, which there is a certain poor satisfaction in finding that some other writers of the incoming schools, also realize. There must necessarily be eras of Language as of Ideas. New Truths require their own garb, as new persons their own wardrobe, for fit presentation.) I honor Man, and respect his work done, holding my sentiments and opinions

toward both, second in warmth and firmness to those of no Man or Woman whom I know. It is not to depreciate him, that I speak. It is to open the way for a higher appreciation of him through the nobler Manhood with which Woman, acknowledged and developed, will endow him. What has been, let us trust, with all its hardship and pain, was as well as we could have made it, had it been given us to do. What *is*, with all its wrongs, let us accept, in the most cheerful, affectionate spirit we can command. But what is to come, let us look faithfully that we shape after the noblest ideas that lie within our grasp. As the artificer, under God, of human destiny, Woman must aspire and labor to realize her ideals. For this, she is the Artist. Not complaint—not fault-finding—not exaction—not self-consideration are foremost in her methods; but faithful, self-devoted, honest, unshrinking work. Only slaves toil for to-day, which quickly passes; only bigots make a stand for yesterday, which is already gone; but artists, aspirants, divine souls, live, struggle, suffer and gladly die for the future. Our seed-time is always now; but the harvest necessarily stands postponed to a coming day.

The nobility of Manhood has been often proved in its past career, and faith in it so kept alive and warm at the core of humanity. Terrible, if we will candidly consider it, has been Man's struggle on the earth, in the midst of enemies on every hand to be conquered, exterminated or converted to friends. In the whirl of such conflict as has been forced upon him by the great scheme of development, nothing less centripetal than the gigantic self-love we have seen, could have held him to a center, supplied motive, courage and ready

method; and given efficiency to the action which had to be maintained under such difficulties. No wonder that, while honoring Woman in his sentiment, and refreshing his soul, in quieter seasons, at the fountain of her purer life, he should, when summoned to action, put her somewhat ruthlessly, or even scornfully, aside from the rugged path he knew himself alone able to tread successfully; or that, in the long ages of conflict and struggle, the spiritual, slumbering, save at intervals; the keen, vivid animal in him, sleepless and hungering for satisfactions, should trample this delicate, feeble being under his feet, miscultivating her for his own corruption. Deplorable as it is, I have no word of reproach to waste on his past conduct. One could wish the wrong of it had been less common and deep—the right more noble, and magnanimous, and familiar to the soul of doer and recipient; yet since Nature furnished him neither the light nor the motive sufficient for such behavior, I cannot do less than say amen to her plan. She announces an improved one for the future, with Woman as the chief agent in developing and carrying it forward, humanity as its object. Can any mother's daughter refuse the best service of which soul and body are capable, in a work so exalted and exalting? Can Man refuse her the freedom and co-operation necessary to its performance? Impossible attitude to either. Woman will grow into fitness for the sublime work which Nature has given her to do; and Man, through her help and persuasion, will spontaneously assume the relation of a co-operator in it. Finding that Nature intends his highest good, and that of his species, through the emancipation and development of Woman into the fullness of her powers, he will

gratefully seek his own profit and happiness in harmonizing himself with this Method: he will honor it as Nature's Method, and Woman as its chief executor; and will joyfully find that not only individuals, families, and communities, but nations, have been wisely made dependent on her, in their more advanced conditions, for the good which can come only from the most perfect, artistic and spiritual being who inhabits our earth.

PART FIFTH.

The Era of the Feminine.

"There are thousands to-day who are looking out of their loneliness, their poverty, or their crime, for the NEW AGE, when Women shall be truer to themselves than Men have ever been to Women; the new age of higher civilization, when moral power shall take the place of brute force, and peace succeed to war."—T. W. HIGGINSON.

Thus far of Woman.

Is it needful that any word be added of the Era which she is destined to inaugurate and conduct? I feel it is; but in saying it, will have respect unto the reader's patience. Courage, therefore, friend, who art weary. A few steps more will bring us to the resting-place we have been approaching.

We all are ready to affirm that the great end of human existence, is HAPPINESS. The best and most advanced among us, are equally prepared to acknowledge that TRUTH is the grand means to that end. Truth organized into human knowledges, industries, arts, institutions, systems, polities, and methods of improvement, is the characteristic possession of civilized, progressive society, as distinguished from savage conditions, which exhibit no such possession. Civilization is the term which both usage and convenience warrant us

in employing to express the concrete result of human efforts for the improvement of Man. It includes the great features of organized and skilled industry, discovery, invention, commerce, government, literature, art, social refinement and religious co-operation and culture. Now a system of civilization must be valuable in proportion as it is the embodiment of Truth in its Ideas, of Love in its practical, working Forces, and hence of divine methods, as the result of this truth in Theory, and this loyalty in Action.

Civilization begins in human wants, and keeps pace with their development. While these retain their primary character, it must correspond to them in its methods and aims. The stream will ascend only to the level of its source. We have seen enough of the Masculine nature, to know clearly that the wants which have ruled it in all time, and do yet rule it, have their root chiefly in the Animal appetites and susceptibilities, and in the Intellect. It craves gratifications of sense and passion; ease, distinction, possession, power, dominion over whatever may be made to serve it and contribute to its augmentation, and it craves knowledge. These are natural and legitimate appetites and desires in Man. They are his motives—the stimuli of his capacities, his primary means of development. It is not their *action*, of which complaint may ever be justly made against him; but their *perversion* and abuse. Lacking them, he would be worthless in Nature's hands, as an instrument to her divine intentions —a blade without temper or edge; mere lumber and cumber in the great economy, which, with them, notwithstanding their perversions and abuse, he is carrying forward so effectively and grandly. Not to condemn Man, therefore, do I set forth the repulsive features of

his Self-Love, or enumerate his short-comings on that higher and more beautiful side of life, whose features now begin to loom out of the shadowy future of the race. Not to condemn, but to show the way to the nobler estate which awaits us, and which could only follow upon the preparation for it which the masculine era was appointed to accomplish.

The savage Man knows few wants beside those of food, shelter and warmth; which move also the lower animals. The little over-life that reaches out for admiration and sympathy, and draws them to him, becomes, as it is more fully expressed, from generation to generation, the organizing force of the better estate of barbarism. That better estate reacts upon the nature which created it, and thus man becomes, in his progress, the subject, not only of the individual forces embodied in himself and of the contemporary social forces acting upon him, but of the aggregate forces of the race that have preceded his time, and become concrete in the Objective Civilization that surrounds him. With these helps he grows intrinsically finer, and hence demands finer conditions for his support. The Man ascends with the ascent of the system which has been created for and by him: his interior vision is opened to glimpses of spiritual things to which he was before blind, and so, from treating Woman according to the low movements of his mere animal nature, he rises to a clearer view of her, as of his God, with sentiments toward both, that partake a common character.

A scale of the human career might be made somewhat in this wise:

First.—Savagism. Predominance of brute force; hence, utter subjection of Woman. Spiritual vision sealed; Fear the only avenue to the idea of a Supreme Power. Life fruitless of human advancement.

Second.—Barbarism. Rule of brute force mitigated by the power of wealth and intellect. Subjection of Woman somewhat less universal, absolute and degrading. The Supreme first seen as Divine, but with dim, broken, confused, ineffectual view: obedience from fear. Life barren of any system of human help; need of methods not yet felt.

Third.—Incipient Civilization. Prevalence of brute force still further mitigated by the influence of the growing wealth, and the more enlightened means of its acquisitions; such as organized industry, trade, the employment of the useful and liberal arts. The Ideal begins to dawn upon the mind, and lead it toward the Finer Arts. Woman recognized by the Sentiment of Man, as the human type of the Ideal, yet subjected, by his superior physical capacity and prowess; and degraded in his intellectual theories and in practical life, to the position of a social inferior—made an ornamental toy, or a useful drudge. Views of the Divine growing clearer: obedience from a more liberal feeling; duty taking the place of slavish fear, as motive to it: value of Methods beginning to be felt. Life productive of Uses; helps of a physical and intellectual character still largely dominating incidental moral aids.

Fourth.—A second stage of Civilization; the higher wants rapidly multiplying, illustrating the Subjective refinement which is henceforth to be among the potent forces creative of the Objective condition. Physical force, depreciated in the social estimation, ceases to be the warrant for rule: absolutism regarded as a remainder of the perishing barbarous system. Woman liberally treated; partially recognized by the intellect as Man's equal. Jurisprudence acknowledging in her many equal rights which it has before denied her.

Art-walks entered by and intelligently conceded to her. Sentiment of reverence toward her, growing more confirmed, permanent and broad in its influence. Views of the Divine esteemed of vast import to the life; formed, cultivated, demanded in persons who are trusted by Society. Disputes on the character of Deity, the immortality of the soul, its eternal possibilities and experiences after separation from the body, enter largely into the Intellectual inquiries. Natural Law, believed in and honored: obedience from love of the power to be obeyed—a privilege rather than a duty. *Methods* required of those who propose help. All forces, powers, opportunities begin to be valued as God's wealth, lovingly given, for the enriching of the race.

Fifth.—Civilization. Wants springing from the most exalted elements of the nature become the motives to action. Objective advantages, power, material refinements, elegances, cease to be valued as ends, and are worthily and purely sought, as means to the true end of Development into likeness of the Divine. Woman reverentially treated as the earthly representative of the Divine. Truer views of it, through acquaintance with her, becoming the property of Society. Life molded theoretically and practically to the Idea of God. Aspiration toward the Divine Love and Purity, the honored purpose of life, to which all other purposes become directly contributive. Law recognized as the sure basis of happiness. Obedience from pure Love, and love of Harmony. Love dominating the human relations. Woman, its type and embodiment, the sovereign in them; the trusted leader in all the higher, interior, ascending movements. Elevation, purity, health, soundness, exalted powers, and fullness of vigor, replace, under her rule, the degradation, corruption,

disease, feebleness and suffering prevalent under the more sensual masculine sovereignty. Methods based in harmony, prevailing everywhere—not through submission, but from attraction to them. Action free, artistic, graceful, spontaneous; fruitful of results whose exalted beauty and sweetness kindle in the soul only the desire to excel the Done by the possible higher perfection to be attained in the Undone. Love of the Beautiful, the Good, and the True, (characteristic of the Feminine as distinguished from the admiration for Power, characteristic of the Masculine), cultivated and nourished in all persons, by all educational influences. Wealth valued, not as an individual possession, but as a social, universal means to these ends, and to the complete development, moral and intellectual, of which they are harmonious features. Standards of feeling and action, the possible good attainable for Society—not for the individual as striving against social good: the highest attainable expression of generosity, therefore, rather than of Self-Love.

It need scarcely be said that this last stage lies before us; visible, as yet, to few eyes, but plainly visible to those few. And this will be the Era of Woman. Happiness the End of Existence, by Truth as the road, and Love as the motive thereto. This is development into the likeness of God, who is the embodiment of the most perfect happiness that the finite mind can conceive, because He unites Perfect Love with Perfect Wisdom and Perfect Power.

With this theory of Life, of its end and means, it follows that the grandest Era of Humanity must be that which is dominated by the Feminine qualities; specially that essential Love of Truth in Motive. Action and Speech, which will make all these Godlike

in each individual, and give to their concrete expression the character which alone will justly entitle any system to the grand name of CIVILIZATION.

Have we then nothing on the earth at present worthy the name of Civilization? In no presumptuous spirit, I answer that we have not. We have high civic conditions; societies intensely artificial, and sophisticated enough to justify any claim that could be rested on these grounds alone. But the best social and civic conditions that we have, are developed, not in the interest of humanity, but of the individual, the family, the class, the community, or at largest, the State. They are based upon Self-Love as foundation, and inspired by it as motive.

Thus the highest civic condition exists where Self-Love has reached its freest action, *i. e.*, has most completely subordinated, in its own interest, those developed powers and advantages with which progress has clothed Man. It is the result of industry, invention, discovery, commerce, art, jurisprudence and social organization in their highest existing perfection. But it makes these contribute not to humanity first, society, *i. e.*, seen from God's point of view; but to those divisions of it whose good fortune it is to be able to absorb these benefits, and by the absorption to stimulate their more rapid and varied production by those who create without enjoying them. Regardless of the divine intentions, it pronounces its shibboleth, and lo! Society is not the vast body of God's creatures, created to an equal destiny, but the few who can effect an entrance, leaving the many in outside coldness and darkness—which become colder and darker by the separation. The boast of this Civilization is the perfectness of the separation thus effected between Society and Humanity, and the

decency, order and completeness with which the latter is sacrificed to the former. Thus Great Britain illustrates, more fully perhaps than any other nation of the day, the complete organization of the forces which Self-Love can create and employ for its own aggrandizement and satisfaction. We may at least accept it so for the reading of the lesson she teaches, since all the features of the civic state exhibit in her, their best present development. Industry, invention, discovery, manufactures, commerce, art, political and social organizations, have combined their largest measure of power to remove her from the primitive estate of human society. If there are other Nations which excel her in some special features, there is, I think, none in which *all* have contributed so much to the existing condition as in her. But what is the essential spirit of the British system to-day? What is its cohesive element? What nourishes the strongest root of its vitality? It is the triumph of Self-Love in British Society—a body constituted, let us say, of five millions, more or less, reclining in full-fed ease and costly elegance upon twenty-five millions, more or less, whose function it is to uphold it so.

It is a complicated, elaborate, even flamboyant structure that is built upon this quick, throbbing foundation; of which, it is undeniable, that the longer it stands, the more imminent becomes the final upheaval, always threatening it—always inevitable. This relation, in which the strongest and ablest party does not foster—according to the divine; but exploiters—according to the diabolic spirit—the feeble and unable party, produces a state whose inseparable body of evils deserve not from us the noble name of Civilization, and certainly will never be honored by it, among the gen-

erations of even the near future. The subjugation, oppression and enslavement bring in their train mental repining, discontent, physical exhaustion and impotent rebellion against the actual lot. These carry their subjects, first into worthy and true efforts at escape. Self-redemption is effected by the few who persistently struggle upward to the better lot; while the second, and incomparably the larger body, are precipitated, by their feeble, impotent protest, into either utter ruin, the ruin of drunkenness, crime, or prostitution, becoming thus captains in that great army which Society everywhere musters into its service, the "Dangerous Classes," or they stop, groping and maundering helplessly, on the middle ground of poverty, ignorance, and destitution of all that can sweeten and brighten life, and thus join themselves to that gigantic army, equally present in all high civic states, known as the "Perishing Classes."

And this we name Civilization—the million driven to crime or death, fleeing to them in despair; the thousand flourishing and fattening on their toil and privation before they arrive at these goals. Thus prostitution, the crime of crimes against humanity—the sum of all wrongs that it can be subjected to, is a permanent, recognized feature of every system of Civilization that has existed or that exists; the enormous Self-Love of the ruler declaring its necessity for his well-being, and through his, that of the Society he dominates. And if he puts forth a hand toward it, it is not, as we have seen, to remove, but rather to "mitigate and ameliorate" its horrors, and assuage, in some possible degree, its attendant sufferings. Considering the inexpressible character and number of the ills which spring from this vice alone, and its relation to

the civic condition; its universal recognition; its legalization by some governments, and the arguments now and then urged by care-takers of the public weal for its like organization under others, what more inimitable satire could be invented by the bitterest cynic, than we utter in boasting our *Christian* Civilization?

The organization of labor in the interest of class-society being, perhaps, more perfect in Britain than anywhere else, its social system may better serve to illustrate the extreme Self-Love of Man, and its enormous capabilities in evil, than that of any other nation. The manufacturing and mining systems may, not unfairly, be taken as representative of the whole, though there are perhaps even more grinding cruelties possible in some of the lesser departments. I cannot, nor, I am sure, need I, stay to give here, statistics and statements to convince any intelligent reader of the last forty years, of the inconceivable and unrelenting cruelty involved in the successful working of these systems; and almost ignored, while they work successfully. The horrible wrongs to Women, Men and Children, from youths to mere infants, in the labor to whose performance extreme destitution or starvation is the only alternative; the fearful ignorance resulting from a life in the mill or mine, which begins at four, five, or six years, and goes on to the end, exacting every day's utmost labor for every day's scanty bread and raiment; the premium so offered upon marriage and propagation to this miserable, degraded, heathenish estate; the utter hopelessness, from anything which the lot itself engenders or permits, of escape from it; the *whole* of mental, moral and physical brutishness to which its legitimate, devised operation condemns millions, from generation to generation, are matters patent to the whole reading world. If any one

is unacquainted with them, or with the spirit in which the British system works the masses for the few whom it calls Society, I beg leave to refer her or him to the reports on these questions, of the several Parliamentary Commissions made within the last forty years; to the works of late British Philanthropists, who have investigated and exposed them, chief among which, that I now remember, are Miss Martineau's various works bearing on the social wrongs of the poor; Mr. Mayhew's book, entitled "The Poor of London;" Mr. Carlyle's Chartism; and to those far more effective statements than any of these, for moving the great human heart of our country; the utterances of the humane novelists and poets. Foremost among the former, may be named Mr. Jerrold, Mr. Dickens, Mr. Kingsley, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Elizabeth, and the author (name unknown) of a noble English novel, quite too little read, entitled "Margaret;" beside many others, whose works give them a claim to the respect and affection of every lover of humanity. Then further, to those best and most effective of all the appeals that have reached us, the poems of Mrs. Browning, Hood, Gerald Massey, Ebenezer Elliot, and others of the humane school. It is an unmistakable sign of our approach to the border of the Feminine Era, when our literature and art lift such themes (before only exceptionally not treated with neglect or even scorn by them) to tender and reverent recognition of the universal soul of the age. It is a great step from a cold statistical table, as an exponent of social oppression and wrong, to "The Cry of the Children," "The Cry of the Human," "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," and other such Poems. More than the mathematical quantity comes over in the latter form. God be praised for the ad-

vance, by statistics or whatever other means, that has brought us hither. It is the inexpressible joy of the soul to realize that we have surely arrived.

Self-styled Civilization, inaugurating and celebrating Self-Love, necessarily thus enthrones its grand aim, Success, as the worshipful goal of the life-career. It exalts it to the authority of a standard, and bears it proudly in the van of its movement. Hence, means of reaching it, which, without the sanction it lends, would call the blush to the cheek of honor, and sink the eye of pride with shame and humiliation, take a derived character and value from it, which may utterly confound the moral perceptions, and leave the Conscience stranded upon the shore of that wide sea where piracies need only be successful, to be respected, and grand in magnitude, to be admired, envied—nay, even worshiped, after the fashion of the world-worship they claim.

Success is the aim of Man, from the moment he reaches in his ascent, the level of struggle—it is his heaven—failure, his hell. Success implies struggle, and its nature will be always according to the character of the power put forth to win it. We never think of the divine as succeeding, because it is impossible to conceive of the struggle, on which alone the phenomenon of success can follow.

Success is valued, momentous to any being, whether human or brute, in direct proportion to the strength and dominancy of Self-Love in its nature. There is no success so absolute, defined and complete as that of the ferocious beast who has conquered all his foes. The cock who drives every competitor from his dung-hill, reigns in a success which is limited only by his capacity to appropriate and enjoy it. The victorious savage,

fresh from the war-path, where he has subdued or exterminated every enemy, enjoys a more absolute success than the enlightened general of a conquering army, flushed with triumphs on his most brilliant field. The small trader exults more in the success of a petty scheme, which adds a hundred dollars to his capital, than the merchant prince, in the magnificent combination which doubles his million. To the politician, what the world calls Success, is infinitely important: to the true Statesman, it is of secondary importance, compared with the development and upholding of principles on which public welfare is based, and by which national standards of honor and character are truly advanced. To the merely professional man, Success is almost life itself; while to the genuine student of Nature it is an incident, whose coming or going will be reckoned as gain or loss of Means—not of End. To the philanthropist, such Success as Society measures and worships, is a matter of comparative indifference; to the spiritual-minded Man, it is but an echo of the world beneath his feet, which may arrest his attention at times, but cannot enchain it. To Women, according as they acknowledge Masculine standards, it is a poor, petty, pitiful, paltry, vanishing thing, which melts in the grasp, while it stings the hand that clutches at it; to Woman, a fading phantom, which she is ever leaving behind her, and forgetting the existence of, till it is recalled by some of the outward circumstances of life, as they advance and recede around her.

Thus it declines from the greatness of its proportions to the mind, and the sufficiency of its power to still and satisfy the human heart, in proportion as Self-Love becomes enlightened, purified and harmonized: and when Love comes in to reign in its stead, Success as an

aim, has vanished from before the spiritual eye, or is but a dream, loosely and carelessly held by the memory.

But the fully developed Self-Love of the Civilizee, armed with the weapons which Progress has furnished it, advances to its conquests with a breadth and scope of determination, and an inclusive sweep of purpose, to which the deepest earnestness and most powerful efforts of the Barbarian or Savage, are child's play—the clutching of a blind giant at shadows and sounds, instead of the tangible substance he would grasp. This determination and purpose, joined to the wealth of resource created for him, and his confidence therein, make this Self-Love of the Civilized Man, the omni-present and omni-potent force that we find everywhere pervading the systems to which he belongs. It is the Purpose of our existing Society, which yet lacks the soul that would make it true Civilization. It is an iron Purpose, and unlovely as it looks, from the higher side of view, has a place in the great scheme of things, and a value which no human power can estimate, in bringing this scheme forward. It is, I repeat, not to deny these, that one would hold up its odious features, but to prepare ourselves to part with it without grief, or a false feeling of loss in its going.

Its National ugliness may, as I have said before, be seen without going beyond our own and our mother-country; not only in the features already hinted at, but quite as clearly in some others which may be barely suggested here. Feebleness is to Self-Love, the warrant for exploitering it. America has dealt with two inferior races ever since she was a nation, and is fairly entitled to honors at the world's hands. For she has exploitered the one of its liberty and of every possible right, pos-

session, advantage, hope, privilege, and shadow of such, that the human being could be deprived of. And she has driven the other, not unfrequently by trick or force, from its homes, to worthless, destitute regions, to starve and die; exposed it to robbery, outrage and murder by border depredators, and then visited these offenses upon the original victims (when they have offered defense or sought retaliation), often by wholesale slaughter, under the sanction, direct or indirect, of public authority, of entire tribes, including, (all told), many thousands of unoffending women and children, and regiments of Men who had acted in the very spirit, though not in the manner, that we should admire and lovingly applaud in our own fathers, husbands and sons. Let us thank God that her record begins to show a fairer page, toward one at least, of these peoples, lying so helpless in her hand.

Touching the Mother-Country, it needs not be shown how firm and steady a grasp Self-Love has kept upon the helm of national relations, especially apparent in those of a minor character: how steadily small peoples, who stood in the way, and could not be turned to use, have gone down to dust beneath the iron heel.* The indictment is amply sustained, without

* Even while these sheets are going to press, the newspapers bring us accounts of the initiation of the extinctive policy toward one of the finest people of the South Seas, the Maories, whose misfortune it is to find themselves at this moment, in the path where the British Lion would walk. (How characteristic the name chosen and boasted as typifying British Civilization. The king of beasts—strength and ferocity combined—dangerous always, except when full-fed). And upon the very heels of this, follows the bombardment and razing of an Asiatic city, containing near two hundred thousand human beings—no time or notice afforded for the escape of the unoffending, the helpless, old,

resort to this vast body of evidence, by her record in the Chinese Opium War, and the Indian rebellion; the one undertaken and prosecuted to a successful issue, for compelling the Chinese, in the interest of British commerce, to receive vast quantities of a drug which poisoned and sapped the very life of the people; the other involving such horrible retaliation as seizing and blowing from the mouths of cannon, negotiators sent according to the rules which Britain herself promulgates, and every nation feels bound to honor.

I forget not the horrors of Cawnpore and Jhansi. They cannot readily slip from any Woman's memory

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young, women, infants, sick, infirm, crazed; the perishing, dying thousands, ruthlessly overswept by one great, sudden tide of horror, despair and death, inflicted on them by the majestic lion, to avenge a wrong committed by some of their countrymen, in a distant part of Japan, of which they were both innocent and absolutely ignorant.

And these measures are not only prosecuted by the British Government, but sustained and warmly approved by the most powerful journals supported by British subjects. It is idle to answer that the English people are not responsible for the atrocities uttered in the interest of such a barbarous policy, by the London *Times*, or the Manchester *Guardian;* that these organs do not speak their sentiment upon it. It is just because such journals as these, and the New York *Herald*, *do* speak the yet prevailing sentiment of the nations they address, that they possess their great power. They exhibit a larger measure of the evil courage necessary to set the half-concealed, half-condemned public purpose before the public eye, and affirm its right to be there; and the leaders in politics and commerce thank and reward them for the service. That this is the secret of their brilliant success, is proved every time we admit, what is never denied, that many other as able journals, fail to achieve it, because some scruple or weakness prevents their going so unreservedly into the service of Beelzebub as these envied candidates for his favor go, apparently of their pure love for him and his rewards.

that has once received them; but I also well know the enormous body of wrong that accumulates for retaliation by the feebler party in such a relation as that between the Hindoos and their British rulers, before such testimony to its character can appear. Self-Love on one side armed, victorious, powerful; free to roam and seek its pleasures where it will, and such as it will; on the other disarmed, subjected, held in bonds, provoking treachery and revenge. When the bonds were at last burst, for a moment, what vengeance might not be expected to fall on those it could strike? Are the Indian colonists then to be justified, and their punishers only blamed? By no means. I only affirm that the need for punishment was created, primarily, by a lawless and shameless Self-Love, (whose great power should have been the guarantee of those falling into its hands), a Self-Love which the Masculine nature only could exhibit in such a degree; and that its government was administered so unqualifiedly and shamefullly in its own worst spirit, that the acts will be among the bitterest reproaches which the next century will have to cast at us.*

* It is the identical spirit which the ruling classes in the two foremost European States have exhibited toward the parties to the war now desolating our slave territory. A gigantic rebellion—the first one in the world's history, because the only one against Liberty—breaks out under the benignest Government the earth has ever seen, in a political freedom the very largest ever enjoyed, in an industrial and social condition the most liberal and diffusive of privilege and benefit that any nation ever maintained, and has the evil courage to avow, openly to the world, that it raises its head to secure the permanency of chattel slavery. It invites sympathy and co-operation from abroad, distinctly on these grounds! And it gets them so, to the extent that rulers and their supporters deem compatible with their own safety; the powerful

The individual who would succeed in penetrating to the innermost circle of worshipers around the Altar of Self-Love, and join himself to the small highest priesthood ministering and receiving there, must be bold, strong, resolute, unscrupulous—a Man whom no moral obstacle balks of his keen purpose; whom no doubt weakens; no atrocity that can be politely named, decently covered, or even triumphantly perpetrated, daunts; whom no stringency of public or private censure shakes; who will permit nothing but the absolute impossible to stand between him and the success he aims at, whether it be wealth, power or place. He is the man who can run a brilliant career and call it triumph, though every step be taken knee-deep in the very mire of selfishness—who can live without ever drawing a pure breath of honest, searching self-approval; who can grind, extort, swindle, defraud, (within the statute), swallow to-day the word he uttered yesterday; pocket sworn convictions, and swear to mere lip-talk; solemnly affirm a belief he never entertained; prove himself recreant any hour to the most sacred obligations, if only so the suffrage of the mob

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classes, both in England and France, with a few honorable exceptions, taking sides actively with these arch-rebels. If they could exonerate themselves on the plea of ignorance, it would be creditable, but the slaveholders commanded and worked them without even paying them the poor compliment of concealing their diabolic purpose. And so both are equally destined to defeat and its humiliations. Yet each of these parties, compelled by the irresistible Sentiment of the human heart, prostrates itself before the Idea of Freedom, and cries her glory and the blessing of her presence to Man. Truly the historian of this struggle must fortify himself with unimpeachable proof, touching our foreign relations and difficulties in it, if he would be believed by the readers of future generations.

may be gained, the fortune made, or the position won. Success, to this soul, is the infinitely small sixpence held so close to the eye, that its rim covers the infinitely broad universe. He forgets that the latter exists, except as a field for his speculations. If he can get five or six prices for flour, by hoarding it for that purpose, while thousands of poor starve around him; if, by combining with those who work in his spirit, he can keep fuel out of the market till it commands three or four, perhaps a dozen times its cost and fair profits, while armies of the destitute in the great city, whose high places he is thus approaching, perish of the winter in his heart, colder than that Providence sends from the icy north; if he can decoy hundreds of people to commit themselves to destruction on a rotting steamship, with a new name, and build palatial homes in town and country, with the money wherewith they bought their dreadful death; if he can manufacture cheaply and sell dearly, poisonous liquors, which fire the brain to violence and murder; if he can trade very profitably in human beings, whether as slaves, coolies, or worse than either; if he can grind the labor of needy women, whose utmost efforts do not avail to keep death from the squalid flock; if he can build costly, elegant houses, and rent them at a great profit, for the most vicious and shameful purposes, are not all these means to be used that he may reach his End, Success?* And

* It was shown a few years ago that many of the first-class houses of shame in New York, were owned by men of reputation, and even acknowledged piety—wealth, with the social power it gives, and exemplary church-going, being among the most substantial bases of the respectability which a Self-Loving Civilization demands. Such a Man, whose hair was already frosted, and whose house contained three maiden daughters, once said pom-

reaching it, by any one or more of them, is he not secure of his measure of honor from the world when he arrives? Who will question it, that has examined, however carelessly, the tissue of our social fabric?

And this success is the god of our Civilization, which we call by the name *Christian*. These are some of his undeniable proportions and lineaments. The fundamental affirmation of the creed he holds his followers to, is, that Might is Right. It is incorporated into our systems as firmly as the granite rock into the earth's structure. And it is true, else it could not be so universally present in the blind faith of humanity. Our error lies, not in receiving it as a truth, but in limiting its significance to Might, in its lower, earthly, outward, perishable forms; and to Right in its narrow, transient, temporal, human measure and proportions. Might and Right, if God prevails, must be one. Only Atheism can doubt this. But they are not one in human affairs, till God, (Good, Love), does actually and practically prevail therein.

Not to subject the Truths herein advanced, to disrespect, or to bitter rejection of those who may be wounded by their edge, let me again repeat here, that these features of our system, odious as they look when calmly viewed, have been a part of the means by which our progress thus far has been achieved. Concentration of wealth and power, which could only be effected to a creative or productive degree, by a Self-Love so intense

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pously to me, Madam, prostitution is necessary for the safety of our wives and daughters. Then, I replied, if you are a rational and Christian Man, you cannot possibly object to devoting one of your daughters to the salvation of the others. If your aim is practically to do as you would be done by, you cannot ask that your whole family shall be saved at the cost of your neighbor's.

as to be capable of these enormous wrongs, was indispensable to the development of polity, manufactures, invention, commerce and art, and through them, of the other greater and lesser departments of human action which have contributed to the advancement we are now enjoying. Let this be frankly acknowledged; but let us not therefore cling to these as the only and eternal means (with all their innumerable, awful wrongs) when higher, purer, and more efficient ones are at hand, awaiting our acceptance.

What these are, in part, and how they are to come into the methods of the Feminine Era, whose portals are swinging wider and wider with every passing decade and year, I trust I have already suggested to the reader. The masculine methods being, as we have seen, such as can co-exist only with subjugation of the Feminine, it follows that as this goes out, these also must begin to take secondary rank, the first step to their perfect subordination into accord with the higher methods that are to dominate them—a change already too manifest among us, by occult as well as tangible evidence, to admit of serious question. Let us glance at some of the leading features it will develop as the Era of Woman advances.

The nobler Organic Life of Woman, coming into the scale of Forces above instead of below, must tend to refine and purify every system it impinges upon. Sense, and the pleasures of Sense, must take on a finer character through her ascendency, and fall from the rank of leaders to their harmonious ultimate one of servants.

Her more affectional nature must replace, in the world of motive and action, (as springing from human relations), force with persuasion; iron will, that lacer-

ates while it coerces, with the gentle rule of love, that develops and beautifies while it attracts.

Her more spiritual Intellect will win down to earth Truth and her heaven of peace, in place of the discord and controversy which Man maintains in his efforts to find and prove her. Many of the most vital moral Truths, which contain the very essence of human welfare, are self-evident to Woman, and she needs only to find confidence in her own moral penetration and respect for her intellect, acting Truthward in distinction from Man's acting toward facts, to announce these and secure their permanent influence over human conditions. It is not logic which confirms the highest Truths to the female mind. They do not need its support, for Woman's help; nor can the lack of it destroy her trust in them, or diminish their power in molding her interior purposes and hopes to their own noble character.

Refuted, all her spoken arguments in their defense may be, by its apparently invincible terms, but she goes on trusting and hoping in them still, as unmoved as the sunshine of a summer morning, by the chance shadows of a cloud falling athwart its beams. This angers the doubting, disputative mind of Man, the searcher; (not the seer); who, whatever his triumph in words, feels himself inwardly defeated by this state of calm reliance, and he says, "God help me. What sheer, blind, impassive obstinacy is here!" And if at length he proves and patronizes the Truths she has felt before-hand, his support will seem perhaps, as impertinent as helpful—if he oppose them, his attacks will often prove to her the blind, the sacrilegious, or the blasphemous spirit, rather than the heart of pure, aspiring courage to be at one with her divine mistress. She must take refuge often in her own soul, from his support no less than his opposition, if she would enjoy

the full measure of freedom and happiness that Truth can give her.

Thus in its Intellectual action, the Feminine Era will be characterized by a sacred respect for Truth in her broadest aspects, but specially for those self-evident Truths which it is the office of the intuitive, deductive power to see, and trust supremely. These Truths lie at the very root of our highest welfare, and are of vital import to its growth. They have occupied the masculine intellect also, but more as subjects of ambitious dispute than of honest, cordial, aspiring belief. The masculine mind accepts them slowly, and is often unwillingly at peace with them, when they are proved, *because* they are *proved*, rather than because they are true.

Thus the master-Truth, perhaps, of the human career, and one so self-evident that any mind at once good, intelligent, and intuitive, even to a moderate degree, is shamed by the attempt to prove it, is that contained in the affirmation of the right of every soul to the completest development it is capable of attaining. Yet every Government that Man has founded since he came on the earth, has utterly ignored it, for the few or the many; and all save a fraction not worth naming for their mere numerical value, have ignored it for all but the very few. For this affirmation, admitted, carries in the train of its consequences freedom to all—which is the atmosphere of growth—a consequent surrender of Self-Love by the powerful few, and unwavering faithfulness to the Idea of Democracy, which is its direct, legitimate outcome, to be practically striven *for*—not *against*, by those who can accept it.*

* I would not be understood as desiring that even political Freedom, the most external form of this inestimable blessing,

And so every social system that Man has organized and approved, has aimed at the same practical denial of this truth; those being most proudly and confidently trusted for thousands, perhaps millions of years, which most effectually enforced the denial, against the largest numbers. I might go on multiplying illustrations like these, but time and space warn me to forbear, and return rather to simple affirmation for the little I yet have to say.

From the ascendency of the feminine mind in the reception of Truth, there will come to society a permanent trust in the Moral Intuitions, and an abiding confidence in the methods which they make clear:

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should, on any given year or day become the possession of all human beings. Nature has wisely made it impossible. For Freedom is not simple release from external power or control. If it were, it might safely be given to all at any time when the gift was possible. This, however, is but one element of it, of which *fitness to receive and turn such release to the noblest account in the life*, is another and *higher*. The outward release may be a result of circumstance, as, *e. g.*, superior capacity, or the common powers of the hardy, resolute life; nay, it may come from the simple, quite extrinsic fact of crossing from one shore of an ocean to the other. But the interior condition does not follow and keep instant pace with the outward, as our country has abundantly proved in the last thirty years.

Freedom may be defined to be so much release of the powers of a moral being from every sort of restraint, as their possessor can, directly or *nearly*, appropriate to the furtherance of his growth into the divine likeness which is his destiny; in other words, it is the abrogation of so much external law as he is able, or will earnestly and purely endeavor, to replace by a higher law from within his own being. I say nearly, because there is legitimately a wide margin (in all such moral experiences) of experimental proof of ability and purpose so to order the life. The mother who enjoined her son to avoid the water till he knew how to swim, exhibited a solid, substantial wisdom, compared to that

hence a peace for the *people*, which has been known only to the few rare souls. Hence also a progress whose certainty and rapidity have been the dream of the enthusiasts. For all that is needful to secure both peace and progress to us, from the vantage ground which Man has already won for his race, is that we put our hand confidingly, as a little child, in the loving, maternal clasp of Truth, and follow her, in the full surrender of utter trust in her guidance. This it is Woman's nature to do; and this she will do, in proportion as she sees herself truly, and is acknowledged, *from appreciation*, by Man. Then nothing can harm us. Heaven has descended—is around and within us, and happiness can no more go from us forever.

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of the moralist or statesman who argues that the people should never be trusted with freedom till they are entirely certain to use it well and wisely. Nature, in her dealing with us, avoids equally both extremes. She gave us gunpowder when we had grown out of our childhood, but when we tore ourselves and our homes to pieces with it, instead of the rocks and mountains that were in our way, she did not therefore conclude that she had made a mistake, and withdraw it. *Use is the best of schools*, and she lets us even repeat the unhappy lesson if we will. By a similar process of the faculties do we get the moral fitness which is an essential element of Freedom. It comes not to the infancy of humanity, neither to its early youth; to both which it would be rather License than Liberty—the opportunity for a more intense, devouring indulgence of Self-Love. Fitness for external freedom, must come in part from external freedom, as only water can develop the peculiar action which makes a swimmer. Our obligation, however, is always to receive her, in such honor as we are capable, in our hearts, of paying her; and to acknowledge her presence by our growth thereby into the divine likeness which she comes to develop in our souls. And we fail in loyalty to *her* when this is not the fruit of her coming, and in loyalty to *humanity* when our lives do not contribute to such preparation for her.

The signs that this glorious state is at hand, are already visible in many things. They initiate not a phase, or a period, but an Era; and are most apparent when life is wearing its newest political and social aspects. Old systems, heavy with effete residues of the past, accept Truth perforce—when they can no longer shun her; hating while they receive her; shrinking from the contact and seeking how they can escape longest and most expediently her friendly but unyielding requirements. Young ones full of the vigor that gives confidence and self-trust, rise to advance before them on the path, with higher and purer aims in view, more enlarged purposes and more liberal methods. The passing Era culminates, I think, in the British system, with its eminently masculine intellectuality, its Self-Loving aims and methods. The incoming one rises to view first in the Western world, with its democratic theory, based on the essentially feminine sentiment of trust in human nature; its more deductive, spiritual intellectuality, and its more humane aims, which have their root in that larger love of Man, which is the very basis of liberal government. It is not in their polity, however, that the best life of progressive nations appears. Political systems are but the shell of national life, within whose jagged, dead, dry walls lies folded, warm, fluent, palpitating, the power that is to push its way, by-and-by, into visible, beneficent forms, in its social and religious order, and its individual life; which last is the true ultimate root of all the others. It is human souls that make Society, the Church, and the State; and these are most numerous and potent under the system which is free enough not only to acknowledge theoretically, in every son and daughter, the shadowy thing we call a soul, but practically to require

it of him and her in the daily and hourly conduct of life. Then the moral nature supersedes enacted law, creeds, social order and usages; and becomes itself the standard. Performance must then be regulated by its requirements—not it by these, the inverted order we now so commonly see.

Woman has come in with the growing ascendency of the Western System. And I have no fear for its permanency, for this, among other reasons: that Nature is both in honor and economy, bound to stand by each. Having arrived at that point in her scheme where she is ready to employ the feminine Methods of Progression, she will not suffer the destruction of the ship in which she has embarked and empowered their conductor.* She had to bring forth and mature, thus far, a Democracy, before she could set free the pure self-reverence, latent through all the ages, in Woman, as her chief minister; and kindle for her in the bosom of Man, the reverence, which are both indispensable to her successful work.

Finally, the feminine methods of human Improvement that are destined to subordinate and ultimately replace the masculine methods, are, as we have seen, not like these latter, mechanical and experimental, but of the highest artistic character, and in perfect accord with Nature's most sacred and inviolable purposes for

* How grandly has our nation withstood the shock and strain of Civil War, since these words were written, more than three years ago. To what moral grandeur will she tower, when final victory, now, (February, 1864), near at hand, is hers, and she stands before her own and the world's Conscience, cleansed of her Great Sin; commended to God and the universal heart by her faithfulness. We need not fear henceforth to commit the cause of Woman to her keeping.

human well-being. They begin in the deepest consciousness of Truth, and love for the harmonies she can create; and can only be carried forward in a divine faithfulness thereto, which will banish the insincerities, shows, shams and covert vices, which now make hideous the social aspect; and substitute for them sincerity, earnestness, ingenuousness, and that purity which alone can co-exist with and suffice these elements of the Womanly nature. The Mother-Art in Maternity will give us a humanity divinely born, to which the cumbrous civil, criminal, charitable, and religious machinery of regeneration and restraint now weighing like a mill-stone on the neck of Society, will be no more needful. Costly, painful, slow, imperfect methods all, yet the best that the Masculine Era has been able to originate and sustain, and therefore claiming on its behalf, our thanks for the service they have done. Which, indeed, is not trifling, weighed in the scale against the vices and evils they have restrained, and in part, at least, neutralized. But valuable or worthless, however we may reckon them, they are destined to be sloughed by the new life that will rise out of the ascendant spirituality of the Feminine—the new life that will inaugurate the new rule of the Spiritual—a Revolution whose hight, and depth, and breadth no soul, however great, is able at this day, to estimate.

An Era relieved of controversy and disputation by the seen and felt presence of Truth; of the enormous evils inseparable from the workings of Self-Love by the rule of Love in its stead; of the pain and cumber of inefficient remedial efforts by the efficiency of divine creative action; of the toil and strife, and jealousy of competition by the method of harmony and co-opera-

tion ; of the vain and fruitless pursuit of Means mistaken for End, by that divine clearness of insight for the True, which sees as God sees; penetrates to the very grounds of the noblest hopes He has given us, and aspires to be wholly at one with Him. Such is the Era to be, whose character rests with Woman: to whose conduct, as its leader, she alone is equal. May its shining speedily brighten more and more unto the perfect day.

APPENDIX.

When I was well advanced in the Second Part of this book, I received from a friend a few leaves from one of our American Monthlies, (I forget now its name and date), containing the following extract from the *English Woman's Magazine*. Her note accompanying the printed pages, gave me a general idea of its character, and I was immediately moved to put it out of sight, without so much as a glance at a single word. I thrust it into a box containing a mass of notes and rough material; buried it under them all, and so left it many weeks—I think as much as three months. I could scarcely give a reason for this; but we do many things that we could not state a substantial reason for doing, at the time. I had defined my own circle of thought, and had, perhaps, a bigoted fear that its lines might be broken by this early pioneer. I would fain think better of myself than this, but would in any case, speak the truth where I am able to see it. When my work was half done, it may be, I read Agrippa's contribution to its Idea, made three hundred years before; and very pleasant were its honest, earnest words to my soul. I was thankful to him and to the modern Journals that had brought his thought within my reach. Even the absurdities (in the Scientific point of view), are given with an amusing innocency and modesty, very suggestive of the intellectual darkness in which he lived, and which quite redeems them from our contempt. Natural History was not so mature a Science in the sixteenth century as it now is, and Agrippa may well be pardoned the blunder which universal ignorance made the belief of his day, that there existed unisexual animals in kingdoms as high as the Vertebrata. Quite of a piece with that ignorance too, is his declaration that Man and

Woman are one in soul, while Woman is the superior in organization.

I will offer no comment on the extract, feeling well assured that for the reconciled reader of the previous pages it will have a sufficient interest of itself.

"Three centuries have passed away since Cornelius Agrippa lived, studied, and suffered—in his own age, commonly known throughout his native Germany and the continent, as a magician, and a man versed in occult mysteries; now more truthfully esteemed as a talented and accomplished scholar. 'At the period when Cornelius Agrippa lived, it was necessary,' says Mr. Morley, Agrippa's historian, 'to success, that some great and noble patron should be secured, whose influence and power might be relied on by the scholar for his advancement to offices of trust and emolument.' Margaret, of Austria, the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, was, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, Governor of the Netherlands, and to this high-born dame did Cornelius look for patronage and assistance. With a view to recover Margaret's good will, he first lectured at Dole, on John Reuchlin's book, 'The Mirific Word,' and shortly afterward wrote a treatise to prove 'Woman the better half of Man,' of which the following is a brief summary. It was entitled,

"'The Nobility of the Female Sex, and the Superiority of Woman over Man,' written at Dole, in the year 1509, by a Doctor of Divinity, aged twenty-three.'

"He sets out with the declaration that when Man was created male and female, difference was made in the flesh, not in the soul. He quotes Scripture, to show that after the corruption of our bodies, difference of sex will disappear, and that we shall all be like angels in the resurrection. As to soul, then, Man and Woman are alike; but as to everything else, the Woman is the better part of the creation.

"In the first place, Woman being made better than Man, received the better name. Man was called Adam, which means Earth; Woman, Eva, which is, by interpretation, Life. By as much as life excels earth, Woman, therefore, excels Man. And this, it is urged, must not be thought trivial reasoning, because the Maker of those creatures knew what they were before He named them, and was one who could not err in properly describing each. We know, and the Roman laws testify, that ancient names were always consonant with the things they represented, and names have been always held to be of great moment by theologians and jurisconsults. It is written thus of Nabal: 'As his name is, so is he; Nabal is his name, and folly is with him.' (1 Sam. xxv: 25). Saint Paul, also, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, speaks of his Lord and Master, as 'made so much better than the angels, as he hath obtained a more excellent name than they.' (Heb. i: 4).

"Agrippa then dilates, as well he may, on the immense importance of words, according to the manner of all jurists. He tells how Cyprian argued against the Jews that Adam's name was derived from the initials of the Greek words meaning east, west, north, and south, because his flesh was made out of the earth, though that derivation was at variance with Moses, who put only three letters in the Hebrew name. For this, however, adds Agrippa, Cyprian was not to blame, since, like many saints and expounders of the sacred text, he had not learnt the Hebrew language.

"Upon the word Eva, it is further maintained that it suggests comparison with the mystic symbols of the Cabalists, the name of the Woman having affinity with the ineffable Tetragrammaton, the most sacred name of the Divinity, while that of the man differed entirely from it. All these considerations, however, Agrippa consents to pass over, as matters read by few, and understood by fewer. The pre-eminence of the woman can be proved out of her constitution, her gifts and her merits.

"The nature of Woman is discussed, however, from the theologian's point of view. Things were created in the order of their rank. First, indeed, incorruptible soul, then incorruptible matter, but afterward, out of that matter, more or less corruptible things, beginning with the meanest. First minerals, then herbs, and shrubs and trees, then zoophytes, then brutes in their order—reptiles first; afterward fishes, birds, quadrupeds. Lastly, two human beings; but of these, first the male, and, finally, the female, in which the heavens and the earth and their whole adornment were perfected. The divine rest followed, because the work was consummated—nothing greater was conceived; the woman was thus left the most perfect and the noblest of the creatures upon earth —as a queen placed in the court that had been previously prepared for her. Rightly, therefore, do all things round about her pay to this queen homage of reverence and love.

"The difference between the woman and the man is yet more strongly marked, says the deeply read theologian, because the man was made like the brutes, in open land, outside of the gates of paradise, and made wholly of clay, but the woman was made afterward in paradise itself; she was the one paradisaical creation. Presently there follow Scripture arguments, to show that the place of their birth was a sign to men of honor or dishonor. The woman too, was not made of clay, but from an influx of celestial matter, since there went into her composition nothing terrestrial, except only one of Adam's ribs, and that was not gross clay, but clay that had been already purified and kindled with the breath of life.

"The theological demonstrations Cornelius next confirms by the evidence of some natural facts equally cogent and trustworthy, which were held in that day by many wise men to be equally true. It is because she is made of purer matter, that a woman, from whatever hight she may look down, never turns giddy,

and her eyes never have mist before them, like the eyes of men. Moreover, if a woman and man tumble together into water, far from all external help, the woman floats long upon the surface; but the man soon sinks to the bottom. Is there not also the divine light shining through the body of the woman, by which she is made often to seem a miracle of beauty? Then follows a clear inventory of all a woman's charms of person, written with due reserve, which might be here translated, if the English language had the terseness of the Latin. In short, woman is the sum of all earth's beauty, and it is proved that her beauty has sometimes inspired even angels and demons with a desperate and fatal love. Then follows a chain of Scripture texts honoring female beauty, which all lead up to the twenty thousand virgins, solemnly celebrated by the church, and the admiration of the beauty of the Virgin Mary by the sun and moon.

"Texts follow that must be omitted, and then the argument takes anatomical grounds of the most ingenious character, and shows how every difference of structure between the man and the woman gives to woman the advantage due to her superior delicacy. Even after death, Nature respects her inherent modesty; for a drowned woman floats on her face—a drowned man upon his back. The noblest part of a human being is the head; but a man's head is liable to baldness; woman is never seen bald. The man's face is often made so filthy by a most odious beard, and so covered with sordid hairs, that it is scarcely to be distinguished from the face of a wild beast; in women, on the other hand, the face always remains pure and decent. For this reason women were, by the laws of the twelve tables, forbidden to rub their cheeks, lest hair should grow and obscure their blushing modesty. But the most evident proof of the innate purity of the female sex is, that a woman having once washed, is clean, and if she wash in second water, will not soil it; but that a man is never clean; though he should wash in ten successive waters, he will cloud and infect them all.

"Some other marvelous peculiarities we must omit, and pass to Agrippa's appreciation of the woman's predominance in the possession of the gift of speech, the most excellent of human faculties, which Hermes Trismegistus thought equal to immortality in value, and Hesiod pronounced the best of human treasures. Man, too, receives this gift from woman, from his mother or his nurse; and it is a gift bestowed upon woman herself with such liberality that the world has scarcely seen a woman who was mute. Is it not fit that woman should excel man in that faculty, wherein men themselves chiefly excel the brutes?

"The argument again becomes an edifice of Scripture text; and it is well to show the nature of it, though we may shrink from the misuse of sacred words, because it is well thoroughly to understand how Scripture was habitually used by professed theologians in the sixteenth century, and from this light example to

derive a grave lesson, perhaps, that may be even to the people of the nineteenth century not wholly useless.

"Solomon's texts on the surpassing excellence of a good woman of course, are cited, and a cabalistic hint is given, of the efficacy of the letter H, which Abram took away from his wife Sarah and put into the middle of his own name after he had been blessed through her. Benediction has always come by woman—law by man. We have all sinned in Adam—not in Eve; original sin we inherited from the father of our race. The fruit of the tree of knowledge was forbidden to man only, before woman was made; woman received no injunction—she was created free. She was not blamed therefore, for eating; but for causing sin in her husband by causing him to eat.

"Aristotle may say that of all animals the males are stronger and wiser than the females, but St. Paul writes that weak things have been chosen to confound the strong. Adam was sublimely endowed, but woman humbled him; Samson was strong, but woman made him captive; Lot was chaste, but woman seduced him; David was religious, but woman disturbed his piety; Solomon was wise, but woman deceived him; Job was patient, but was robbed by the devil of fortune and family, ulcerated, grieved, oppressed—nothing provoked him to anger till a woman did it, therein proving herself stronger than the devil. Peter was fervent in faith, but woman forced him to deny his Lord. Somebody may remark that all these illustrations tend to woman's shame—not her glory. Woman, however, may reply to man, as Innocent III. wrote to some cardinal, 'If one of us is to be confounded, I prefer that it be you.' Civil law allows a woman to consult her own gain to another's hurt; and does not Scripture itself often extol and bless the evil deeds of the woman more than the good deeds of the man? Is not Rebecca praised, who deceived her father? Rebecca, because she obtained fraudulently Jacob's benediction? Is not the deceit of Rahab imputed to her as justice? Was not Jael blessed among women for a treacherous and cruel deed? What could be more iniquitous than the counsel of Judith? What more cruel than her wiles? What worse than her perfidy? Yet for this she is blessed, lauded and extolled in Scripture, and the woman's iniquity is reputed better than the goodness of the man. Was not Cain's a good work when he offered his best fruits in sacrifice, and was reproved for it? Did not Esau well when he hunted to get venison for his old father, and in the meantime was defrauded of his birthright, and incurred the divine hate? Other examples are adduced, and robust scholars, ingenious theologians, are defied to find an equal amount of evidence in support of the contrary thesis, that the iniquity of the man is better than the goodness of the woman. Such a thesis, says Agrippa, could not be defended.

"From this point to the end, Agrippa's treatise consists of a mass of illustrations from profane and Scripture history, classified

roughly. Some are from Natural History. The queen of all birds, he says, is the eagle, always of the female sex—for no male eagles have been found. The phœnix is a female always. On the other hand, the most pestilent of serpents, called the basilisk, exists only as a male; it is impossible for it to hatch a female.

"All evil things began with man, and few or none with woman. We die in the seed of Adam, and live in the seed of Eve. The beginning of envy, the first homicide, the first parricide, the first despair of divine mercy, was with man; Lamech was the first bigamist; Noah was the first drunkard; Nimrod the first tyrant and so forth—men were the first to league themselves with demons and discover profane hearts. Men have been incontinent, and had, in innumerable instances, to each man, many wives at once; but women have been continent, each content with a single husband, except only Bathsheba. Many women are then cited as illustrations of their sex in this respect, or for their filial piety, including Abigail, Lucretia, Cato's wife, and the mother of the Gracchi, the vestals Claudia, and Iphigenia. If any one opposes to such women the wives of Zoilus, Samson, Jason, Deiphobus and Agamemnon, it may be answered that these have been unjustly accused—*that no good man ever had a bad wife.* Only bad husbands get bad wives, or if they get a good one, are sometimes able to corrupt her excellence. If women made the laws, and wrote the histories and tragedies, could they not justly crowd them with testimony to the wickedness of men? Our prisons are full of men, and slain men cumber the earth everywhere; but women are the beginners of all liberal arts, of virtue and beneficence. Therefore, the arts and virtues commonly have feminine names. Even the corners of the world receive their names from women: the nymph Asia; Europa, the daughter of Agenior; Lybia, the daughter of Epaphus, who is also called Aphrica.

"Illustrations follow of the pre-eminence of women in good gifts, and it is urged that Abraham, who by his faith was accounted just, was placed in subjection to Sarah, his wife, and was told, 'In all that Sarah hath said unto thee, hearken unto her voice.'—(Gen. xxi: 12).

"There follows a host of other illustrations of the excellence of women, drawn from all sources; among others, illustrations of her eminence in learning. 'And,' adds Agrippa, 'were not women now forbidden to be literary, we should at this day have most celebrated women, whose wit would surpass that of men. What is to be said upon this head, when even by nature women seem to be born easily superior to practiced students in all faculties? Do not the grammarians entitle themselves masters of right speaking? Yet we learn this far better from our nurses and our mothers than from the grammarians. * * * For that reason, Plato and Quintilian so solicitously urged a careful choice of children's nurses, that the children's languag

might be formed on the best model. Are not the poets, in the invention of their whims and fables, the dialecticians in their contentious garrulity, surpassed by women? Was ever orator so good or so successful, that a courtesan could not excel his powers of persuasion? What arithmetician by false calculation would know how to cheat a woman in the payment of a debt? What musician equals her in song and in amenity of voice? Are not philosophers, mathematicians and astrologers often inferior to country-women in their divinations and predictions, and does not the old nurse very often beat the doctor?' Socrates himself, the wisest of men, did not disdain to receive knowledge from Aspasia, nor did Apollo, the Theologian, despise the teaching of Priscilla.

"Then follows a fresh string of illustrations, by which we are brought to a contemplation of the necessity of woman for the perpetuation of any state, and the cessation of the human race that may be consequent on her withdrawal. Through more examples we are brought then to consider the honor and precedence accorded by law and usage to the female sex. Man makes way for woman on the public road, and yields to her in society the highest places. Purple and fine linen, gold and jewels, are conceded, as the fit ornaments of her noble person, and from the sumptuary laws of the later emperors, women were excepted. Illustrations follow of the dignity and privileges of the wife, and of the immunities accorded to her by the law. Reference is made to ancient writers, who tell how, among the Getulians, the Bactrians, and others, men were the softer sex, and sat at home while women labored in the fields, built houses, transacted other business, rode abroad, and went out to do battle. Among the Cantabrians men brought dowries to their wives, brothers were given in marriage by their sisters, and the daughters of a household were the heirs. Among the Scythians, Thracians, and Gauls, women possessed their rights, 'but among us, said Agrippa, 'the tyranny of men prevailing over divine right and the laws of Nature, slays by law the liberty of woman, abolishes it by use and custom, extinguishes it by education. For the woman, as soon as she was born, is from her earliest years detained at home in idleness, and as if destitute of capacity for higher occupations, is permitted to conceive of nothing beyond needle and thread.

"'Then, when she has attained years of puberty, she is delivered over to the jealous empire of a man, or shut up forever in a shop of vestals. The law also forbids her to fill public offices. No prudence entitles her to plead in open court.' A list follows of the chief disabilities of women, 'who are treated by the men as conquered by the conquerors, not by any divine necessity, for any reason; but according to custom, education, fortune, and the tyrant's opportunity.'

"A few leading objections are then answered. Eve was, indeed, made subject to man after the fall; but that curse was

removed when the man was saved. Paul says that 'wives are to be subject to their husbands, and women to be silent in the church;' but he spoke of temporal church discipline, and did not utter a divine law, since in Christ there is neither male nor female; but a new creature.' We are again reminded of the text subjecting Abraham to Sarah, and the treatise closes then with a short recapitulation of its heads. 'We have shown,' Agrippa says, 'the pre-eminence of the female sex by its name, its order and place of creation, the material of which it was created, and the dignity that was given to woman over man by God, then by religion, by Nature, by human laws, by various authority, by reason, and have demonstrated all this by promiscuous examples. Yet we have not said so many things but that we have left more still to be said, because I came to the writing of this not moved by ambition, or for the sake of bringing myself praise; but for the sake of duty and truth, lest, like a sacrilegious person, I might seem, if I were silent, by an impious taciturnity (and, as it were, a burying of my talent), to refuse the praises due to so devout a sex. So that if any one more curious than I am, should discover any argument which he thinks requisite to add to this work, let him expect to have his position not contested by me; but attested, in as far as he is able to carry on this good work of mine with his own genius and learning. And that this work itself may not become too large a volume, here let it end.'

"In conclusion of this paper, we would ask the present 'lords of the creation' what they have to urge against the cogent reasons and arguments of Cornelius Agrippa, by which he so ingeniously asserts and maintains the superiority of Woman over Man?"

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